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DECEMBER, 1976

(INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE



ARTHUR ELGORT

On our cover this month—and sensational at night: the look of makeup in the '70's. Spare, clean lines and naturally bright colorings that change only in intensity when you're dressing at night. (With all the color you're seeing at night—with this brilliant red —you need makeup that won't wash you out.) Here: a glaze of red lip color (Rich Red Super Luscious Lipstick), heightened red cheeks (Rouge Red Super Luscious Liquid Blush), and shine-with-depth eye color (Almond Cocoa/Spunsilver Beige Patina Eye Shadow). All, 'Ultima' II by Charles Revson. . . . The romance of something red at night—Fernando Sanchez's slit-neck red cotton caftan. Terrific with hammered gold hoops at the ear and a spare, simple neckring. Brass neckring, Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear. Makeup, Vincent Nasso; hair, Harry King.

FASHION

165 Point of View: Loving . . .
180–187 The New Romance in Dressing
204–211 Something in the Air . . . The Most Romantic Turn to Dressing in Years
218–221 Bathing-Suit Flash!—The New Dare
222–227 Test Your Cool . . . The Glamorous Cold-Weather Clothes
228–231 Finds: What You Want for Warm Weather

163 Observations: To Know About . . . Fashion News, Tips, What's Going On

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

206–211 How To Tell If His Fragrance Works With Yours
212 What a Man Needs To Know About Skin Care
214–217 La Costa: The Complete His/Her Routine at "The Together Spa." Photographed and written by Susan Wood

52 Vogue Answers Your Beauty Questions
66, 74 Beauty Checkout: Super Buys from Coast to Coast
76, 78 Hair Now: The Biggest Change in Years . . .
80 Beauty Now: Holiday Finds
158 Health. By Melva Weber

FEATURES

166–173 The Assurance of Dreams: The Meaning of Custom and Costume. By Pierre Schneider
188 Our Next President and Mrs. Jimmy Carter
190–193 Splendor from Russia: Diana Vreeland Puts on a Show; Jacqueline Onassis Edits a Book. By Leo Lerman
194 "Hello! Malraux's Cats Speaking." An Interview by Claudine Vernier-Palliez
196 The Greatest—Porgy and Clamma-Bess
202 Growing Gold: Daffodils. By W.B. Harris

86 Try the Sport That Sends Your Spirits Up. By Jan Morris
108 Tip-Offs: Movies, by Rex Reed; TV, by Leo Lerman; Books, by Allene Talmey; Art, by Barbara Rose
130 Horoscope. By Francesco Waldner

LIVING

174–179 Christmas at Panker—The Family Estate of Prince and Princess Moritz von Hessen
198–201 The Prince of Flash—The New York Apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Warner LeRoy

124 Recipes Tested in a Live-in Kitchen. By Kay LeRoy

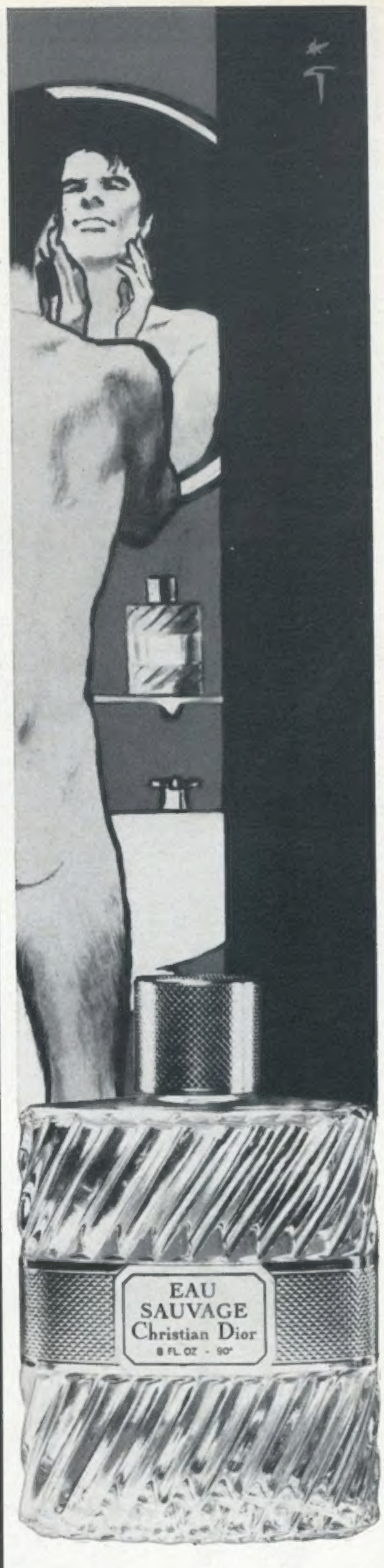
TRAVEL

142 Tips on Packing and Planning. By Despina Messinesi
146 Give Now—Go Later: New Travel Presents

142 Vogue To Go
240 Travelog

236 Vogue's School Directory

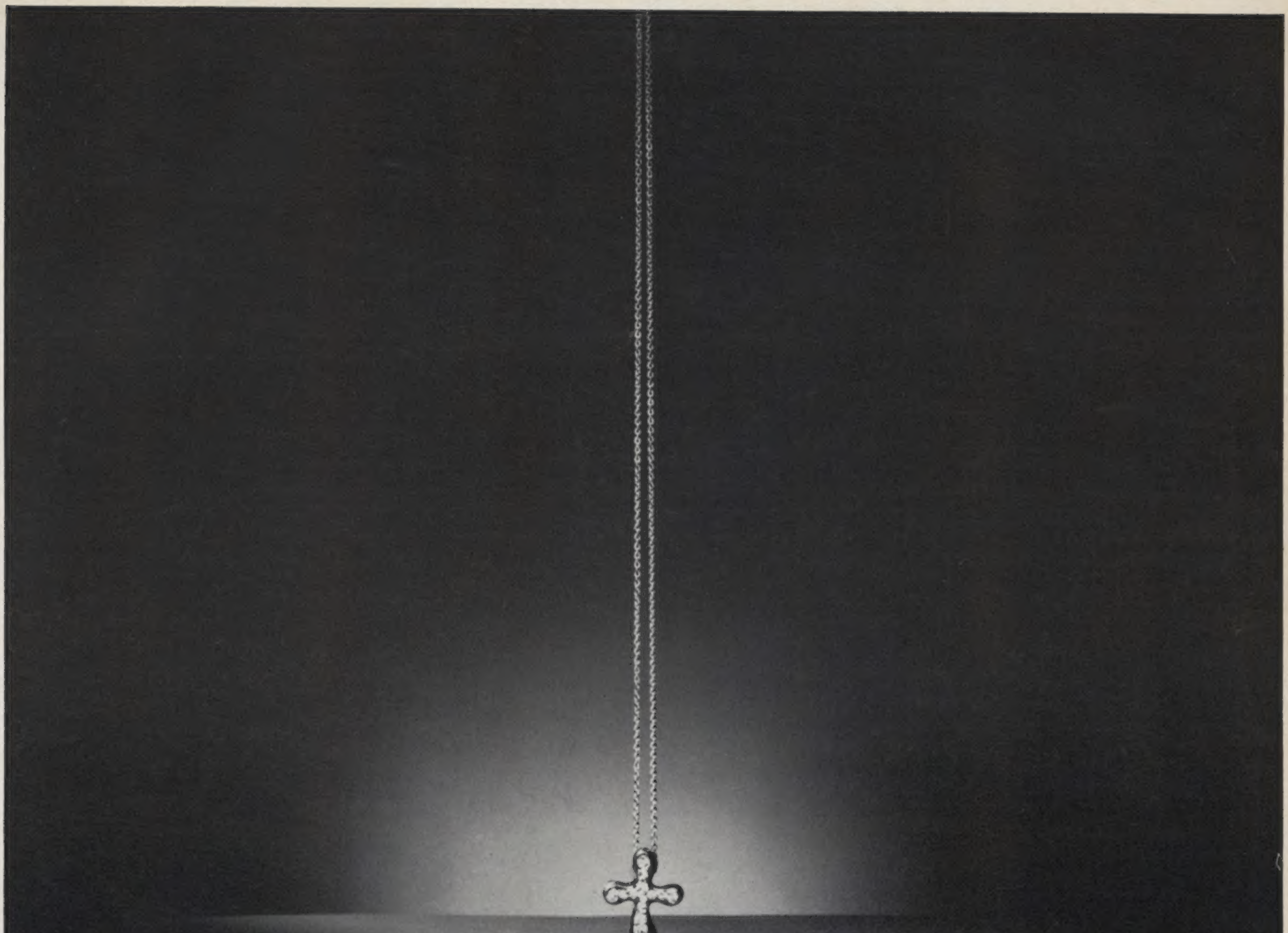
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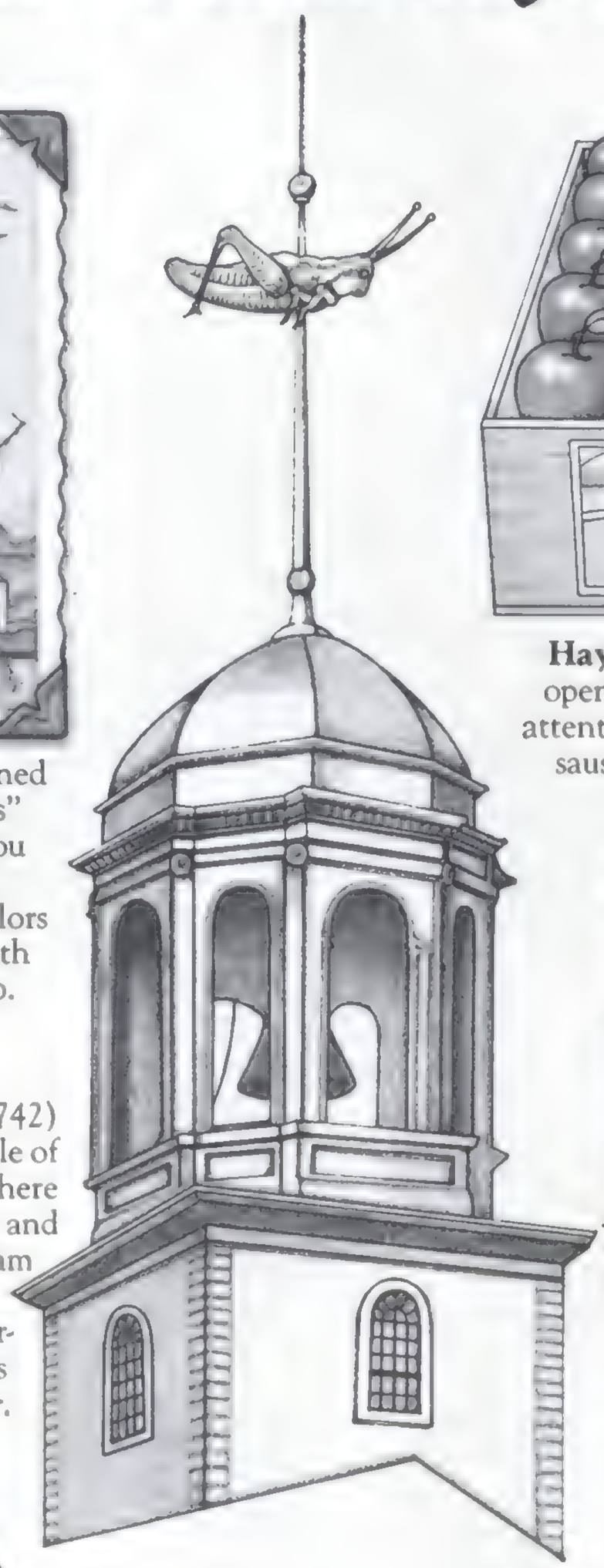
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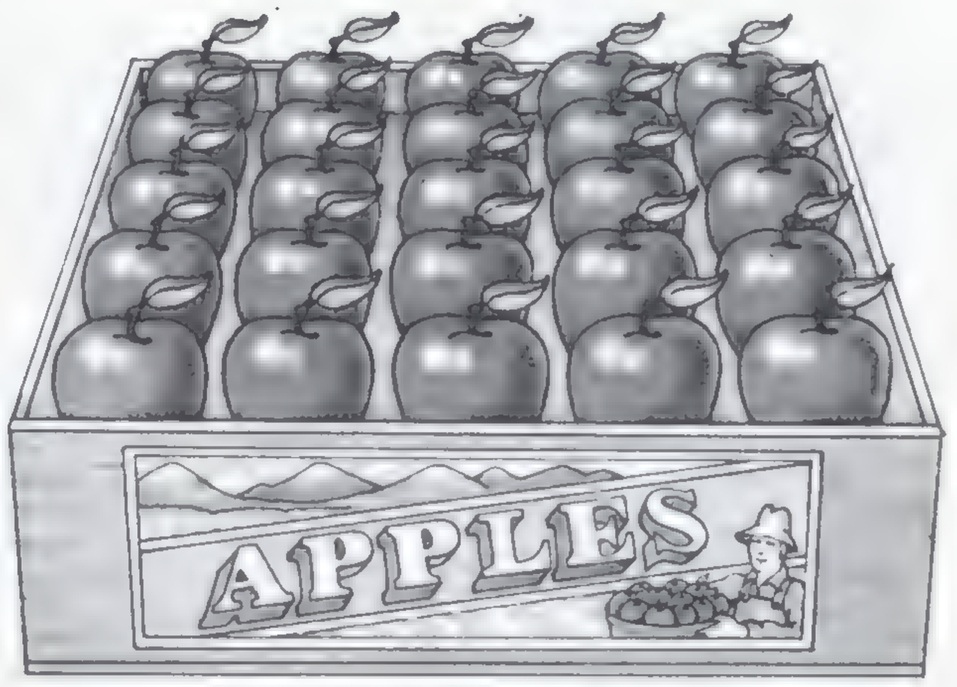
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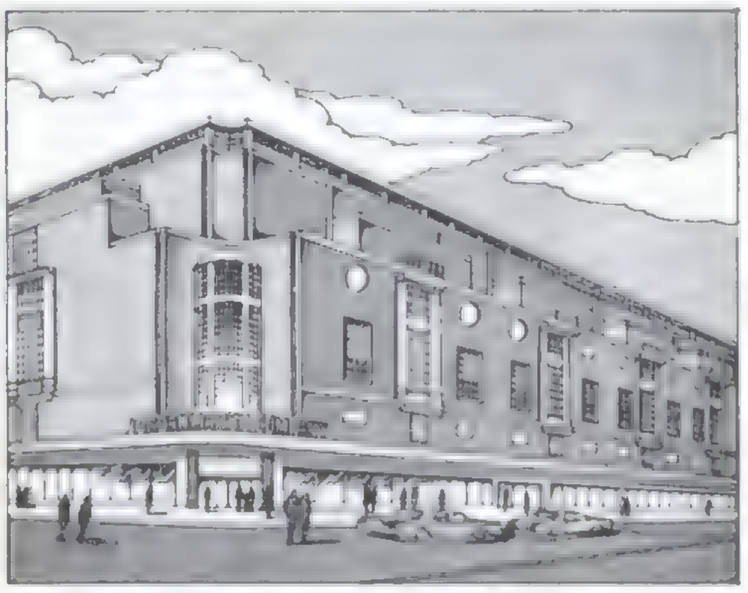
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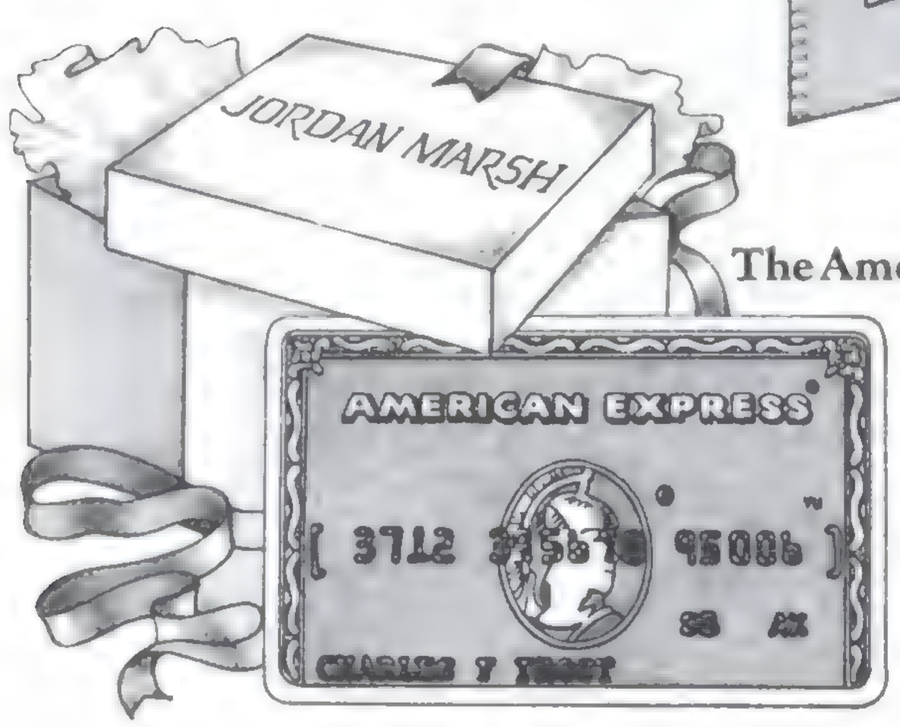


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WOULD LOOKING YOUNGER PLEASE YOU?

Don't you feel the need to be just a tiny bit selfish once in a while? You work hard at your job so that your boss will be satisfied and his professional life made easier. You've concentrated on becoming a good cook, knowing that both family and guests appreciate your almost-gourmet meals. You've even taken up chess, so you can be a challenging partner for a special man. Isn't it time to do something self-satisfying, with only yourself in mind?

What could be more self-pleasing than looking younger? It's a delight to look in the mirror and see a more radiant, younger-looking you. And it can happen so easily. Simply discover the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger. This beautiful secret, shared by fortunate women in many parts of the world, is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

• **OIL OF OLAY** penetrates your skin remarkably quickly to begin helping you look younger. An abundance of pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients work mysteriously with nature to help ease away dryness. It's dryness, of course, that accents little wrinkle lines that can easily make you look older than you like. From the very first day with Oil of Olay, those lines show less. The difference is noticeable not just to you, but to other people as well.



Smooth the skin-loving liquid on your face and throat. Watch as your skin seems to drink in Oil of Olay. Within moments, your face takes on a renewed lustre and radiance, a look you may have thought you'd never again see. Isn't that a pleasure? Oil of Olay helps maintain your skin's natural moisture balance and lets your skin become softer, smoother and more glowing. It shouldn't be surprising that Oil of Olay can help you look younger.

• **WHEN DO YOU WANT** to use Oil of Olay? Whenever your skin feels dry and you'd like to raise its moisture level is a good time for the beauty fluid. Exposure to weather, sudden changes in temperature, some cosmetics...all these things can dry your skin and cause you to look older just as surely as added birthdays.

Most dedicated users of the beauty fluid wouldn't think of letting a day pass without using Oil of Olay at least twice. At bedtime, to cherish and pamper your skin into the quiet night. In the morning, before doing your face for the day (Oil of Olay is so fast-penetrating and non-greasy, it's marvelous under makeup) or simply to let your skin live in a moist climate. A number of women, who like a natural, glowy look, use the beauty fluid instead of makeup.

• **WOULD LOOKING YOUNGER** please you? Be honest. Of course it would. And it's nice to know that your younger look will probably bring pleasure to other people you care about too. So you're not really being selfish after all!

BEAUTY SECRET

When you can take time for a leisurely bath, smooth Oil of Olay® on your face and throat while you're relaxing and unwinding in the tub. It feels marvelous, and the discreet fragrance that surrounds you is one more delicious addition to that peaceful time.

(Advertisement)

Problems: with pallor, with pantyhose.... Thin hair needs help!

Q **I have a problem about being outdoors in cold weather. Instead of glowing and looking healthy, my face just turns deathly pale, with a slightly mauve tint. What can I do? I don't like to wear a lot of makeup outdoors.**

A What's needed is not a lot of makeup but the right makeup to correct the pale, mauvy look you get in cold weather. We suggest you try 'Ultima' II Under Makeup Moisture Lotion—a sheer, clinging, almost transparent lotion that will give your face a light, natural-looking bloom of color. The shade called Tint Apricotta should combat those mauve skin tones. And the moisturizing ingredients will help undo the drying effects of wind and cold. . . . For an extra-healthy look, dot 'Ultima' II Ultra Color Gelstick in Glowing Amber on cheekbones, forehead, bridge of nose, top of chin; blend in.

Q **Because of a temporary vaginal problem, I'm supposed to wear only cotton underpants. I've been wearing a cotton bikini under nylon panthose, but it's awfully bulky. Is there such a thing as nylon pantyhose with cotton tops?**

A Fungus infections such as moniliasis are a common cause of vaginal troubles, and it's well known that they are not helped by tight or bulky undergarments—which tend to cut off the circulation of air. Luckily, we have good news: Hanes are now making special pantyhose that have cotton in the crotch area—and nylon, as usual, everywhere else. You should be able to find them at shops that sell Hanes stockings.

Q **My hair used to be quite thick, but something alarming seems to be happening; it's getting thinner all the time. Why should this happen? My general health is good. And what—if anything—can I do about it?**

A We referred your question to Dr. Ronald T. Harris at the Redken Laboratories in Van Nuys, California, where research goes on constantly on this and other hair problems. Dr. Harris told us that hair may get thinner for a variety of reasons. One is emotional stress. Or, if a woman is approaching menopause, the thinning may be caused by hormonal balance changes—a drop in the levels of estrogen and progesterone. Orally ingested hormones can help, but your gynecologist should have the last word on this. . . . Stepping up the intake of vitamins, especially vitamin A, may help.

Dr. Harris went on to say: "The greatest cause of hair loss is mechanical damage. This can result from overpermanenting or overbleaching, too much vigorous brushing or combing, too-hot curlers and curling irons, or holding a hot blow-dryer directly against the hair—the blast-furnace technique. Pulling the hair back in a powerful ponytail is damaging. The present fashion for corn-row braids among young Black women is really detrimental to hair. It results in breaking the hairs off—we call it 'traction alopecia.' "

All such mistreatment of the hair should be avoided, even if one isn't yet threatened with thinning. "You can curl and blow-dry your hair, but be careful," Dr. Harris said. "Have the dryer at the lowest heat setting, and don't blow directly at the hair—wave it back and forth." He recommends using a good protein conditioner once or twice a week, to add strength and body to hair and to help repair damage.

You can take advantage of the Redken expertise by finding (in your phone book's Yellow Pages) the Redken Beauty Center nearest you. There you'll find a Redken-trained person who will make an accurate analysis of your hair. Then, a treatment is suggested that fits your type of hair and is designed to come to its aid.

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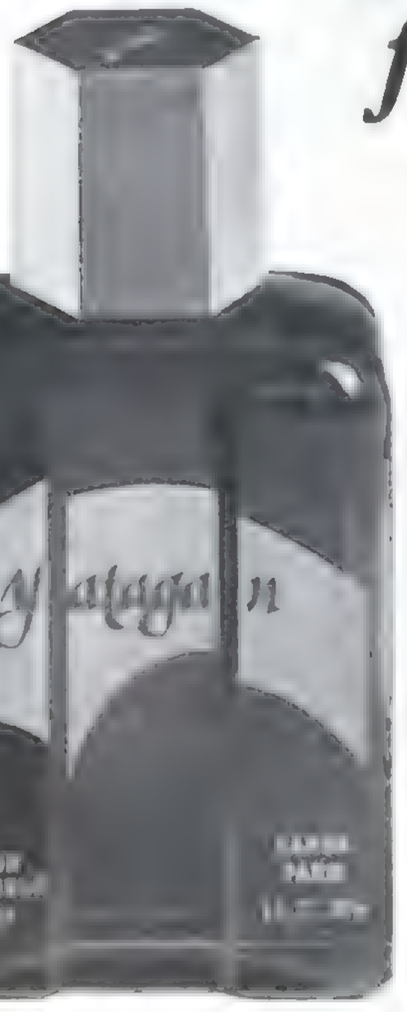
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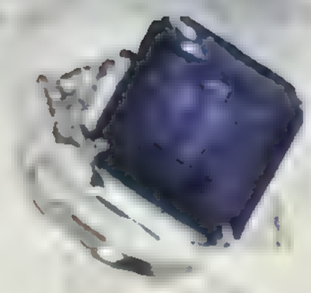
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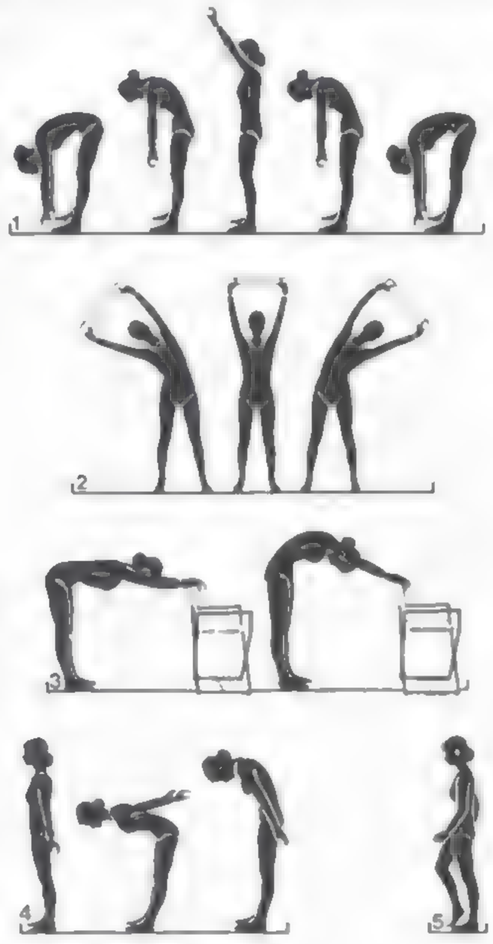
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Vogue Beauty Checkout

Coast to coast: super buys in beauty, plus a body plan for now!

Today, the world is full of people helping us to look and to feel our best (check offers below). One super idea from Lufthansa German Airlines: "Fitness in the Air." To help relieve the fatigue that occurs from sitting, without moving, for long periods of time, passengers on Lufthansa's 747s and DC-10s can now tone up in flight by following a recorded exercise program. These mini-gymnastics, recorded on one of the plane's music channels, are designed especially to be done without disturbing other passengers. The program was developed for Lufthansa by Juergen Palm, a leading trainer of champion athletes, in cooperation with the German Sports Federation, and is based on the fitness program used by American astronauts on space flights. Body functions are known to slow down significantly on long flights; the heartbeat rate drops, reducing the supply of oxygen to the blood, the joints stiffen; and the muscles lose their tone.

Lufthansa's exercise program begins with a bit of advice on the importance of performing the exercises properly and moves on to instructions for exercising all the muscles from the feet to the shoulders, for stretching the limbs and joints, and for loosening the spine, which often tenses up during long spells in the sitting position. The exercises also stimulate heart action and blood circulation by improving the oxygen supply. One sample exercise: "Drop seat back into reclining position. Starting with the left foot, contract muscles in toes. Tighten muscles in ball of foot. Tighter. Now loosen up again. Completely relax. Then tighten up and loosen again—all in time to the music. Then do the same with the right foot."



Holiday exercise plan

"At this time of year our bodies are often the last thing we think about—holiday plans, shopping, entertaining—we tend to neglect a regular exercise regime," says Lisa Dobloug, administrator of the Spa at Palm-Aire, Pompano Beach, Florida. "That's why I've developed a mini-plan to carry you through the month. These exercises take only 15 minutes a day, and can be done at home or in the office. Be sure to check your posture each day before beginning: when standing straight, weight should be evenly distributed, centered on balls of feet, knees relaxed, buttocks tucked, abdomen in, and shoulders down —and, of course, check your doctor before beginning any new exercise."

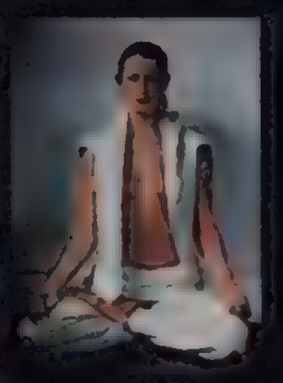
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1. General starter: *Grasp hand towel or short pole between hands, feet 10-12 inches apart. Flex knees slightly and bend forward from waist. Exhale and relax. Rise slowly. When upright, raise arms without tensing or lifting shoulders. Exhale and bend forward again (10 times).* **2. Torso toner:** *With feet and hands apart tilt slowly to right, feel stretch down left side. Return to upright position, then tilt to left. Do not sway forward or backward (10 times each side).* **3. Back and shoulder relaxer:** *Stand about 4 feet behind chair. Bend and place hands 12 inches apart on back of chair. Without flexing knees, look at floor and gently press back down without bending arms. Repeat 4 times; then drop head between arms and try to arch back like a cat, counting to 4 (6 times each movement).* **4. Arm and upper-back exercise:** *Hold towel or pole behind back, making loose fists with thumbs forward. Flex wrists, bend forward, and raise arms behind as far as possible. Then slowly return to upright position. Inhale as you lean forward, exhale coming up (12 times).* **5. Jogging in place:** *Start by working ankles only, going up on toes, down on heels, gradually involve knees, gradually raising legs higher. Finish with relaxed ankle; jog (2 minutes).*

(Continued on page 74)


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When I was 10 I wanted to be a movie star.



Well, today I'm not in the movies. But I'm definitely moving. Up in my career. Out on the town. Shopping, lunching, and taking an art course in between.

I'm up at six-thirty every day for a jog in the park. I love the green smell of morning and the tingle of a crisp breeze. It re-charges me. And with my day, when it's go-go-go at the office from nine until who knows when, and often dinner and dancing till very, very late, I need that energy.



But I need quiet, too. So I save an hour just for me. It's practically a religion. Yoga. A long relaxing bath. A time to cleanse my mind and body of the pace and noise of the city.

That's very basic to a woman if she wants to be lively, alert and attractive.

And so is her fragrance.

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I know where I'm going. And Inoui always goes with me.



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Vogue Beauty Checkout

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Flugina glove and creme de massage . . . at Lulu Buras in NEW ORLEANS: used to fight cellulite, the Flugina glove has a specialized finish which helps to activate circulation, leaving skin smooth and pink. Regularly $32.50; for December, $20.

For the man in your life . . . at Michel Kazan in NEW YORK: an all-male beauty program including shampoo, cut and blow-dry, scalp massage, natural henna treatment, manicure and pedicure . . . plus a relaxing martini. $45.

Beauty Treat #2, for skin . . : at Saks Fifth Avenue salon in ATLANTA (and around the country): a personal skin analysis, followed by an Adrien Arpel rejuvenating and cleansing Bio-Cellular Facial using organic products, then a conditioning shampoo, set or blow-dry, an Adrien Arpel makeup session, and a manicure with nail-wrapping to help nails grow stronger and longer. $50.

Visible Difference Day . . . at Elizabeth Arden in WASHINGTON, D.C. (and worldwide): a day filled with instant, observable improvements—hair consultation, face treatment, shampoo, trim or cut, manicure, makeup consultation, makeup lesson, daytime makeup application, finishing with hair combed out or blown dry. $70. Or, work out a **Beauty-Treatment-of-the-Month** gift, based on how much you want to spend, including anything from massages to manicures.

Therapeutic treatment for legs and feet . . . at Pennye Pennix in NEW YORK: using herbs and mineral water, dead cells are removed from feet, a healing pack is applied to legs (and feet) from knees down, concluding with pedicure and polish. $35.

Winter Ski Fitness Package . . . at Ilona of Hungary in DENVER, consisting of 2½-hour exercise classes per week for 3 weeks; herbal body wrap, given once a week, using 28 different herbs to bring toxins to surface and tone skin; finally, a winter skin facial analysis, followed by treatment according to client's needs. $125.

Eye Beauty Special . . . at E.D.J.'s in BEVERLY HILLS: a bottle of natural apricot oil, for delicate eye skin, plus natural lashes made from client's own hair. Regularly $65, now $45.

Fresh from Paris



It used to be that one had to wait out a scentless 4 weeks before acquiring one's very own registered flacon of 1000 de Jean Patou. Happily in time for last-minute holiday splurging, Patou is introducing new half- and quarter-ounce sizes of this limited-edition scent. A blend of some of the richest and rarest essences around—these new editions will still be individually numbered and registered for each purchaser. 1 oz. $175, ½ oz. $125, ¼ oz. $75.

Seaweed Conditioner . . . at Sachs-Takada in NEW YORK: a free seaweed conditioning treatment (usually $10) with each cut-wash-blow-dry; Wakame, high in healthful sea minerals, treatment leaves hair lustrous and thick.

Children's Special . . . at Jack King's Tipperary in BEVERLY HILLS: six natural hairstylings and shampoos, a bag of products for home haircare including a hairbrush, special conditioner to spray away tangles, plus a bottle of organic shampoo. As an added bonus, at each visit to the salon, the 3 "P's"—free pinball machines, free popcorn, and free pop. $45.

Skin and scalp saver . . . at Georgette Klinger in BAL HARBOR, BEVERLY HILLS, and NEW YORK: a facial treatment, scalp treatment, and makeup lesson. Usually $68; during December, $50.

Makeover . . . at Louis Guy D in NEW YORK: a before-and-after 4-color photograph with your own makeup chart, a haircut if necessary, set or blow-dry, conditioner, complete makeup and lesson. $37.

Head-to-toe Shiatzu treatment plus mini-facial at Aida Grey in BEVERLY HILLS . . . whole treatment takes 1½ hours . . . regularly $35; during December, $25.

Give gold.



Do you think the gift of golden Galliano is too sentimental?

Perhaps it is.

The taste of Galliano is decidedly romantic, with overtones of baroque Old World richness.

According to the Italian legend, Galliano is distilled from the rays of the sun; so perhaps it would help to describe the taste as, simply, golden.

But the tall bottle of golden Galliano makes a splendid gift. It isn't the thought that's sentimental.

It's the gift of gold behind it.

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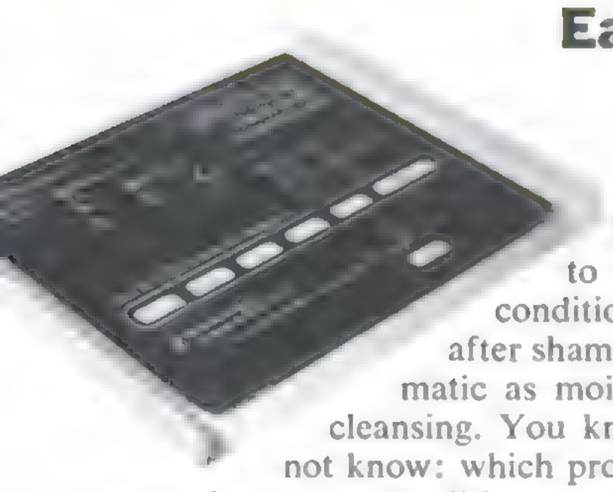
Vogue

HAIR NOW



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Easy answers to the question of care



By now, we don't need to tell you (we hope) that conditioning your hair before or after shampooing should be as automatic as moisturizing your skin after cleansing. You know that. What you may not know: which product when—when to use a creme rinse vs. a conditioner; whether to opt for a pre-shampoo treatment or one that comes afterward. Now, to help make those decisions, to look for: The Pantene Hair Care Counselor, *above*, an on-counter "computer" designed to give you a complete Pantene hair-care program to follow.

PENN

The wispiest wisps, *right*. The way Christiaan did them—with light setting lotion combed into hair with fingers after shampooing, then left to air-dry in place. Makeup, Ariella. Elsa Peretti of Tiffany earrings.



▲ *Above:* one version of the wisp we're talking about: hair pulled from sides, the rest pinned up in back. Hair, Harry King; makeup, Ariella. Robert Fabrikant earrings.

What the new look of hair is all about today: a new attitude rather than a style. In fact, style has nothing to do with it. Meaning: There isn't just one hair look anymore (the way there isn't just one way to dress). Cases in point: the hair you see here. What these looks are based on: The natural character of hair. What that means, says cutting expert Christiaan: **letting hair go the way it wants to and letting it move.** One trend in that direction—wispy, tendril-y hair. For example, the new look of bangs, *left* (they don't have to be smooth and straight anymore). These, softly brushed forward from the crown by Louis Alonzo of Nubest & Co., Manhasset, N.Y.



ARTHUR ELGORT

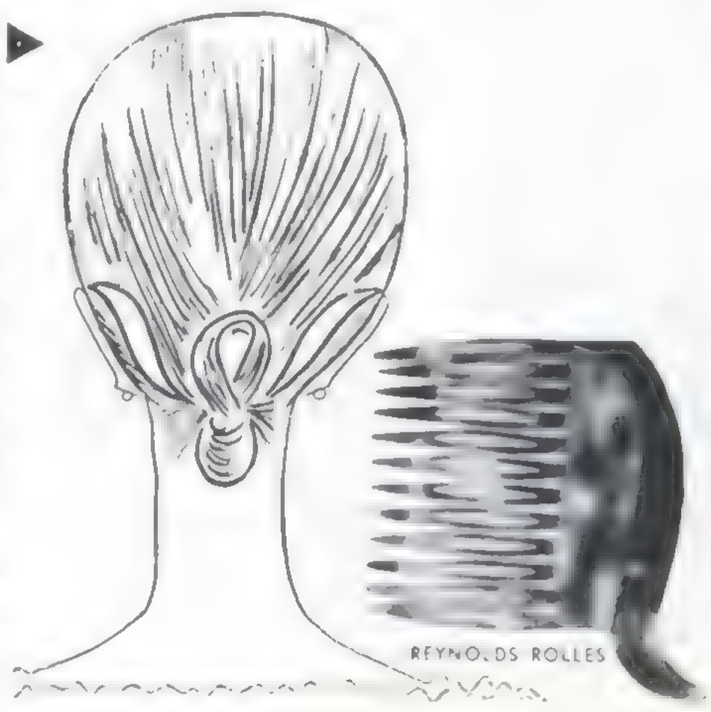
For a smoother, softer, less wispy look, *right*—after finger-combing with setting lotion, use a brush to smooth hair. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. Hoop earring, Prado Designs.



LESLIE PRIGGEN

Pretty at night, right—the tiniest little tendrils, at the nape or on the sides—the way Elmer Olson and Kim Lepine do it at La Coupe, N.Y., Montreal.

Putting your hair in a chignon . . . tips from Daniel of Davir, N.Y. . . . **1.** If your neck is long, wear your chignon on the nape of neck, *right*. With a short neck, a better, neck-lengthening look—pulled up on the crown. . . . **2.** Always keep wisps around the face for a softer look. Another softener: a center part. . . . **3.** If hair isn't long enough, use a crépon. The best one—from France, $3.50 from Davir, 789 Madison Ave.



REYNOLDS ROLLES



Another version of the new and natural look, left, this one for long and curly hair: soft, rippled waves that end in real curls. At Michel Kazan, 16 East 55th St., N.Y.

This year's hair accessory to own by the two's: hair combs. The one left, from Alexandre, Paris, with a touch of "gold" at the edge. Newest way to wear them—at the sides of a chignon (illustrated, far left). Combs, $30 a pair. To order: Alexandre, 3 avenue Matignon, Paris 75008.

WIG UPDATE



Good news for the Black woman who wears a wig—the new wig collection from Naomi Sims in a range of styles. From smooth and straight to the short, curly one you see here, left.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Clairol introduces Luminize.*
The shade-of-difference conditioning treatment.



After Luminize, hair is just a lively shade or two lighter. In great condition, too.

Luminize is a brand new, bright new idea from Clairol. A conditioning treatment that turns on the lights in natural hair.

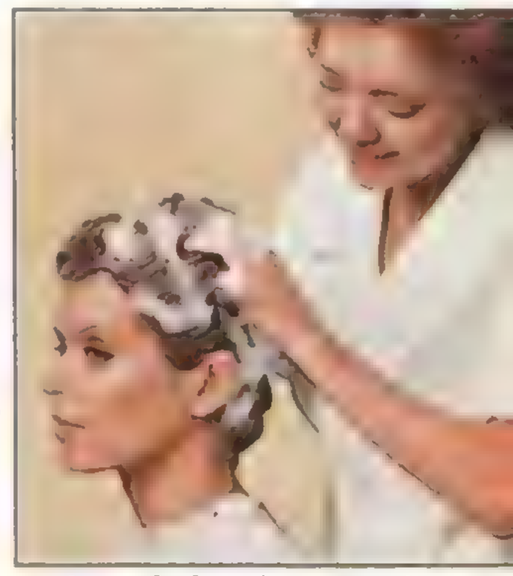
How? By lifting the color just a bright, lively shade or two. Just a shade of difference that makes *all* the difference.



Before Luminize, hair lacks lustre & life.

And Luminize is so special, you can only get a treatment at your beauty salon. Now your hairdresser can give blonde hair a little lift of sunshine. Make redheads radiant. Get drab hair glowing again And it's convenient, too. Because a full treatment takes only 5-10 minutes.

And Luminize conditions hair at the same time. Gives it a silky, super new texture you can actually feel. Plus a gleaming new shine.



Luminize is so unique, only your hairdresser can give you a treatment

Let your hairdresser brighten you up. With a revolutionary new Luminize treatment. (In fact, it's so revolutionary, there's a patent pending.) Ask for it next time you're in your salon. You'll love it.

CLAIROL

* TMC 1976 Clairol Incorporated

Luminize. The conditioning hair-lighter.
Available only at your beauty salon.

Fragrance soaps
so natural
and luxurious,
you should buy
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Roger & Gallet fragrance soaps are the embodiment of exquisite enduring quality. Not just a soap, but a monument to natural luxury. Roger & Gallet fragrance soaps for the bath or shower always leave a delightful impression on those who experience them.

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BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II MANUFACTURERS OF SOAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

First step to a good haircut: finding a haircutter who has the expertise



Pictured, top to bottom: Dina's oversized roller case; inside—wood rollers with pins to hold; the rollers—handmade in sizes.

According to Dina Azzolini, who cuts and styles both men's and women's hair in her salon in Milan, Italy, **what's most important about a haircut: the amount of volume and movement it creates.** Two ways Dina gets that—by cutting hair gradually in stages with the shortest layers on top, and using her hands to shape hair as she cuts it. . . . Tip: When finger-combing hair, says Dina, always start from underneath and bring hair up—it gives hair maximum volume. **For maximum shine:** Dina uses a drop of hair cream smoothed over brush bristles before brushing hair. . . . If you prefer to set hair, Dina has a new kind of roller, *left*—handmade of wood. The wood rollers not only give hair a smoother, softer curl but are so beautiful, they're being collected to decorate the home. About $100 for the set. For more information, write: Dina, 23 di Via Spiga, Milan, Italy 20121.



JOHN STEMBER

Three steps to a good haircut: 1. Before—Dina works around how much a client wants cut off and the height of the cheekbone. . . . 2. Hair being layered to frame the face, for maximum fullness. . . . 3. The finished look—from the back.

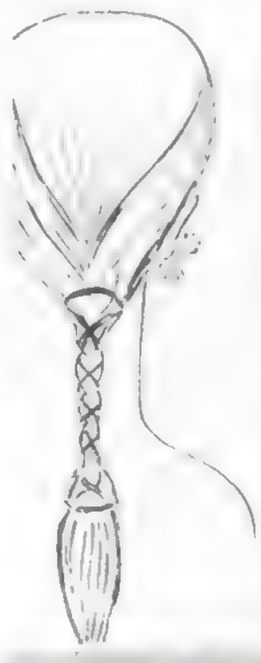


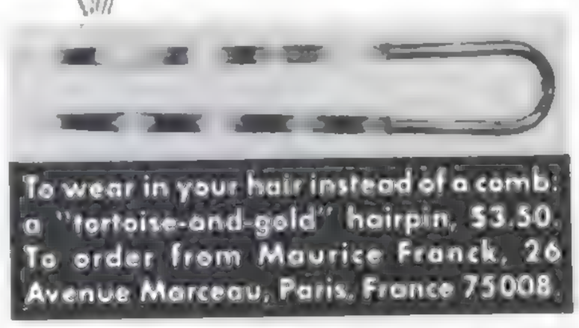


LYNN KARLIN

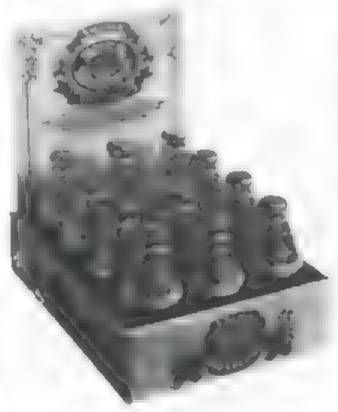
This year's way to wear a watch cap: rolled and to the side, the way the Missoni hat, above, was shown at the opening of Bonwit Teller's Missoni shop. Tip: Under a hat that's as low to the brow as this one is, eyes need the kind of definition you see here, above right. The makeup, done especially for the Missoni collection by Estée Lauder. Hair, Dina Azzolini.

If you have long hair, one way to wear it at night: braided, the way Alexandre did it, *right*, with something entwined into hair—a thin satin ribbon or a piece of gold cording, for instance. **If hair is short, another pretty way to wear a braid:** part hair in center, says Raymond of the Raymond & Nasser Salon, N.Y., and braid it on the sides; then twist ends together, pin securely in back. Or use a braided hairpiece, the way Raymond did, *above*.





To wear in your hair instead of a comb: a "tortoise-and-gold" hairpin, $3.50. To order from Maurice Franck, 26 Avenue Marceau, Paris, France 75008.



The only kind of shampoo to use today—one with conditioning agents added, e.g., the new Village Beer Shampoo, *left*, from Village Bath Products. It's formulated with real beer, too. . . . What beer does for hair—gives it body.

FOR BODY, FOR SHINE

THE WAY HAIR IS WORN TODAY: EASY TO CARE FOR . . . FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN. KEY FOR THAT KIND OF HAIR: THE CUT—ONE HAIR OUT OF PLACE DESTROYS THE WHOLE LINE. . . . TWO VERSIONS OF WELL-CUT HAIR: NEAR RIGHT, ***THE WAY SHORT HAIR LOOKS BEST ON MEN—WITH SOME LENGTH IN BACK. HAIR, BRIGITTE OF LINTERMANS, BEVERLY HILLS.*** FAR RIGHT, ***FIRST SIGN OF A GOOD CUT —HAIR "HOLDS UP" WHEN WET. HAIR, CHRISTIAAN.***

— ARTHUR ELGORT

THE HAIRCOLOR STORY

• Bright Color • Simple Cut • Ready For Anything









PHOTOGRAPHY: LESLIE PRIGGEN CLOTHES: ANNE KLEIN & CO.

VOGUE, December, 1976

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Yosh For Hair
• San Francisco
• Palo Alto
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Connecticut
Gervacio's
• Hartford
• New Haven
(203) 549-2040

Florida
Mr. John Haircutters
• Dadeland • Westland Mall
• Midway Mall • Coral Gables
(305) 667-1619

Minnesota
Rocco Altobelli, Inc.
• Minneapolis
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(612) 920-5006

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BEAUTY NOW

Holiday GIFTS

On our Beauty Now pages this month (here and on 82, 94, and 107), a collection of beauty things. To think about giving this season as gifts...or to collect for yourself—they're wonderful surprises.


1

An appetizing color a day . . .

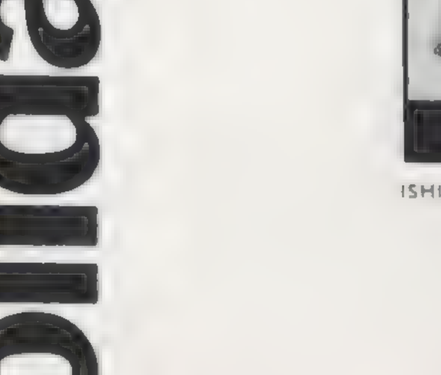
makes exercise more like play. Sunback leotards **(1)** in plum, apricot, orange, etc. Capezio Ballet Makers, in nylon; $6.25 each or a week's worth for $43.75.


5

ISHIMURO

Sun-yellow

exercise mat **(5)**, $6.95, Paragon Athletic Goods, 867 Broadway, N.Y.C. 10003.

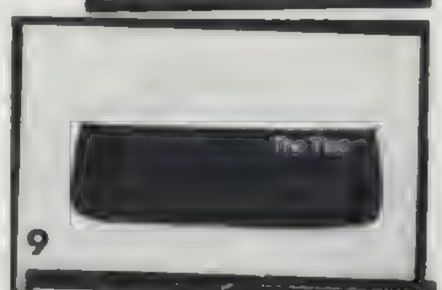

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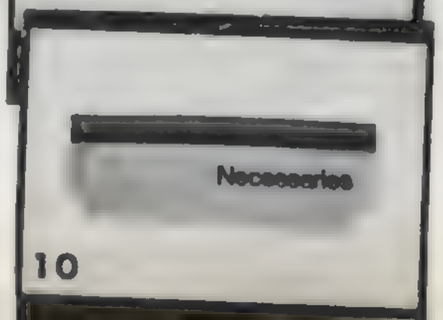
Just a hop,

skip, and a jump rope like this **(6)**—leather and wood pro style—keeps a body in nifty shape. Fun, too! $7.49. Herman's, 135 West 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10036.


7

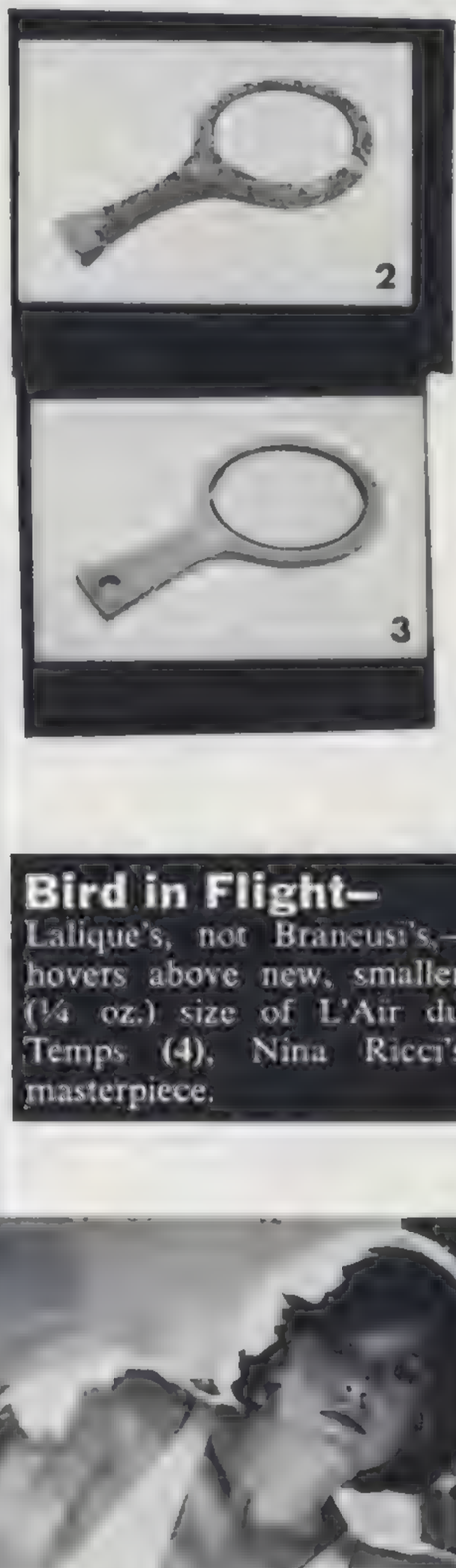

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Speeding it up—all over the places

you go . . . great time-savers at home, too. **7.** The beautiful-to-look-at Promax compact hair dryer by Gillette—1,000 watts of very portable, adjustable (3 speeds) power. $23.99. . . . A bunch of sturdy pack-flats: **8.** "The Dirties" for laundry, navy canvas, white letters. $15. **9.** "The Ties" (scarves?) stay unwrinkled in forest-and-tan poplin. $15. **10.** Home for The Necessaries (6″ x 16″) is tan chino, red-and-black webbing trim, $12. All have rubberized insides, snap or zip closure. All at Bloomingdale's.


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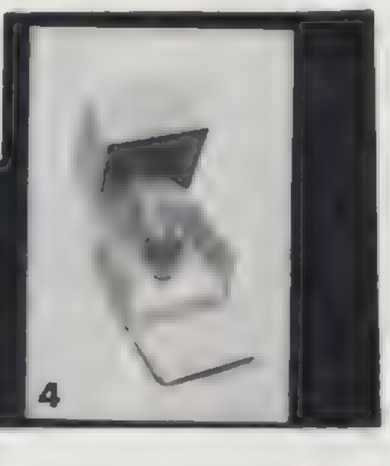
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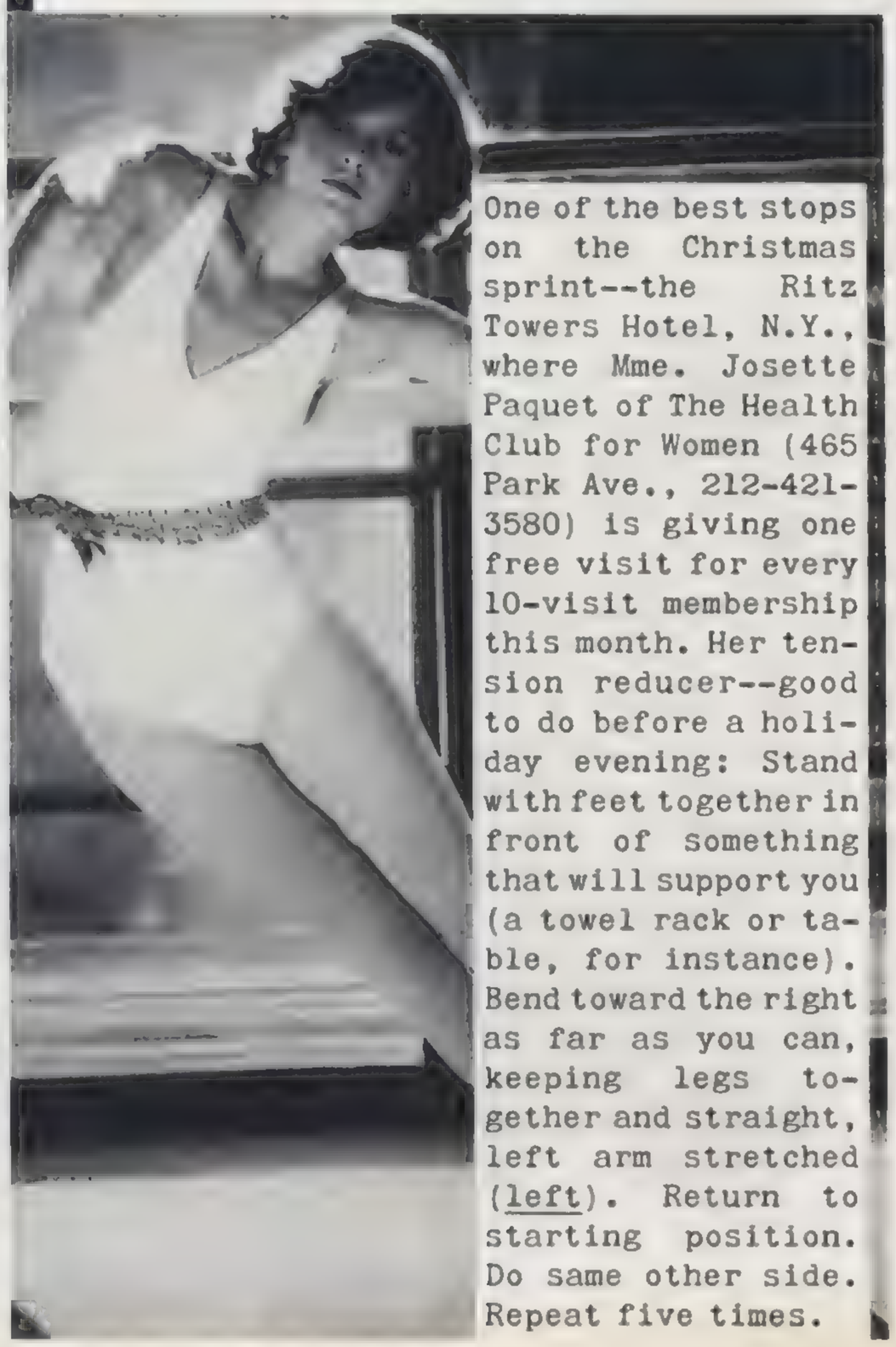
A mirror in the hand . . .

turns the ordinary wall-hung variety into an all-angles beauty checkpoint. Handsome shapes, pleasing natural materials make these worth seeing—giving. **2.** Regular and magnifying mirrors (3¾″ diam.) in cork frame, $30, Saks Fifth Avenue. **3.** 4¼″ diam. hand mirror in blond-wood frame. $12.50, Bloomingdale's.

Bird in Flight—

Lalique's, not Brancusi's,—hovers above new, smaller (¼ oz.) size of L'Air du Temps **(4)**, Nina Ricci's masterpiece.


4



One of the best stops on the Christmas sprint--the Ritz Towers Hotel, N.Y., where Mme. Josette Paquet of The Health Club for Women (465 Park Ave., 212-421-3580) is giving one free visit for every 10-visit membership this month. Her tension reducer--good to do before a holiday evening: Stand with feet together in front of something that will support you (a towel rack or table, for instance). Bend toward the right as far as you can, keeping legs together and straight, left arm stretched (left). Return to starting position. Do same other side. Repeat five times.

JACQUES MALIGNON

Behind every great woman, there's a man.

CARDIN de pierre cardin

CARDIN

le nouveau parfum de pierre cardin

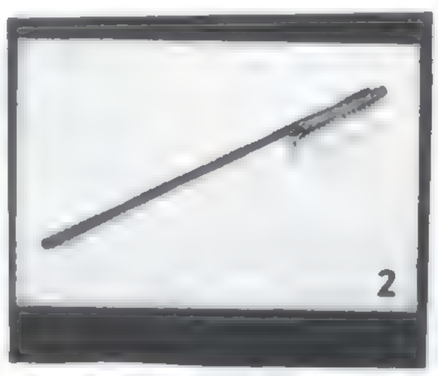
Vogue BEAUTY NOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

15 super-looking beauty basics—this year's answers to the question: what to give the no-nonsense type

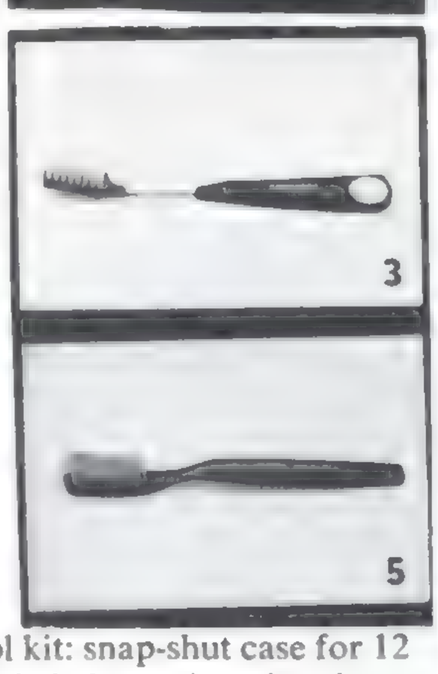
For your naturals-only person: fill a big wicker basket with silky sea sponges; brisk loofahs; oatmeal, tomato, and lettuce soaps. Wrap in brown paper and string.

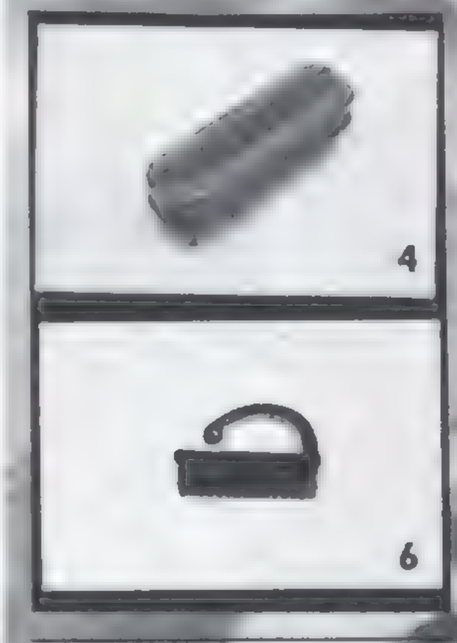

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Form + Function

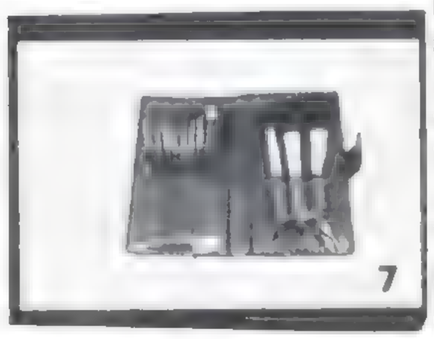
Good-looking good looks aids: **1.** Pale naturals bath brush. $18. **2.** Black-and-ivory "horn" bath brush, $18. **3.** Chic French toothbrush by Eminence. Black plastic, silvery inset thumb rest, metal armature, and green plastic business end. $2.50. **4.** No-nonsense nail brush in wood, $4. **5.** "Tortoise" toothbrush, Eminence, $1.50. **6.** "Tortoise" nailbrush, $1.50. All, from Bloomingdale's. **7.** Nifty tool kit: snap-shut case for 12 labeled, numbered makeup applicators (#1, fine eyeliner, to #5, small shading, to #12 powder) in a royal-blue plastic case. Pierre Michel has it for $18. 6 West 57 St., N.Y.C. 10019. **8.** Supermarket-familiar container, but with 4 fat cakes of Yogurt Soap, $6.25, Bloomingdale's. **9.** Kelp Bath crystals smell deliciously clean as the sea does only in landlocked memory, $3.50, Village Bath Products. **10.** Powder-blue enamel shaker for Charlie talcum. Revlon. $5. **11.** Delft dish for one perfect soap. Youth-Dew by Estée Lauder. $12.50. **12.** Male scents, omnisexual appeal. Soap: 4 For Him. Ben Rickert. $5. **13.** Neat wicker tray for 12 soaps, 9 water-softening cubes in floral scents. Ben Rickert. $15. **15.** Not of Oz, but a Wiz of hair dryers. Curls and styles with 5 attachments. The Wiz. Conair. $24.95.

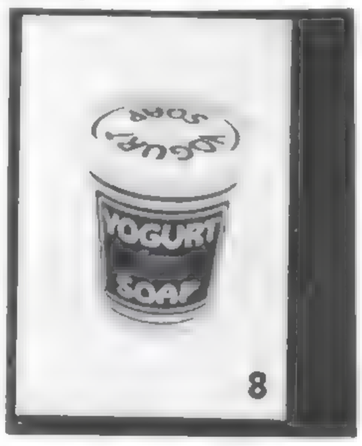

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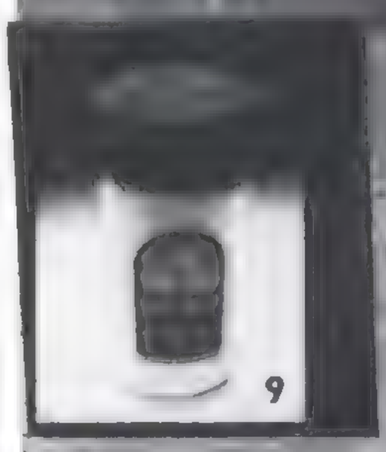

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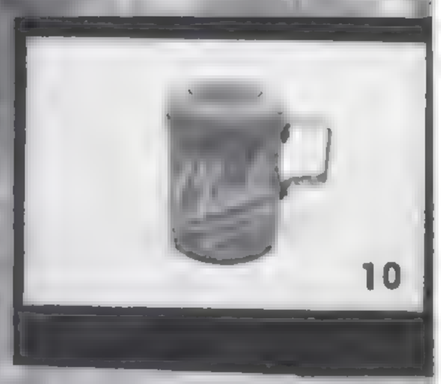
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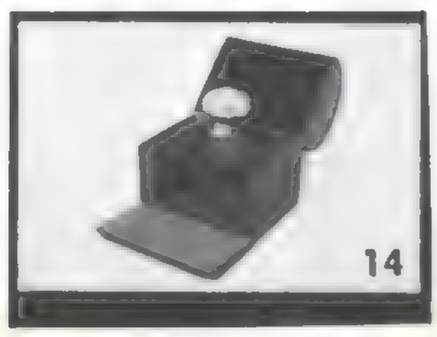

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12


13

To treasure!

14. Runaway luxury-fragrance hit of the year, Dahlia by Arlene Dahl. Just for the *luxe* of it, in crystal-and-gilt within a persimmon velvet treasure chest, bound and tasseled in gilt. $250. Neiman-Marcus.


14


15

S. F. MURO

Holiday FINDS



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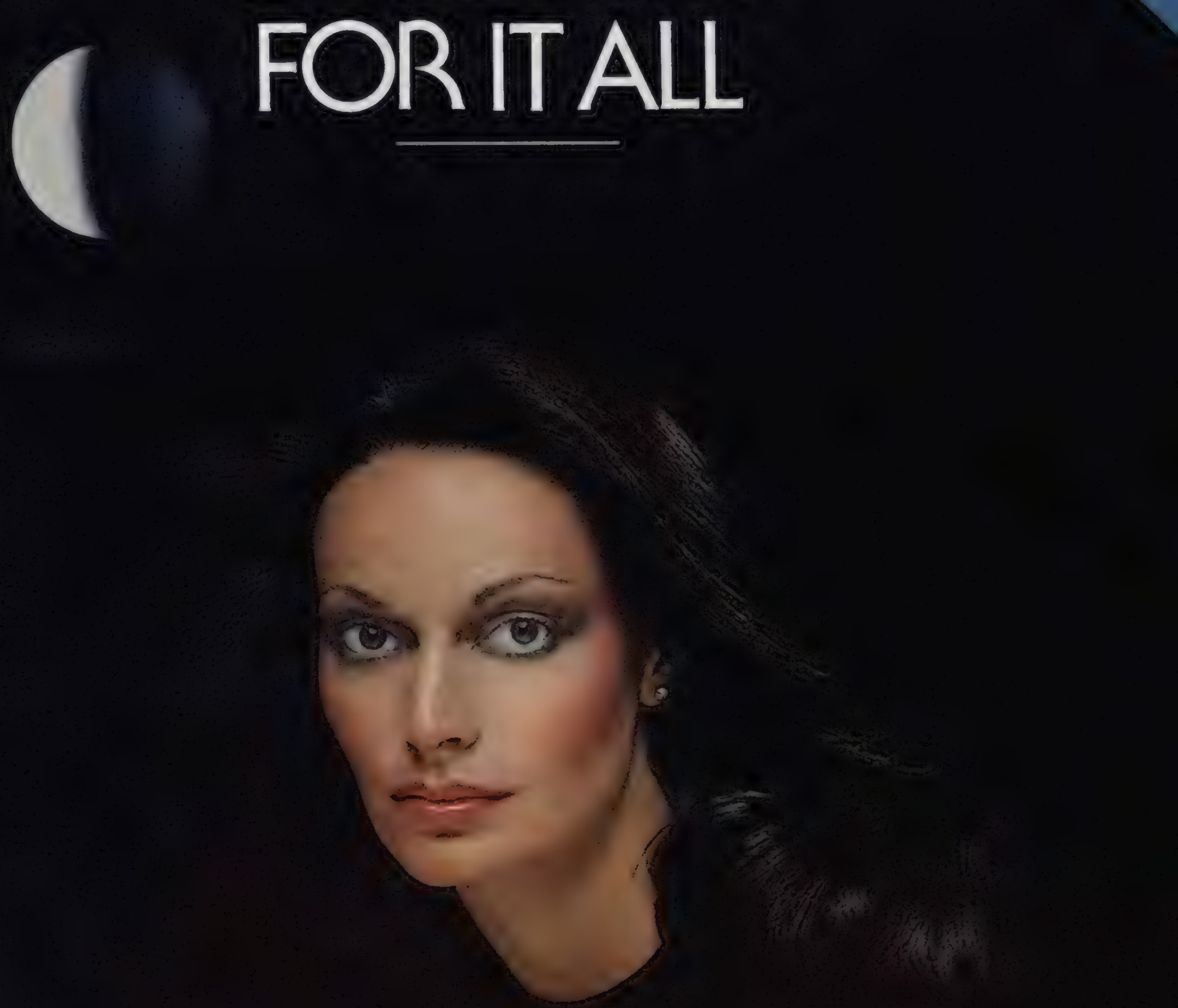

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NOW
IS THE TIME
FOR IT ALL



Diane Von Furstenberg

By Jan Morris

Top everything: try the sport that sends your spirits up

Three in the morning in a mountain hut high above the Tasman Glacier in New Zealand. It is very, very cold. The snow shines dimly, like phosphorescence, on the range of peaks all around—Cook, Douglas, Haidinger, Malte-Brun, the grandest mountain massif in the southern hemisphere, and looking starker and more formidable than ever in the brilliance of that southern night. The Southern Cross hangs directly above, the fuzzy Magellanic Clouds look like white ink-blots in the sky, and the little wooden hut, perched uncomfortably on a rock slab on the Tasman Saddle, seems a million miles from anywhere.

Noises emerge, clankings, coughs, snatches of talk. A lantern flickers. Presently, bundled dark figures appear, stumble stiffly out of the hut, and move away up the snowface into the night. They are roped in pairs, carry ice axes, and wear steel crampons on their boots. Their faces are smeared with white cream. They are slung about with rucksacks, ropes, goggles, knives, and obscure small odds and ends of accouterment. They look utterly, irredeemably miserable. They come in all shapes and indeterminate sizes, but they appear to share an attitude of abject yet fatalistic despair.

One of them is Sir Edmund Hillary, the first man to set foot upon the summit of Mount Everest, and one of the world's most celebrated adventurers. Three others are highly skilled New Zealand mountain guides, one of them an emigrant from Britain. The rest are all Americans: a Kentucky doctor, a Radcliffe undergraduate, a geologist, a transcendental sort of student from Ohio, a retired physicist, a tough girl from Hawaii, and Yvon Chouinard, eminent California climber and manufacturer of climbing gear. They all look about equally despondent, and

> **"Fanatic joy—as if converted to some furious fundamentalism"**

they are all there—the archetypal hero, the four professionals, the heterogeneous acolytes—because all are in thrall to that most obsessive of all enthusiasms, that spell, that addiction, the urge to climb mountains.

They had been assembled on that distant snow saddle, like characters in a symbolic novel, by a California travel agency, which offered its clients three weeks in those magnificent mountains in the company of Sir Edmund Hillary—"your host and climbing companion"; and curious to catch a glimpse of them there, so improbably thrown together among the glaciers, I had gone to New Zealand, too, and lay that morning in a sleeping bag outside the hut, opening a solitary eye from my mufflings to watch the pilgrims shuffle by.

I knew Hillary already, having pursued him up a greater mountain seventeen years before, but I relished the juxtaposition between this salty old master of the mountains and those eager amateurs from abroad: besides, I always am fascinated by the mystery of the craft and the baffling complexes and desires that compel its disciples. So I had gone up the glacier myself in the company of Kevin Pain, a carpenter by trade and a mountain man by occupation, who spent his life wandering around that massif and had actually built the Tasman Saddle hut with his own hands. There he and I agreeably idled, sometimes wandering up the ridges all around, sometimes just sitting in the sun, talking, drinking tea, and so entering once more that plane of insulation, silent and remote, which is the first house of the mountain initiation.

Around us the climbers came and went; bleary in the dawn, sunburned and exhausted in the afternoon—flat on their bunks while the supper stewed—labor-





"Assembled on that distant snow saddle, like characters in a novel, by a California travel agency"

ing in the distant line up the snow face, or writing up their diaries in the evening sun. I watched them in many moods; and, in a series of cameos or reflections, as it were, I peered once again into the enigma of their enthusiasm and tried to diagnose its causes.

On a rock, cross-legged, sits the transcendentalist, meditating after the day's climb. Out of the hut wanders Hillary, eating bread and jam, magnificently grizzled, rather gaunt, and tough as leather. They look at each other benevolently but bemused, as though a gulf divides them. Hillary, munching, tries hard to think of something to say, but the American speaks first. "Do you," he courteously inquires, "have much contact with the Eastern religions?"

The hero is stumped for a moment, but manages "Er, yes, well, I see a bit of them now and again, of course, mostly Buddhism"; but it is a question proper to the context, for an original and persistent strain to the mountain addiction has been the strain of mysticism. New Zealanders do not often share it, perhaps because their mountains have always been geographical barriers to settlement, like the Rockies to

"All in thrall to the most obsessive of all enthusiasms"

the early Americans; but people from older cultures have always sensed, in the confrontation between man and mountain, some deeper second meaning. The down-to-earth New Zealand settlers called their highest peak Mount Cook, after the explorer; but to the Maoris, in their forests at its feet, it was Aorangi—"Cloud Piercer."

To many ancient peoples the mountains themselves were sacred, and approaching their summits was a sacramental act. There are holy mountains all over the world, from Athos to Chomolungma—"Goddess Mother of the World," as the Tibetans call Everest.

The nineteenth-century English gentlemen who popularized climbing as a sport eagerly adapted this mystique. Devout Anglicans or progressive Humanists that they were, they knew very well that God did *not* live on the top of Mont Blanc; but it pleased them to give their sport a spiritual tinge, a visionary feel, raising it beyond the sphere of mere physical exercise into something between an art, a faith and a Happening.

"Because it's there" soulfully murmured George Leigh Mallory, when asked why he wanted to climb Mount Everest (upon which he was soon to die). And though I suspect that he simply could not think of anything more effective to say, the phrase became a testament of the sport, clouding the eyes of susceptible matrons at lectures and inspiring many a neophyte.

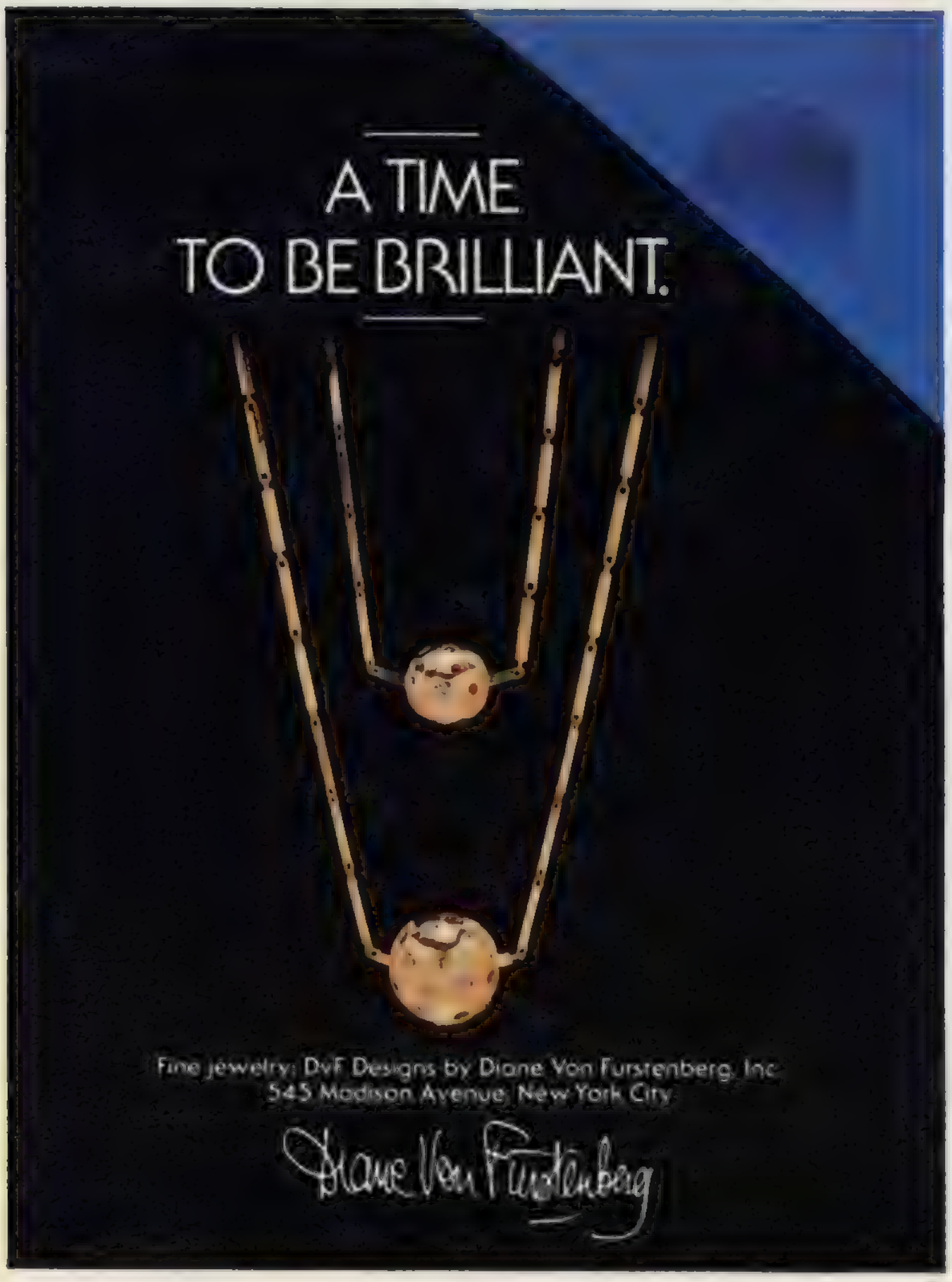
Not many climbers feel this impulse now, at least not so blatantly. For young mountaineers today, it is mostly a matter of technique—as one skeptic has put it, "choosing the hardest possible place to climb, and then making it artificially easier." The days have gone of the scholar-mountaineers, who climbed with Ovid or Yeats in their hands and approached the high peaks in a spirit of lyric exaltation. "Well," said Hillary with satisfaction, returning from the summit of Everest in 1953 in the crowning triumph of Himalayan mountaineering, "well, we've knocked the bastard off!"

Yet beneath the new expertise and disrespect, traces of those old emotions survive. In the Tasman Saddle hut there is a climbers' book, in which mountaineers record their visits to the place, noting the weather and the summits they are attempting, and often adding peripheral comments of their own. Most of the personal entries are characterized by a combination of show-off and crudity that is, I fear, common in the climbing fraternity and that has been apparent in mountain-hut books for at least half a century. But interspersed in those pages, every few weeks, somebody scribbles a phrase in the Mallory manner: a meditative quotation, an appeal to the Spirit of the Mountains, or even a couplet of verse.

I am very susceptible to the mountain metaphysics. The Welsh brain surgeon Charles

(Continued on page 88)





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

"Like the saints of legend, one seems to have seen inside a mystery—a spiritual experience"

Evans, who was the first man to reach the top of Kanchenjunga, refrained from stepping actually on the tip of the peak, to leave it inviolate. It is that mountain above all, seen from the plateau of Darjeeling fifty miles away, that always can send a superstitious, or perhaps self-indulgent, chill deliciously down my spine. Most of the time it is veiled in clouds, but one morning when you are out walking in the woods, or visiting the little Buddhist temple on the hill above the town, suddenly a gap appears in the swirling vapors, and there framed in the mist, glowing pinkly in the sun, higher and grander and more beautiful than you ever could have imagined, Kanchenjunga stands transitorily revealed. Like the saints of legend, one seems to have seen inside a mystery—a spiritual experience which would, I think, unite Sir Edmund Hillary and the transcendental student in a climbers' bond of ecstasy.

"I shall watch your progress," says the retired physicist at the door of the hut, with polite variations of idiom, as his colleagues clank off to another climb. "I shall watch your progress with the greatest interest." He is taking the day off himself, but he has his binoculars at hand. "Good luck! I shall be watching your progress with keen interest!" "Good climbing! I shall be watching you!" "See you later, and have a good climb!" He is like a minister at the church door, giving a last benediction to his parishioners; his colleagues, cowled and shrouded for the day's devotions, smirk piously in response and look as though they might thank him for the sermon.

They always say that comradeship, the endurance of shared dangers and discomforts, is an allure of mountaineering, as it is of war. I think this is an oversimplification. It is rather a heightening, or intensifying, of relationships—good or bad—





that mountaineers enjoy. (Whether they know it or not, they are a distinctly Freudian lot.) They remind me often, as I observe their affairs affectionately from the sidelines, of the sort of people one used to meet in very posh and inbred cavalry regiments of the British Army—or in particularly exclusive New England chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Fires divide them; magnetic sympathies draw them close; jealousies, rivalries, and ambitions enmesh their affairs and give their company, isolated as they so often are in these high mountain aeries, an explosive excitement.

Climbing is a dangerously introspective sport, if indeed it is a sport at all. A fanatic joy seizes the practitioner, as if he has been converted to some furious fundamentalism, and all the details of method or experience become articles of dogma. It is an almost ideological passion that divides the proponents of artificial climbing—who will use almost any manufactured device to help them up a rock face—from the traditionalists—who believe in a more sportsmanlike confrontation between man and nature. Watch Ed Hillary cutting steps in the packed snow with his ice ax, obeying his own particular tenets of the craft, and it will dawn on you that each deft chip of the ax, each graceful swing from step to step, is a declaration of commitment. All else, that grand confidence seems to say, like a cardinal declaring an article of faith, is schism, illusion, or heresy.

Yet within this strange fraternity, bound together by these exotic fervors, every kind of person, every age, every habit is found. I sit, now, on a bunk in the hut, when the group has returned from its morning expedition, and engage its members in conversation. One by one they reveal themselves. The retired physicist tells me about his sporting life.

"I came to mountaineering, do you know, relatively late in life; but previous to that I had taken up swimming, and not so many years ago I began to play tennis a good deal. My wife is with me now. She is in the Hermitage Hotel at the foot of the glacier. She has some studying to do—she is a social worker."

Kevin tells me about looking after Husky dog teams in the Antarctic. "Stupid! They were the stupidest animals I ever met. They were so stupid you couldn't punish them—they wouldn't know what you were punishing them for. In the morning, I'd just point them in the right direction

and off we'd go."

The Kentucky doctor cheerfully diagnoses our complaints. "Boy, you'll have varicose veins when you're a bit older. You should watch your heart, you really should. You're a big girl now, you should decide for yourself whether you're fit to climb or not. In the meantime, won't you join me, all of you, in a glass of bourbon?"

Harry Ayers, the greatest of New Zealand guides, tells me of old adventures on these mountains. The girl from Hawaii discusses physical education semesters at the University of Honolulu. The transcendentalist talks about philosophies: "I have not yet decided, you see, which is the right philosophy for me, so I'm quite happy to learn, and don't mind making a fool of myself."

"Isn't it awful?" says the Radcliffe girl, wiping the cream from her burned and swollen face, "isn't it just *awful* what they've done to Oxford?" And on his lower bunk at the end of the hut Sir Edmund Hillary, perhaps the most celebrated climber the world will ever know, dozes over a funny book with a white linen hat half over his eyes, occasionally stirring to smile at random around the company or to make an antipodean interjection.

Then, "Jesus!" says one of the young guides, "Where did we put

> **"Something between an art, a faith, and a Happening"**

the salt?" And before long all this oddly assorted group, drawn from so many disparate backgrounds to this high fulcrum in the Southern Alps, are discussing possible routes up The Minarets over their hamburgers and canned beer. I have taken care to bring with me a bottle of Australian wine and sense one or two of the more sybaritic enthusiasts glancing in my direction, as the beer is doled out in enamel mugs. Since there is clearly not enough wine to give everybody some, I decide to drink it all myself.

It is a mistake to suppose, as outsiders often do, that the high mountains bring out the best in everyone. Alpinism is no improving recreation, productive of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Dirty jokes of childish nuance are as common in hut books as quotations from philosophy; and, physically, mountaineers, as a class, do not appear to be more noticeably aglow than librarians,

> **"Well," said Hillary, "we've knocked the bastard off"**

say, or policemen.

What is more, there is a good deal of plain squalor to the sport. Take our hut up there on the saddle, built with such infinite labor by Kevin long before (he lived for several weeks on the job, sleeping in an ice cave). It is perhaps thirty feet long by twenty feet wide, and into it are squeezed fifteen well-padded forms, some recumbent on its bunks, some lounging against its walls, some preoccupied on the floor. One might expect their cramped quarters to be, like the wardroom of a destroyer, scrubbed, spick-and-span, to relieve the incidental miseries. A little neatness would increase the available space, and a touch of housewifely hygiene might make the long comradely evenings seem a little less interminable.

But these are mountaineers. The hut is in an indescribable mess. Grubby sleeping bags are tumbled here and there, together with torn newspapers and tea-stained paperbacks. Half-washed dishes are propped beside the sink. The floor could use a good soaking in carbolic, and the air is stuffy with sweat and damp equipment, augmented by undefined medicinal smells and the memory of the hamburgers.

There are fortunately no rats in the high mountains, and I suppose most of the bacteria are frozen out. Even so, any self-respecting sanitary inspector from sea level might be tempted to condemn that hut as unfit for human use, sealing up its doors with sticky tape and municipal prohibitions. The climbers, bless them, love it so. This is their intermediate heaven. "Ah," they sigh as they sink into their twilight languor—mostly unwashed, many unshaved, and all swaddled horribly about in old sweaters—"ah, nothing like a good fug in the evening! No place like a mountain hut, is there, when you want to relax and talk about nothing in particular. And that reminds me, did you ever try the

(Continued on page 90)





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

"Mountaineers, as a class, do not appear to be more noticeably aglow than librarians, say, or policemen"

north traverse over the Weisshorn—or the south arete of Grizzly Peak—or the Tremadoc Rocks. . . ?"

Outsiders often interpret this taste for discomfort as masochism, and wonder if the whole craft of mountaineering, with its indefatigable search for difficulty and danger, could be a symptom of the same psychosis. It is certainly hard to see how anyone could enjoy, in the ordinary sense of the word, the worst demands of Alpinism: the agonizing last slog through blizzard and thin air, half-dead with altitude sickness, your face stuck inside an oxygen mask, your back weighed down with tonnage; or those frightful days of suspense on Eiger or Yosemite, creeping one's way, piton by piton, up the merciless rock; or frostbite, or broken bones, or fear, or cold, or the absolute exhaustion that is only one stage this side of death.

Yet even for a hedonist like me, I realized as I lay pondering in that hut, there *is* a pleasure to these torments. I had staggered, slipped, sworn, and clowned my way up mountain slopes from the Himalayas to the Andes, and now, down here in these celestial Southern Alps—and upon all those blisterings of skin, stubbings of toes, final stages of fatigue and apparently permanent seizing-up of muscles—upon them all, I looked back with nothing but pleasure. In retrospect, at least, I had reveled in them all and felt, in some perverse and inexplicable way, the better for them.

Some of this pleasure is the traditional satisfaction of the lunatic banging his head against the wall: it is so lovely when you stop. Part of it is the pleasure of challenge. Most challenges I personally prefer to evade, in case they beat me; but to the challenge of the mountains there is a compensatory merit: It really does not matter two hoots to anybody whether you succeed or not. You are no better than the next man if you can climb Mount Cook and he cannot. It will get you nowhere. There is nothing to see up there. As the great Himalayan mountaineer H.W. Tilman once wrote, adapting G.K. Chesterton, the act of climbing a mountain is "perfectly useless to everybody, including the person who did it." There is thus a sort of idiot purity to the mountain challenge, personal and untransferable, like an inner fantasy; it belongs to you alone, and nobody can intrude upon your complacency, when you return battered, stiff, and pleased with yourself from the summit of your own elementary Everest.

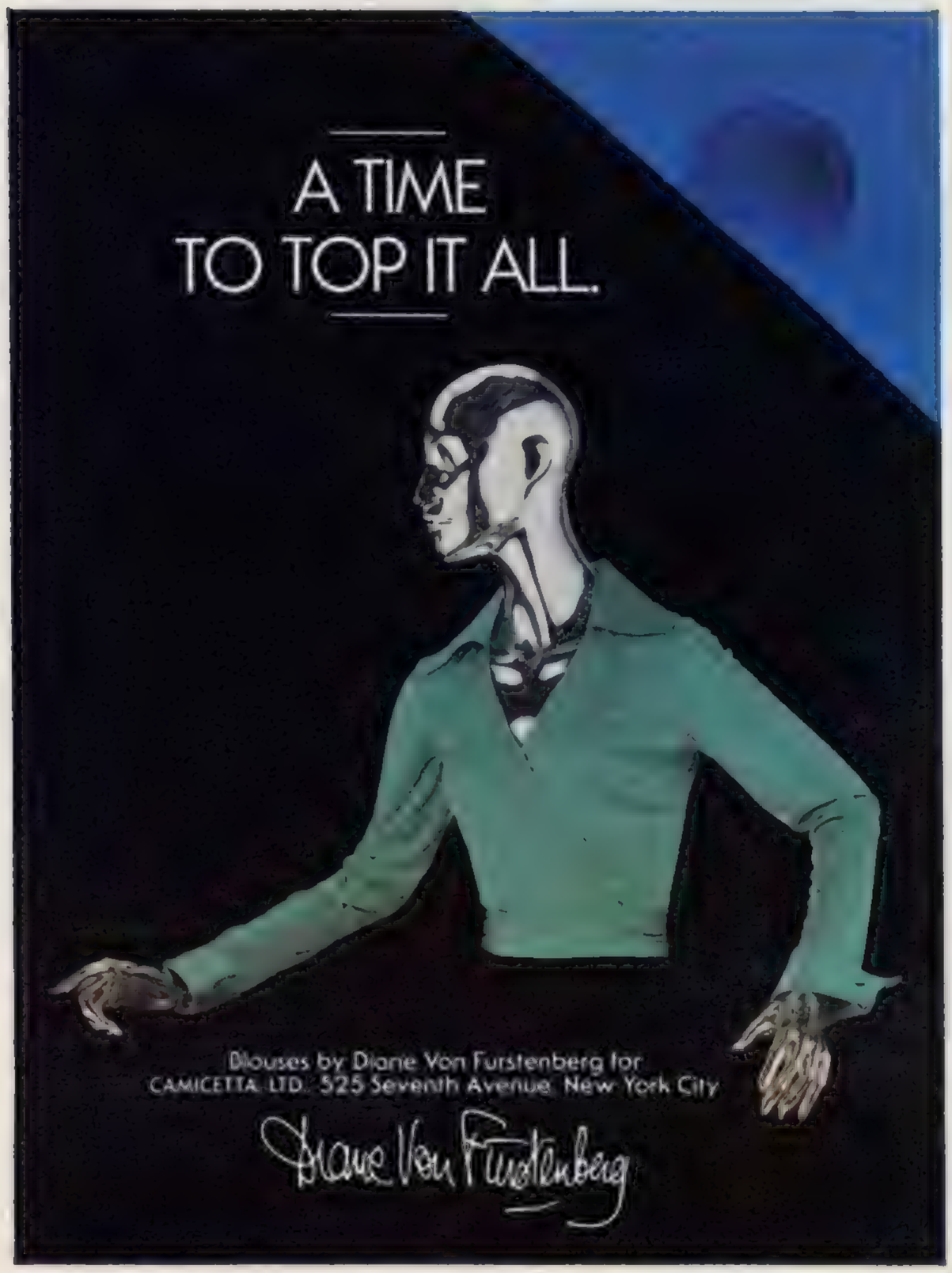
My own fantasy, up there above the Tasman Glacier, certainly incorporated the anticipatory joys of the Hermitage Hotel at the bottom, with Covin at the Panorama Room piano and venison with Penfold Claret for my dinner. I am not sure my companions were so brutally self-aware. "It's the pleasure of extending oneself," said one when I asked for his analysis of the climbing addiction. "It's the release from the ordinary," said another. Or as Hillary told me long ago, "I just like doing it." For if there is one question that bores your professional climber stiff, it is the one about motives. *"Because it's bloody there, that's why!"*

Ed and his friend, Harry Ayers, roped, move in slow and stately progression across the expanse of the glacier towards the hut. They look tired, but they walk to an unbroken steady rhythm, clomp clomp, across the hard snow, the rope not quite taut between them, the ice axes swinging in perfect unison. They look as though they could continue at just the same pace, to just the same silent drumbeat, all day and all night. More still, they look as though they actually are indigenous to the mountains, adapted in the course of evolution to altitude, terrain, and alpine diet.

In a sense they are. They have known these mountains all their lives, and have climbed them together for years. They have acquired the easy mastery of environment that comes not just from familiarity, or skill, but actually from ownership. They move like landed gentry, those two unflagging figures on the glacier, surveying the policies of an improbable estate.

For another of the compulsions of mountaineering is a kind of homing instinct. To many climbers, the whole of the mountain world is home, and they dis-





play that same proprietorial air wherever they climb. Their very mountaineering status gives them that freehold feeling, soaring above mundanities like real estate or even nationality. Yvon Chouinard is one such climber, I think. French by origin, American by nationality, cosmopolitan by instinct, he has climbed all over the world and seems to slip as easily into the setting of the Southern Alps, which he has never seen in his life before, as most of us merge into the decor of our sitting rooms.

Others, animated by more atavistic urges, seem to identify themselves with their own particular mountains; theirs by right of birth, or achievement, or plain infatuation. Hillary seems somehow more himself on Mount Cook, the national peak of New Zealand, than he ever did on Everest.

You need not be a mountaineer at all to feel this pull of a peak, for all over the world mountains are symbolic of nationhood, and instinct with patriotic myth. Many a great mountain means so much to the people at its feet that nobody could fail to be moved by its presence.

Consider Ayers Rock, for instance, in the Australian Outback. Not exactly a mountain, perhaps, but still the most astonishing of all protrusions on the earth's surface, a vast hulk of sandstone rising sheer from the desert of the Northern Territory, whose terrific isolation in that wilderness marvelously exempli-

"Each deft chip of the ice ax is a commitment"

fied Australia's meaning to the world. Or there is Fujiyama, with a conical perfection of form that displays itself only intermittently through the smog of Toyko but a presence that is an essential token of Japanese patriotism. Or Vesuvius, without which the Bay of Naples would be just another Mediterranean cove. Or Olympus, upon whose legendary brow all the Greek virtues are assembled. Or Kilimanjaro, that epitome of Africa. Or, best of all, Illimani in Bolivia, which many connoisseurs consider the most beautiful of all mountains: it stands high above the little capital of La Paz, beautifully alone in the bitter *altiplano*, serene and peaceful above that tumultuous republic, and speaking of splendors long since lost. For upon its summit, we are told in the last days of the Inca epoch, the golden condor of the emperors folded its great wings once and for all in sleep.

And for me there is another mountain, on the other side of the world, with an image that often entered my thoughts as I sunned myself upon that glacier in New Zealand and watched Ed and Harry swing with such feudal panache across the snow. A small mountain, but great to my own people, which stands veiled in mist and sodden with rain in the Welsh highlands, to be glimpsed when the clouds clear through my bedroom window, or discovered brilliant with snow between the trees: Snowdon, where Merlin sang, where Owen Glendower, the Welsh rebel, hid with his defeated armies, among whose granite slabs and hidden lakes the spirit of Wales perpetually, damply swirls.

So "Snowdon next!" somebody ironically cried (for I had often lapsed into these purple passages), as Kevin and I humped our rucksacks and prepared to slog away down the glacier to my venison at the Hermitage. It was a blazing still morning when we left, the sun coming up in dazzling majesty over the Murchison ridge, and all that splendid landscape looked clean, now, and virgin.

The climbers were staying a few more days up there, traversing the main range to the glaciers on the other side, which run away through the forest and bush of Westland towards the Tasman Sea. They waved to us as we stalked off through the snow; and I felt I was leaving not just a group of enterprising tourists, nor even an assembly of incorrigible individualists, but some fervent congregation of cultists, priesthood and laity encapsulated up there, honoring esoteric rites of their own, and looking down the glacier at my retreating figure with a mixture of regret and amusement—as converts to a conviction often do look at misguided unbelievers. "I'll be watching your progress," said the retired physicist comfortingly, "with keen personal interest."

"Christ!" somebody shouted, "the sausages!" And from the purlieus of the hut there reached us across the snow the faint disturbing fragrance of a climber's breakfast. ▽







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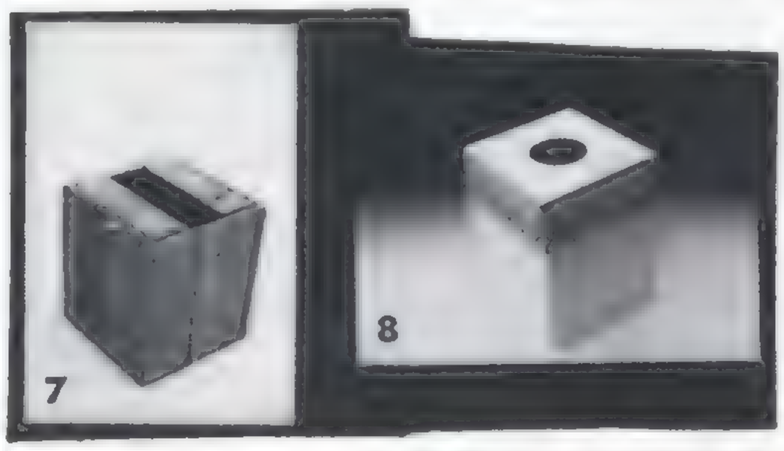
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Vogue BEAUTY NOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

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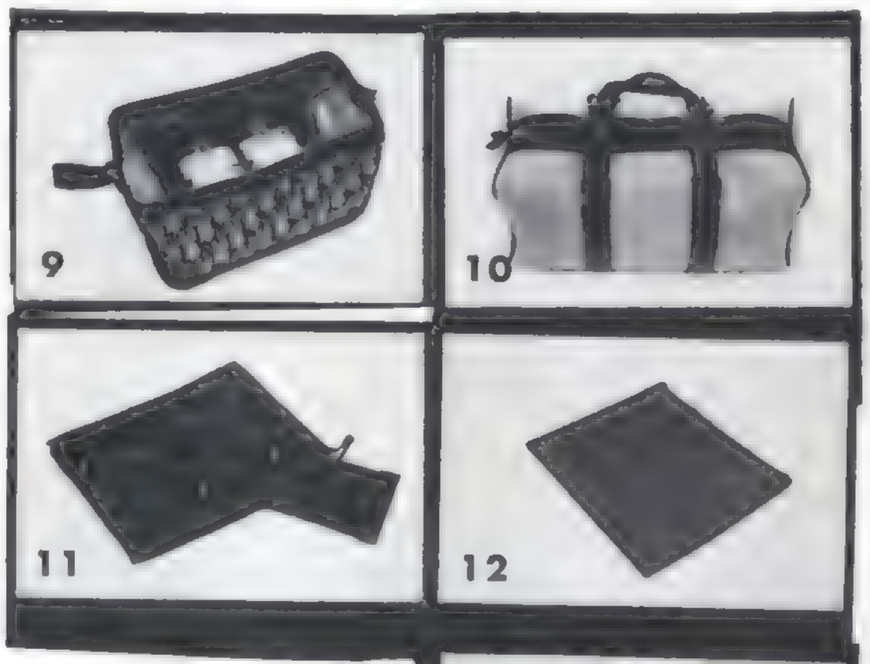




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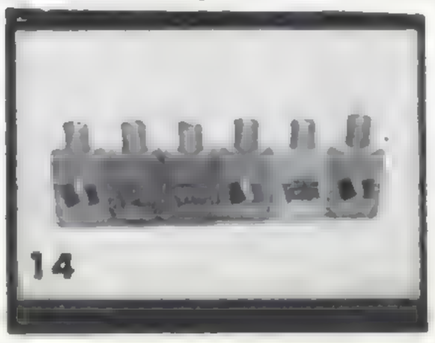
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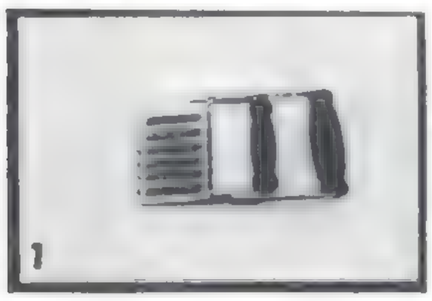
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Vogue BEAUTY NOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

Holiday FINDS

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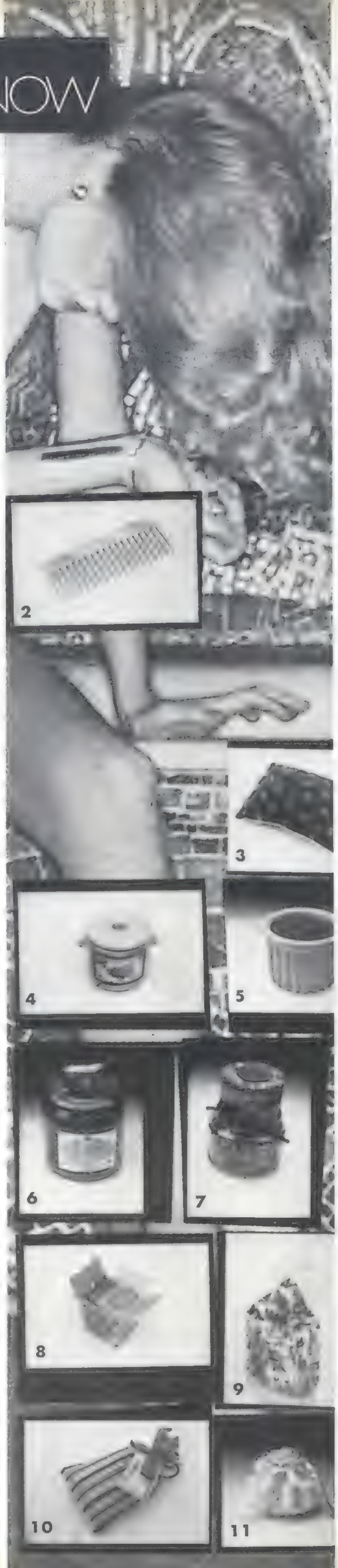


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Vogue-Rated

TIP-OFFS

What to see, read, listen to, and watch for

movies

BY REX REED

★★★★ Mr. Klein
Stunning, harrowing study of a guilty conscience, told in the style of a thriller, this is the first foreign-speaking film ever made by Joseph Losey, who now lives in France as a self-confessed tax exile from the British Treasury. It's a landmark in a brilliant career. Here is Losey's own *North by Northwest*, remounted in Nazi-occupied Paris, with a deeply stirring performance by a startlingly mature Alain Delon as a forty-year-old foppish art and antiques dealer who profits from buying up the paintings and personal treasures of tortured Jews who need cash to escape. He has elegance, sophistication, intelligence, and charm, but no compassion for the misfortunes of others, no capacity for love.

Suddenly, a Jew with the same name, scheduled for deportation, disappears without a trace; and the Aryan Mr. Klein not only finds himself submerged in mystery and in need of lost documents to prove his own identity but projected into the missing Mr. Klein's persona. First pulled by curiosity, then by apprehension of the consequences of the confusion, he pursues his own inquiries into who the unseen stranger might be; and an incredible puzzle thickens in a maze around him, implicating him in the other Klein's identity and in eventual doom.

Klein's search for clues to the missing man leads him to a bizarre transvestite cabaret, an eerie confrontation with his own mirror image at a crowded luncheon at La Coupole, an exotic dinner party in a ghostly country castle owned by a woman (Jeanne Moreau) who has sent him love letters by mistake. A German police dog follows him in the street, a perfect stranger recognizes him, his own grandfather insists he's been part of a Catholic heritage since Louis XIV but cannot prove it.

The identities become so intertwined that, in the end, obsession and paranoia lead Klein into the boxcars heading for Auschwitz. The point is that one man's destiny becomes the destiny of all men when compassion and guilt for human suffering are shared.

At times *Mr. Klein* is so stylistically elusive and deliberately bizarre that the audience seems to be denied access; but it is bold and stirring and brilliant in its impact, with a note of impending gloom that is relentless. The note of reigning terror is struck in the first scene (a dull woman's body is being examined by a Fascist doctor), and Losey never loosens his grip on the viewer's throat until Delon's arrogance gives way to final martyrdom. The necessary documents arrive, establishing Klein's birthright; he sweeps past them, into the winter bicycle stadium during the mass arrests of July 1942, with fifteen-thousand Jews.

The entire film shrieks with hypnotic tension. This is certainly one of the most important films of the year and it still does not have an American distributor. It's a deserving accomplishment, and I hope U.S. audiences get a chance to see it soon. *Mr. Klein* makes most homegrown products seem anemic.

★★★ The California Reich
Chilling documentary about the American Nazi Party today, growing strong, with two-thousand members in twenty-five cities—sad, alienated, lost souls with backgrounds in prisons, reform schools, and various psycho wards, rising up like dictators, passing around storm-trooper helmets for tithes and offerings from their loyal followers and constituents. The membership comprises ex-Marines, housewives, mechanics; one is a platoon sergeant for the 7th Infantry, U.S. Army, Fort Ord.

Out of anxiety, fear, and paranoia about being second rate, these lonely American Gothics talk themselves into being the victims of social injustice ("In our perfect world of the future, there won't be any lonely people!"), with one uniform sorrow running like a cheap thread through their hapless hypocrisy: as they struggle to show their racial superiority, they prove their inferiority.

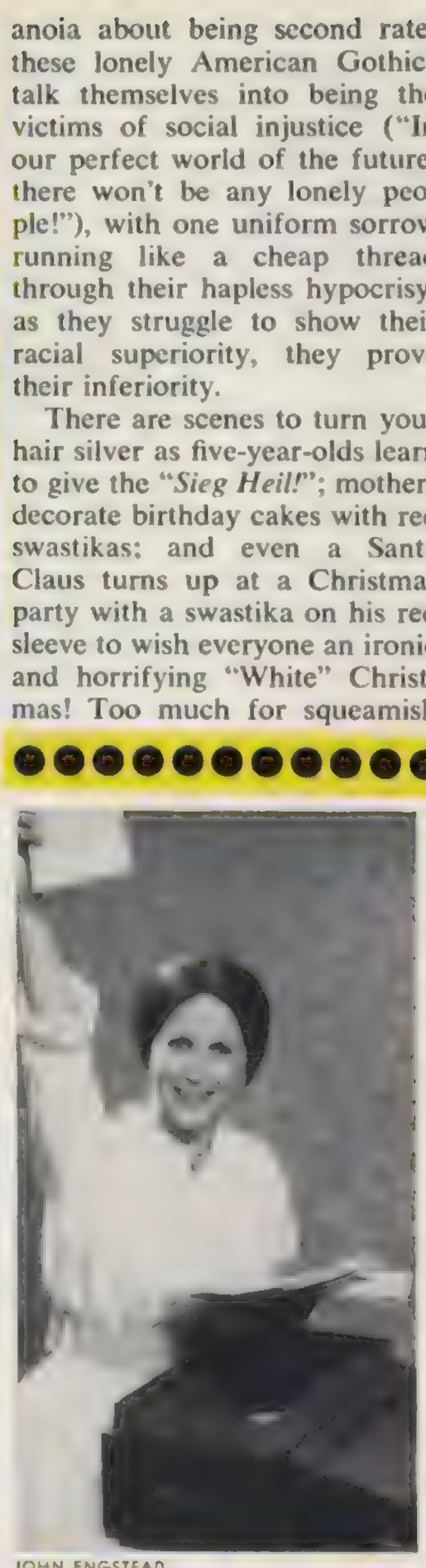
There are scenes to turn your hair silver as five-year-olds learn to give the "*Sieg Heil!*"; mothers decorate birthday cakes with red swastikas; and even a Santa Claus turns up at a Christmas party with a swastika on his red sleeve to wish everyone an ironic and horrifying "White" Christmas! Too much for squeamish stomachs, but valuable and educational stuff of now, and well worth remembering.

★★ The Seven-Per-Cent Solution
Sherlock Holmes meets Sigmund Freud, with less desirable results than you might anticipate. Ravaged by drugs and obsessed to the point of madness by the evil image of Moriarty, Holmes with his bloodhound Tony traces the scent of vanilla extract to Vienna, where Freud locks the legendary detective in a room and cures his drug addiction, then helps him to rescue an opera singer kidnapped by white slavers before she crosses the Danube.

The film is pure nonsense, but Herbert Ross's taste is evident throughout: the Victorian furniture, the wallpaper in Freud's study, the nineteenth-century hypodermic needles, *everything* is massively researched and accurate right down to the Victorian teacups. But all of this meticulous attention to detail does not an entertainment make. All those beautiful production values serve only to camouflage a rather addle-headed and familiar tale of derring-do, as familiar as a werewolf howling in a foggy moor.

The script is endlessly talky; and, in spite of an attempt to make the screen look like old sepia illustrations, the whole thing looks photographed through butterscotch sauce. Vanessa Redgrave has some fun as a mezzo-soprano with a passion for white lilies; but Nicol Williamson is too angry and pasty-faced for the Holmes of my cherished schoolboy memories, and Robert Duvall is too stubby for the inept Dr. Watson.

Alan Arkin's Yiddish impersonation of Freud is a comic-strip horror; and such able talents as Joel Grey, Samantha Eggar, and Laurence Olivier are left to compete against crazed Lippizaner horses and screaming locomotives with the conviction of dress extras who know they're licked before they begin. Much ado about nothing, really—all those expensive talents wasted on a frivolous tale of minuscule fascination which, in the words of Holmes himself, remains "strictly elementary."



JOHN ENGSTEAD



tv ★★★★ Time was when TV was said to be killing the American theater. Time is, right now, when TV vitalizes, is revitalized by Broadwayers—such as in upcoming on-tube adaptations of (left) Julie Harris' empyrean The Belle of Amherst and (above) Williams sick-heart Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, with Natalie Wood, Robert Wagner, Maureen Stapleton, and—gorgeous surprise Laurence Olivier as Big Daddy!—L.L.

books

BY ALLENE TALMEY

★★★ Do You Want To Talk About It?
Cartoons by Edward Koren; preface by Calvin Trillin (Pantheon Books). Wonderful. Koren's people and animals look for the most

(Continued on page 111)



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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

part like distinguished, hairy potatoes, as instantly recognizable as a Miró. They buckle on your mind. Or vice versa.

★★★Wednesday The Rabbi Got Wet
By Harry Kemelman (William Morrow). If Agatha Christie's Miss Marple and Hercule Poirot had had a son who naturally became a detective, sharp as Marple on murder, wise as Poirot on plotting, he would be known as Rabbi David Small. An amateur detective, the Rabbi is an American, Talmudic, crotchety. He is also profound, slangy, mannerly, under forty, the religious leader of a temple in a small New England town.

Like other clergy, Rabbi Small has trouble with a congregation pulsing with inner politics. (A friend of mine got caught up with such church politics in a fight between pastor and deacons, leading to a split-off church, known thereafter as the Spite Church of Christ.)

Kemelman is a special kind of murder-story writer—for he writes novels peopled with druggists, real-estate men, and friends, low on dead bodies. Since he provides no throb of sex, everything is calculated for the amused mind. A pleasure.

★★★The Higher Animals:
A Mark Twain Bestiary edited by Maxwell Geismar; drawings by Jean-Claude Suarès (Crowell). This nippy, shapely book of Twain's comments on animals from alligators to war-horses is a luxurious adventure into realities caught in briers of absurdities. Like Jim Baker's bluejays: "Why *you* never see a bluejay get stuck for a word." A scolding, gossiping, lying "jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do —maybe better."

In his short, exact, graceful introduction, Maxwell Geismar mentions Twain's "unwavering, insistent *stare*" that saw reality without fuzz. So does Suarès. His animals stare, too, looking just enough like lions, cats, frogs, camels, porpoises, each touched up with snagging wit.

★★★Roots:
The Saga of an American Family by Alex Haley (Doubleday). Even more absorbing than Aunt Bluebelle's improved paper towels, *Roots* hoists the spirit. It begins with a birth in 1750 in The Gambia, West Africa, in a Black village; and it ends seven generations later in Arkansas at the funeral of a Black professor whose children are a teacher of music, a U.S. Navy Department architect, an assistant director of the United States Information Agency, and an author. The author is Alex Haley, former first Chief Journalist of the U.S. Coast Guard.

All true, all as real as a pinched nerve. To do this superb job of research and reconstruction took twelve years, including time in Africa. A lasting achievement. *Note:* In January, ABC-TV has scheduled a *Roots* series based on the Haley family since 1750.

★★★Wyeth at Kuerners
Foreword by Betsy Wyeth (Houghton Mifflin). In this new marvel of an art book, Betsy James Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth's wife, has chosen—out of forty-four years of his sketching and painting the Kuerners and their farm in Pennsylvania—370 pictures of which 315 have never been reproduced.

Famous and popular as a "blade-of-grass" realist, a junk phrase used critically as denegration, Andrew Wyeth in this book comes off as more of an impressionist. His cows have no udders, his meadows no recognizable grasses; but his Kuerners have distinctive Kuerner faces.

The remarkable sequences of sketches show Wyeth eliminating detail after detail, not putting more in. He pares. Many, if not most, of the sketches have enormous, spare, austere beauty, frequently unfinished. For these are his notes, his quick pencil memos, watercolors slashed in by A.W. before settling down to finished temperas.

To see these drafts in sepia or in black and white, perhaps three or four on a sheet of paper, is rather like reading the crabbed drafts and corrections Proust made in his notebooks. *Note:* New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art has a Wyeth exhibition in pencil, drybrush, watercolor, tempera, and oil, chosen by Thomas Hoving, the Met's director, acting this time as curator.

★★★Alone of All Her Sex:
The Myth and the Cult of the Virgin Mary by Marina Warner (Knopf). A Catholic, Marina Warner traces with courage, subtlety, and smashing forehand strokes the extraordinary change of Mary, barely mentioned in the Gospels, to the Virgin Queen of Heaven. In this fascinating, argumentative book, Warner explains why that change is so significant, why and how a divine figure was deliberately created by the Church.

The metamorphosis occurred

(Continued on page 114)



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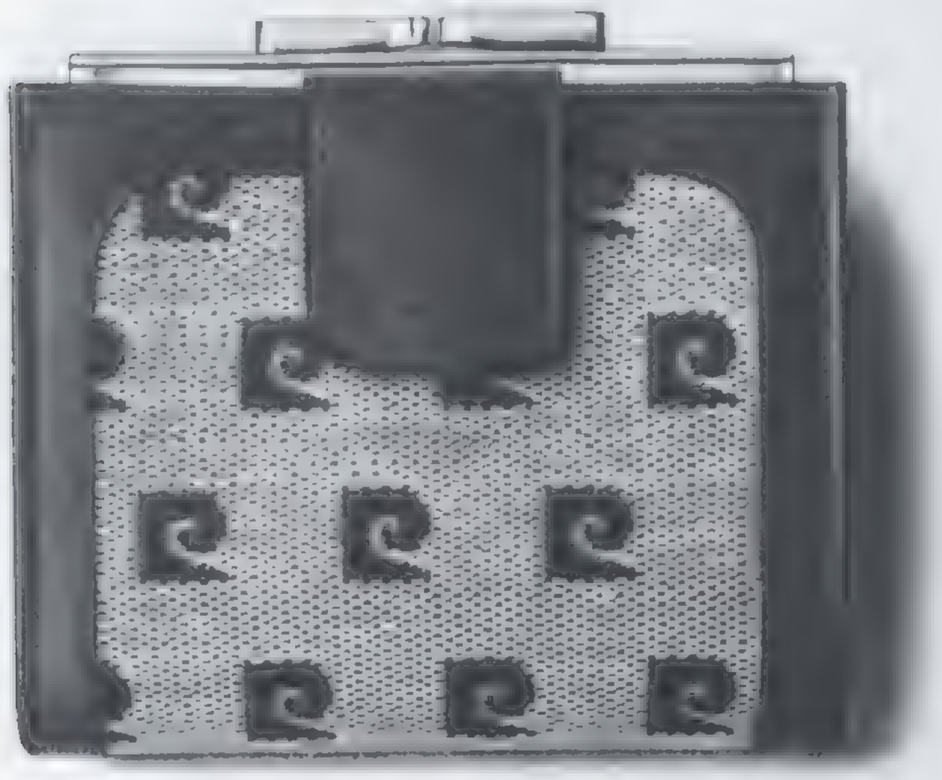
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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

mainly for political power, partly to meet people's needs for intercession, partly to show maternal love and grief, partly to give women a model of man's "Ideal Woman."

Indeed, the Virgin Mary has been the solace of innumerable women, a demanded, interceding, necessary solace. The argument in this book is detailed, long, not hard. In essence, it runs like this: With the Virgin Mary, the celibates of the Church, writes Warner, gave women a disturbing ideal, impossible to follow, a contradiction in roles that Marina Warner is not the first to point out. The nonparent fathers ruled that motherhood is the highest role of woman, her only destiny, and that sex is sinful.

How to fulfill that destiny? How to combine female chastity and motherhood? No answer, except a list of virtues for women. "The virtues that the Virgin Mary came to represent under the influence of the cult of poverty and humility in the middle ages are not to be scorned . . . [but] obedience becomes docility; gentleness, irresolution; humility, cringing; forbearance, long suffering." In time, virginity, the Virgin, a mystical idea was "translated onto a sociological plane where its import becomes very different and oppressive." A blessing of a book.

art

BY BARBARA ROSE

★★★★Images of Anxiety
No history of modern art could be written without a chapter on the work of the nineteenth-century Belgian master James Ensor, whose emotional, deeply troubled works prefigured themes later explored by the German Expressionists and French Surrealists. Born in Ostend, Belgium, in 1860, Ensor combined a taste for the grotesque, traditional in earlier Flemish artists like Bosch and Brueghel, with a sophisticated painterly technique and a weird, ghostly palette that accentuated the macabre quality of his unorthodox treatment of religious themes.

Excluded from exhibitions, rejected by critics and fellow artists, Ensor was for years an isolated figure in his native Ostend, where he remained until his death in 1949. Although Ensor's work eventually received widespread critical acclaim, American audiences are relatively unacquainted with the greatness of his art—a situation now remedied by a major exhibition of over two-hundred paintings, drawings, and prints by Ensor on view at The Art Institute of Chicago until January 3, 1977.

Opening again at The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York on January 28 (until April 10), the show speaks a language perhaps more understandable in our own insecure and anxious times than it was to Ensor's own contemporaries.

★★★Morris Louis: Themes and Variations
His reputation still growing, the *chef d'école* of the Washington School of Color Painting, Morris Louis, is honored now by the most prestigious institution—the National Gallery of Art (through January 9)—in Washington, D.C., the city where he worked until his premature death in 1962, known only to his students and a small circle of connoisseurs.

Essentially a serial painter, Louis concentrated on developing a few simple, direct formats to contain spreading drifts and mists of pure color, which he thinned down to watercolor-like consistency and stained into raw canvas the way earlier American masters like Homer and Marin might lay down a few transparent washes on porous paper.

By now, Louis' *Veils*, *Florals*, *Columns*, *Unfurleds*, and *Stripes*, as his various series are known generically, have spawned whole schools of veil, column, and stripe painters. But, for the real thing, one must return to the works of the master himself, which remain radiantly beautiful, and totally inimitable, as it turns out.

★★★Sacred Circles
The largest, most comprehensive exhibition of North American Indian art ever mounted in Europe is assembled now at London's Hayward Gallery, where it can be seen until January 16. Over one-thousand objects made from 1500 B.C. until the present day by the tribes of Alaska, Canada, and the United States, including stone and wood carvings, engraved ivories, painted pottery, totem poles, shields, ceremonial screens, masks and robes, wall and sand paintings, baskets, bead and feather work, embroidery and jewelry, indicate the great quality and variety of artifacts created by the peoples displaced by European conquerors who arrived after Columbus.

(Continued on page 120)

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Historians tell us that in 1525 a young widow created the original Amaretto di Saronno and gave it as a gift of love to Bernardino Luini, the artist who immortalized her in a famous fresco in Saronno, Italy.

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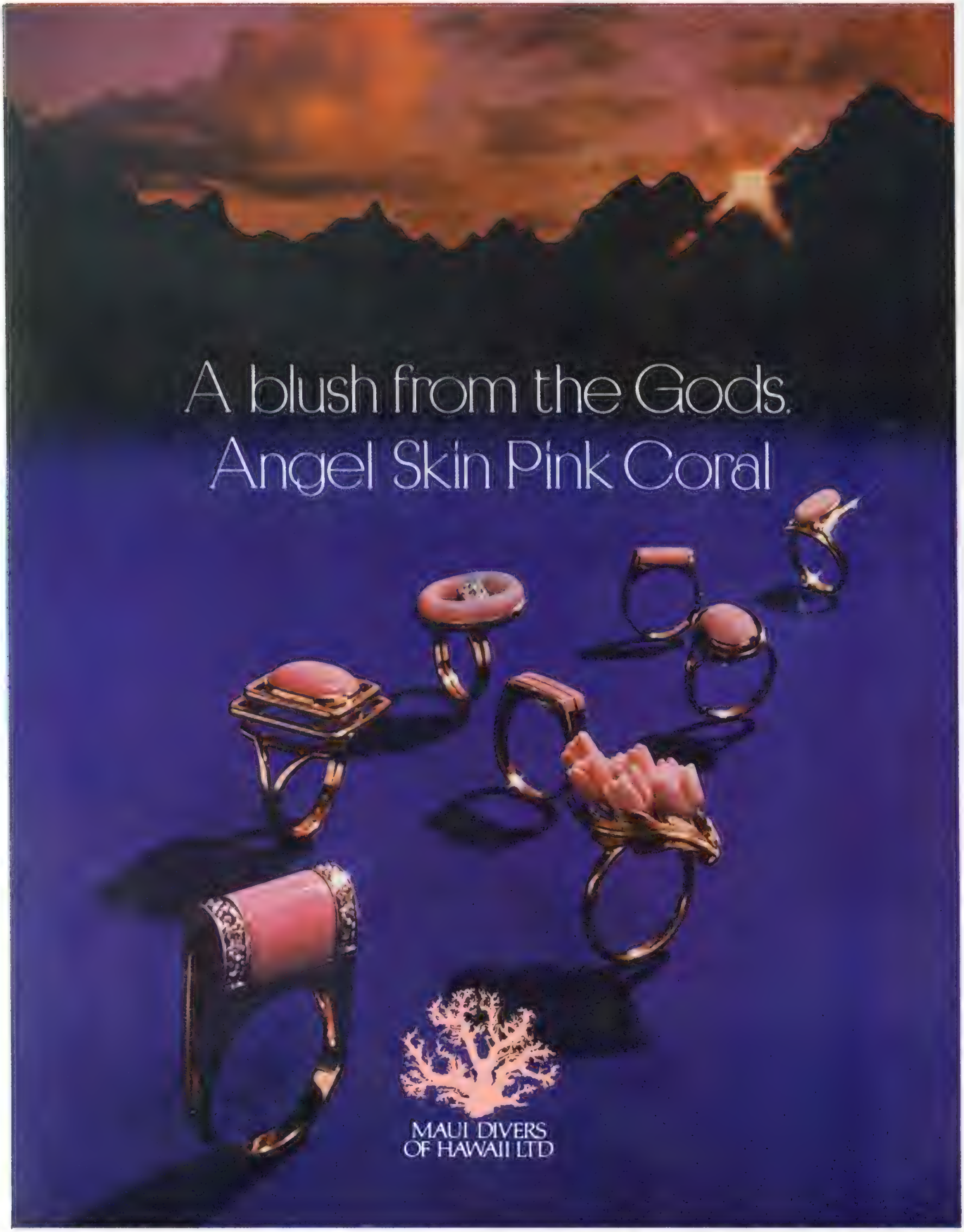
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Vogue Tip-Offs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

After its recent rediscovery by an American public, the art of the Eskimos, Navajos, Hopis, Apaches, and other Indian nations is suddenly being appreciated for its esthetic value on the other side of the Atlantic as well.

★★★ The Conscience of Art
Although the pop press might have us think that artists are socially and politically irresponsible, the unselfish actions of many artists in aiding antiwar, civil rights, and human and environmental causes indicates the contrary: that most artists fundamentally are generous givers who think of art as a gift to humanity. This month, a group of world-renowned artists are helping to raise funds for Amnesty International, a nonpolitical organization in consultative status with the United Nations, working to protect and to free prisoners of conscience jailed and often tortured by totalitarian regimes.

Commemorating Human Rights Day, December 10, an exhibition of posters and original prints by such artists as Spain's Joan Miró, England's David Hockney, France's Arman, and America's Alexander Calder opens at the André Emmerich gallery in New York. Simultaneously, the works—which are of an exceptional quality—will be shown in leading Western museums including the Rothko Chapel in Houston, the new Centre Beaubourg in Paris, the Fundació Miró in Barcelona, and the Stedelijk in Amsterdam.

The posters and prints, sold to finance Amnesty International activities to free political prisoners and to investigate their inhuman treatment, could be the most thoughtful Christmas gift. Posters by the painters mentioned, as well as by such leaders of international art as Michelangelo Pistoletto, Jan Dibbets, Jack Youngerman, Fernando Botero, Alexander Liberman, and Piero Dorazio are a bargain at $15, as are signed limited editions priced from $75 to $125. The original signed lithograph by Miró at $1200 is a collector's item. Works, and an illustrated brochure with prices, are available from Poster Originals, Limited, 386 West Broadway, New York 10012.

★★ Photos of the Fifties
The American Scene, a major subject for painters in the 'thirties, has been taken up in the 'seventies by the Photo-Realists. But for the two decades when abstract art dominated American painting—the 'fifties and 'sixties—the memorable images of the American Scene were those recorded by such photographers as Robert Frank, whose classic collection *Les Americains* introduced the American man-in-the-street in postwar Europe.

Like Frank, photographer Danny Lyon also put together books of his views of street life which were tough and unsentimental in their uncompromising (and often unflattering) realism. Photos by Frank and Lyon, as well as Dennis Stock's portraits of actors and jazz musicians—the artists who lived lives of noisy and sometimes suicidal desperation in the funky underground of the 'fifties, before gossip had destroyed the underground—are on view until January 2 at The Art Institute of Chicago, and well worth seeing.

★ New Materials, New Techniques
One of the claims of postwar American art to world hegemony is its invention of new materials and techniques for art. A highly educational review of the use of synthetic materials and the adaptation of traditional materials to new forms is taking place this month at The Cleveland Museum of Art until January 2. Isolating the *Materials and Techniques of the Twentieth-Century Artists* as an exhibition theme focuses our attention on the degree to which the much vaunted "breakthroughs" of recent American art have been, like so much in American civilization, dependent on technological innovation.

★ Small but Precious
The fine art of the miniature, which flourished in Colonial and post-Colonial America, is no longer popular; but in Washington, D.C., the current National Collection of Fine Arts' exhibition (through January 9) of portrait miniatures offers some small but fine pleasures, including memento-size portraits by members of the celebrated Peale family.

★ Grass
Believe it or not, grass has been used to make utensils, ceremonial objects, furniture, clothing, as well as houses in many cultures throughout the world. The Los Angeles County Museum of Art is exhibiting a surprising variety of old and new objects made from such natural grasses as bamboo, wheat, barley, rye, sugarcane, and corn. With things going the way they are, grass may be the last natural fiber we have in any abundance. But how many women can wear a hula skirt? ▽



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Makeup by Berrettini for Borghese



BILL TICE creates mood dressing.
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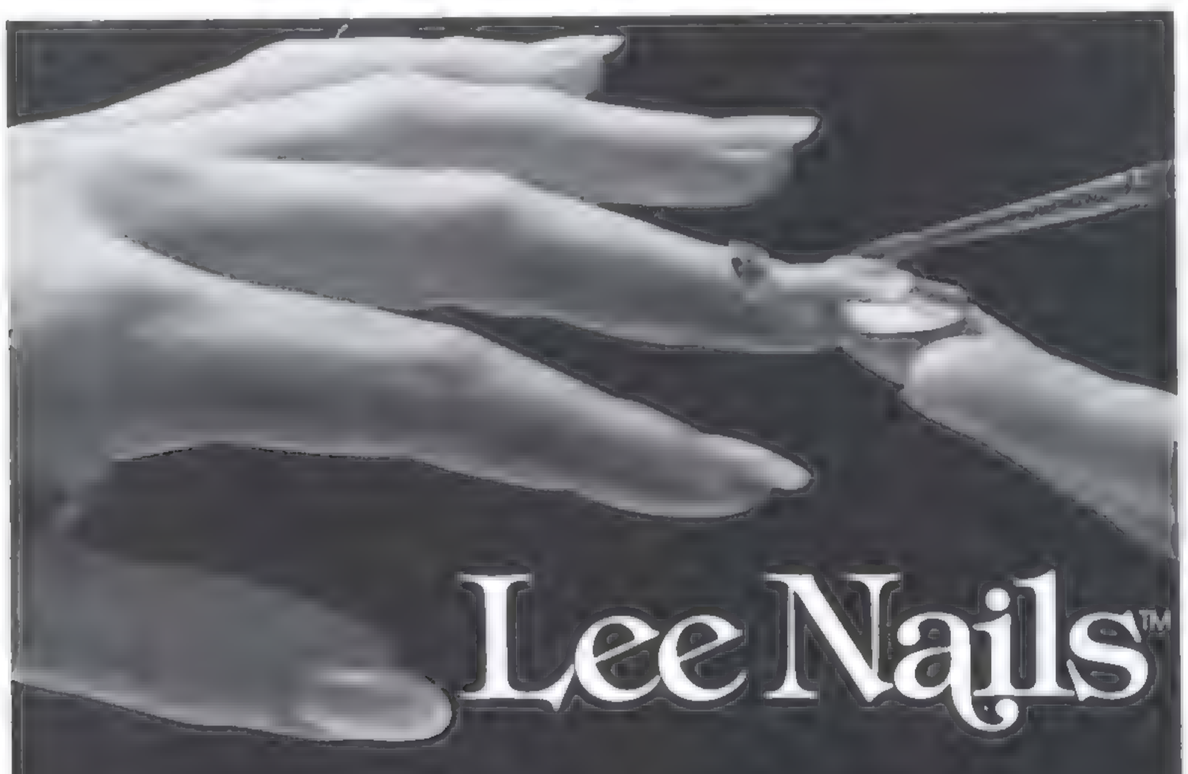
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By Kay LeRoy

Maxwell's Plum and other recipes tested in a live-in kitchen



DUANE M. CHALS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Kay LeRoy is a child-slim young Englishwoman with smily blue eyes and Mary Hartman bangs—but no braids or breakdowns. The calm, intense wife of Warner LeRoy, she works with him on his restaurant and entertainment projects.

In the LeRoys' spacy New York apartment, the wide staircase rises right from a kitchen—papered in orange-lemon-and-lime—with sixteen-foot ceilings and everything else in scale. This kitchen does not know it is in an apartment instead of a manor house—in fact, it could be an apartment all by itself with its office desk, sofa and lounge chairs, comfortable dining table with arm chairs, as well as sink, restaurant stove and grill, television and microwave oven built into the wall, and two refrigerators.

The whole family "lives" in this kitchen; and Kay LeRoy cooks there, especially for parties (she always rehearses the food at least twice in advance, did one dish over four times before serving it to a famed food editor), and tries out all the recipes for the LeRoy restaurants—Maxwell's Plum and Tavern on the Green in New York. The recipes below are served at one or the other—or, if not now, have been or will be.

Each dish here has been thoroughly tested by Kay and pasted in her big loose-leaf notebook, with recipes filed by categories and favorites from cookbooks listed with title and page number for each one. The cookbooks occupy four bookshelves in the kitchen; "three times that many" are upstairs. "I don't know which takes more space," said Kay, "my recipes or Warner's clothes." More about the clothes and the LeRoys on pages 198-201.

Potage Germiny

four to six servings

1 pound fresh sorrel
2 to 6 tablespoons unsalted butter
4 cups *fond blanc de volaille* (white chicken stock)
6 egg yolks
1 cup heavy cream
Salt
1 teaspoon finely chopped chervil

Wash the sorrel under running cold water. With a sharp knife, trim away any bruised or blemished spots and cut off and discard the white stems. Stack the leaves together a handful at a time, roll them lengthwise into a tight cylinder, and cut it crosswise as finely as possible. In a heavy 8- to 10-inch skillet over moderate heat, melt 2 tablespoons of butter without letting it brown. Add the sorrel and, stirring constantly, cook for 3 or 4 minutes until the shreds have wilted slightly. Set aside off the heat.

In a heavy 3- to 4-quart saucepan, bring the chicken stock to a simmer over moderate heat, regulating the heat so that only the smallest bubbles form at the edges of the pan. Beat the egg yolks and cream together with a wire whisk. Then, whisking constantly and gently, pour the mixture into the stock in a slow thin stream. Reduce the heat and simmer, stirring constantly, until the soup is thick enough to cling lightly to the wires of the whisk. Do not allow the soup to come anywhere near the boil or it will curdle. Strain the soup through a fine sieve into another saucepan and stir in the sorrel.

If the soup is to be served hot, immediately swirl in 4 tablespoons of chilled butter, taste for seasoning, and serve sprinkled with the chervil. If the soup is to be served cold, do not add the butter. Let it cool to room temperature, then chill.

(Continued on page 128)

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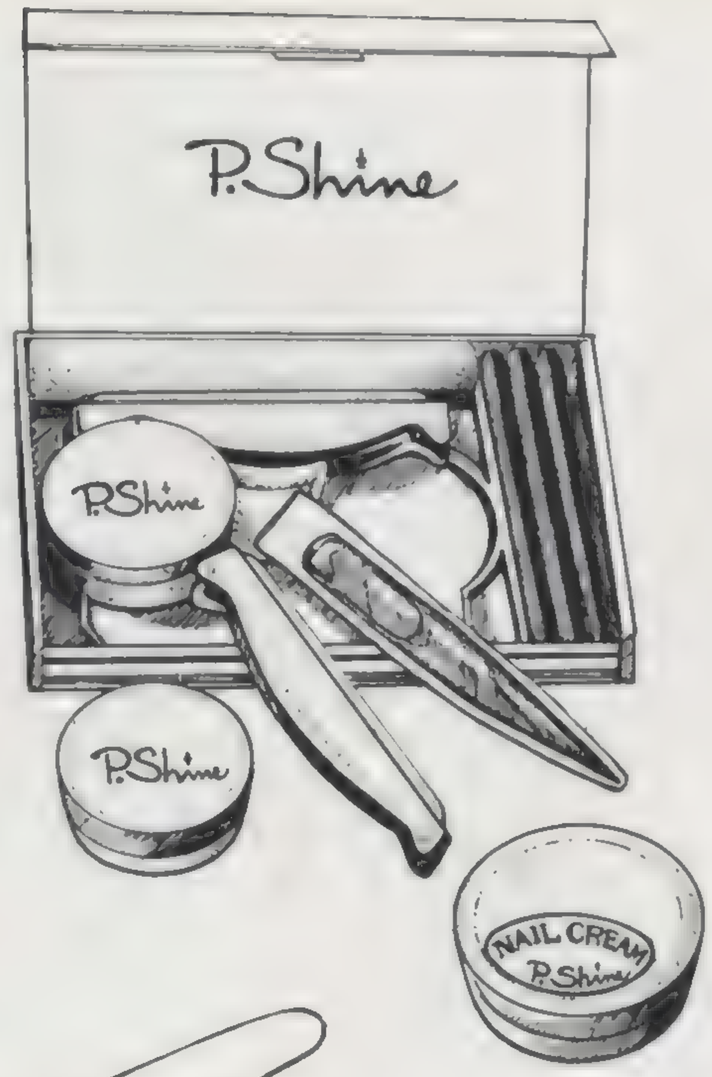
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Fabergé

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

Bay Scallops en Coquille

four servings

1½ pounds bay scallops
1 tablespoon chopped shallots
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash white pepper
½ cup dry vermouth
1 cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon flour
4 tablespoons butter, softened
Minced parsley

Wash scallops and put in saucepan with shallots, salt, pepper, and vermouth. Bring liquid to a boil, cover saucepan, and simmer over low heat for 2 minutes only. Remove scallops with slotted spoon and divide into 4 scallop shells. Cook liquid remaining in saucepan over high heat until reduced to half. Add cream to reduced liquid. Boil rapidly until cream is reduced and sauce is consistency of syrup. Combine flour, butter. Reduce heat, gradually stir in butter bit by bit. Pour sauce over scallops, sprinkle with parsley, heat in very hot oven 5 minutes.

Maxwell Sole

four servings

4 ounces cooked ham
1 truffle
2 hard-cooked eggs
4 fillets of sole
1 cup dry white wine
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup hot milk
½ cup hollandaise sauce
½ cup heavy cream, whipped

Cut the ham in narrow strips. Cut truffle and egg whites in similar strips. Press egg yolks through a coarse sieve. Arrange sole fillets in a buttered skillet. Add ½ cup water, wine, ½ teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Bring liquid to a boil, cover, and simmer fish for 8 to 10 minutes. Transfer fillets to shallow serving dish or casserole. Sprinkle one fillet with ham, one with truffle, one with egg white, one with egg yolk.

Cook liquid in which fish were poached over high heat until reduced to ½ cup. In saucepan melt butter. Stir in flour, remaining salt and pepper. Cook, stirring, for 5 minutes. Add hot milk and cook, stirring rapidly, until sauce is smooth and thick. Stir in the reduced fish liquid. Stir in hollandaise sauce and fold in whipped cream. Spoon sauce over the fillets and place under broiler for a minute or two, until sauce is lightly browned.

Curried Chicken

six servings

1⅓ cups chopped onions
2 cloves garlic, crushed
¼ cup clarified butter
2 teaspoons turmeric
2 medium eating apples, peeled, cored, and chopped
2 teaspoons ground cumin
2 teaspoons ground ginger
½ teaspoon ground black pepper
1 teaspoon ground mustard seed
6 teaspoons ground coriander seed
½ teaspoon ground red pepper
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3 pounds chicken legs and breasts
3 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice
1 cup coconut milk

Cook onions and garlic in hot clarified butter 2 or 3 minutes. Add turmeric and cook over moderately low heat about 10 minutes, until onions are very soft. Stir constantly so turmeric will not scorch. Add remaining spices and apples, cook 2-3 minutes. Rub chicken with 2 teaspoons salt, add to the onion mixture, and cook over moderate heat 10 to 15 minutes, until chicken is browned lightly. Add remaining salt and 2 cups hot water. Cover and cook 50 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Remove chicken and push sauce through a sieve. (If it is too thin, cook, stirring, until thick.) Return chicken and sauce to skillet and heat through. Add lemon juice and coconut milk. Heat just before serving.

Serve with rice and halved hard-boiled eggs, chutney, chopped peanuts, banana mashed with honey, and raisins. (Continued on page 136)



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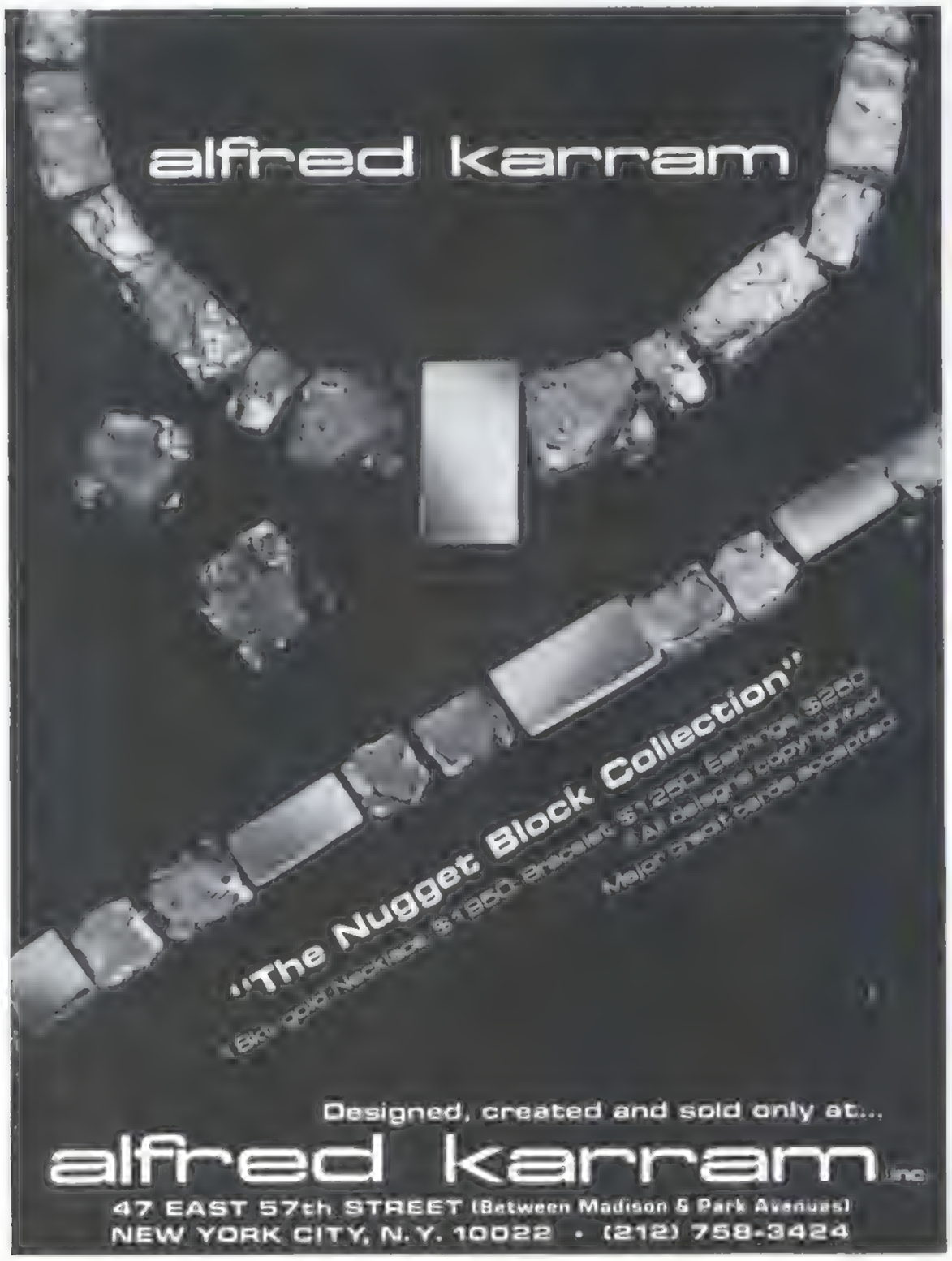
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Vogue HOROSCOPE

By Francesco Waldner

FROM DECEMBER 1–DECEMBER 31



Liv Ullmann was born in Tokyo, Japan, on the 16th of December, 1939, when the Sun was in Sagittarius. A positive aspect between the Sun and Saturn makes her persevere in all she undertakes—and her natal Jupiter, planet of good luck, stays with her even in difficult circumstances. From April to the end of August, Liv must be careful to avoid risky financial ventures. Her emotional life will intensify in 1977 through a relationship that will assure her freedom of movement, decision, and opinion. Favorable months for health: May, November. Unfavorable: July, August.

Aries MARCH 21–APRIL 20

This is a most active month in which you can use your special capabilities to an advantage and bring the year to a good close. From the 7th, be careful in written matters and in making decisions. Venus is positive from the 10th and—together with the Moon—brings you lovely hours during the weekend of the 11th–12th and on the 19th–20th. The 6th–7th and the 23rd–24th are good days for social gatherings and for accepting invitations. Some small family problem may cause trouble on the 8th–10th. Be diplomatic with coworkers on the 21st–22nd and be kind with your lover on the 15th–16th. **My advice:** Follow up developments carefully in long-term projects that look promising for next spring.

Taurus APRIL 21–MAY 20

Everything is changing for the better. A positive Mercury enables you to handle complicated matters and to resolve practical problems. Consolidate your position before the year ends. Christmas brings relaxing holidays. Accept an invitation and enlarge your circle of friends. Very good Venus aspect up to the 10th. Friendly Moon aspects enhance your love life on the 13th–14th, 21st–22nd. Use the 8th–10th for Christmas shopping. Go out on the 26th–27th. Don't get nervous about little delays. **My advice:** Concentrate on strengthening your position over the next three months.

Gemini MAY 21–JUNE 21

This promises to be an active month with many things to be finished before the holidays. Don't get nervous, and consider carefully a decision that must be made. Avoid hastiness, especially on the 13th–14th and the 26th–27th. Use the 15th–16th to clear up a misunderstanding. Lovely days in your emotional life on the 23rd–25th with excellent Venus and Moon aspects. A fair warning: you have negative Mars and Moon influences on the 19th–20th and may have to cope with difficulties. Take it easy, and don't be aggressive. You can settle things in a diplomatic way. **My advice:** Avoid long trips because of a tendency to have little accidents. Be sure to take extra care of your health.

Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22

Take the initiative and make the best of things. In spite of little difficulties with correspondence, information, postponed appointments, you will get good results. You have several possibilities: don't be touchy on the 1st–2nd, or you may jeopardize a fine opportunity. Trust your good luck on the 17th–19th and risk a step forward. There are uncertainties in your love life up to the 10th, but Moon aspects bode well for the 26th–27th. Days for shopping and seeing friends: the 3rd–4th, 13th–14th. **My advice:** Don't worry about overspending. Be generous with people you love.

Leo JULY 23–AUGUST 23

Even if you run into snags in your private life, you make progress in your work. Get rid of your backload and concentrate on new plans to be realized in April and May. Enjoy the Christmas holidays and use them to overcome a disagreeable affair. A stimulating Mars influence makes meeting good friends and enjoying yourself easy. December starts with two promising days, bringing you good news and an invitation. Watch for delusions in your romantic life after the 10th, with Venus in opposition to your natal Sun. You have positive Moon influences on the 19th–20th and on the 28th–29th. **My advice:** Be aware of hindrances; don't travel on 3rd–4th and 17th–18th.

(Continued on page 134)

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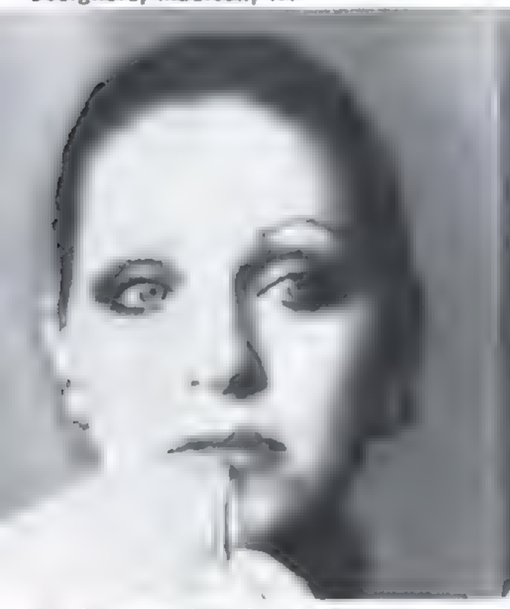
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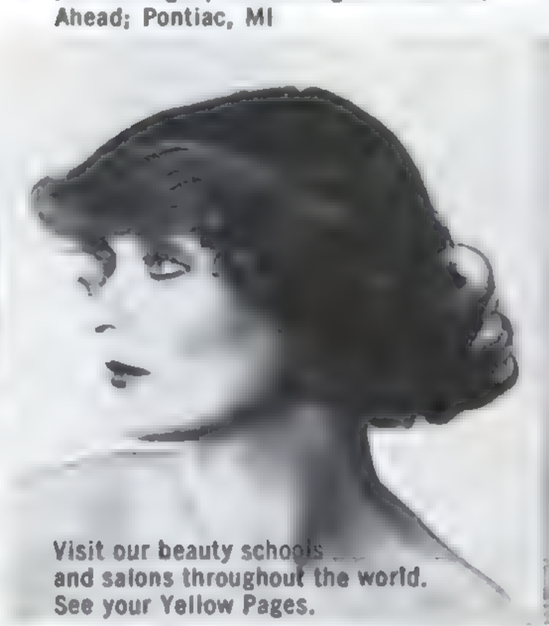
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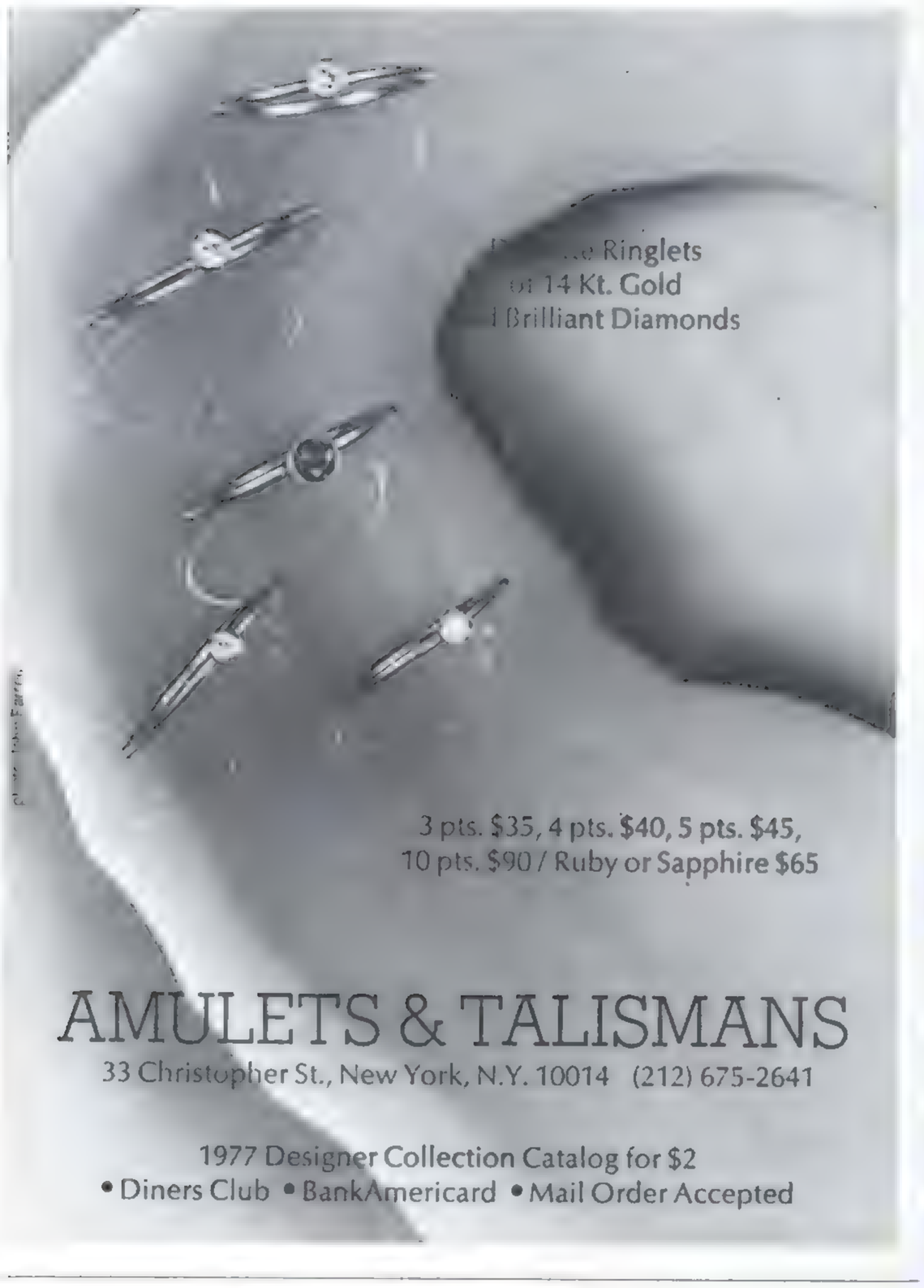
As your hair is a reflection of your personality, your skin is a key ingredient to your "total beauty look." From Huntsville to New York, skin care and make-up have become a vital ingredient in achieving the fresh, natural, healthy look every woman wants.

My advice: See your local beauty specialist. They're trained to give you exactly what you need. For detailed information for your professional stylist regarding the styles in my columns—such as length of hair in each section, design lines, neck, side and frontal areas, plus prerequisites each needs to make it a success—send $3.00 for the style information kit which you desire and receive as a bonus a guide to hair care between salon visits, to: Sir Robert Clegg, c/o Creative Channels, 58 E. 58th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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Vogue HOROSCOPE

Continued from page 130

Virgo AUGUST 24–SEPTEMBER 23

You have to admit that this year wasn't bad at all; you have accomplished a lot. December promises to be a hectic month and requires all your energy. Don't overstrain yourself, and organize your activities well. From the 7th, you have a very good Mercury influence making you practical-minded and clearheaded. Some undependable people may blame you for a failure; keep your nerves in check, and avoid quarrels on the 6th–7th and the 19th–20th. Don't let anything spoil your holidays or take things too seriously. Developments spur romance on the 3rd–5th and 21st–22nd. **My advice:** A strong Mars aspect makes you impulsive—be prudent when traveling.

Libra SEPTEMBER 24–OCTOBER 23

New events allow you to take the initiative. You will be rid of a long-standing problem once and for all. Good opportunities arise this month to increase your income, but don't become impatient over delays. You enjoy a change in your surroundings. New, interesting acquaintances brighten your life from the 10th with an excellent Venus aspect. Take care with risky business speculations—especially on the 8th–10th and 21st–22nd—when Mercury is working against you and when bad Moon aspects might cause you to make a wrong decision. Delightful days for love and friendship on the 6th–7th and 23rd–25th. **My advice:** Avoid discussions during the first ten days of the month and be ready for successful enterprises in the spring.

Scorpio OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

December makes up for many past troubles. Now you can make constructive plans for the coming year. Try to deal with problems objectively. A reward comes to you, proving you took the right way. You are at the beginning of a new phase in your life with many promising developments ahead. Free yourself from negative experiences and steer your interests toward your goal. An important encounter comes between the 8th–10th. In love, you must solve a problem. Venus is not helpful, so you must act carefully. Use your best days—the 13th–14th and 26th–27th—to clear up the situation. **My advice:** Be alert on the 11th–12th; don't spoil your Christmas.

Sagittarius NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Hard work brings satisfactory results. Try to realize a new idea during the first months of the coming year. An unexpected offer gives you the chance to earn additional money—welcome for the holidays. A long-term business affair proceeds well. Romance flourishes from the 10th. Your best days: the 1st–2nd; the weekend of the 11th–12th; the 23rd–25th, when the Moon and Venus are in conjunction; and the 28th–29th. Mars gives you strength and an enterprising spirit. Don't exaggerate on the 13th–14th, and stay away from a certain person on the 26th–27th. **My advice:** Use Christmas to show your gratitude to people who were helpful to you in the past.

Capricorn DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 20

Mercury's long stay in your sign increases your mental capacities and lets you make successful suggestions. Working and planning revives your spirit. Maintain close contact with important people. You are likely to receive well-earned rewards. Take advantage of opportunities and don't be timid. With prudence and self-control, you attain your goal in life. With Venus in your sign up to the 10th, you enjoy love and friendship. The Moon favors meetings and pleasant activities on the 3rd–4th, 13th–14th, and 30th–31st. **My advice:** Use holidays to store energy for busy, successful times ahead.

Aquarius JANUARY 21–FEBRUARY 18

This last month of a difficult year brings positive events. Rely on personal success and the help of friends and authorities. Your private life will be harmonious—and love will be most important from the 10th, when Venus will be in your sign and show her best side. Expect an exciting encounter, lovely Christmas days, too. Enjoy positive Moon and Venus aspects on the 15th–16th, 19th–20th, and 23rd–25th. The 6th–7th are good days for handling business affairs. Discuss family problems on the 28th–29th. The month favors social activities, trips, family relationships. **My advice:** Be careful with finances on the 3rd–4th, 17th–18th, and 30th–31st.

Pisces FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

Mixed influences could bring confusion. There is much work for you to do, and you may have a hectic time. Keep calm and try to avoid frictions. After the first week, a good Mercury influence will help you to deal with problems objectively. Settle a long-standing question. Organize your affairs well, and keep your sense of humor—everything will look much easier. Good aspects for your emotional life, with pleasant days on the 17th–18th and good news on the 8th–10th. Do your shopping and Christmas correspondence early and accept a lovely invitation. Negative days: the 6th–7th, 13th–14th, and 20th–21st. **My advice:** Little accidents could happen. Be careful.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

Chicken Crêpes

six servings as a first course

Sauce:

4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup hot milk
1 cup hot chicken stock
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon white pepper

Melt butter and remove from heat. Blend in flour, return to heat, and let flour and butter cook slowly together for 2 minutes. Add milk and chicken stock. Beat sauce vigorously with a wire whisk and cook over moderate heat for 2-3 minutes, until sauce has thickened. Remove from heat, beat in salt and pepper, set aside.

Cooked chicken filling:

2 tablespoons minced shallots
1 clove garlic, minced
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup diced cooked chicken
½ cup dry white wine
½ teaspoon dried tarragon

Cook shallots and garlic in butter over low heat for 2 minutes. Stir in chicken and cook slowly for 2 more minutes. Add wine. Cover and simmer for 1 minute. Uncover, raise heat, and boil rapidly until liquid has almost evaporated. Stir in tarragon.

Prepare crêpes according to your favorite recipe.

Take 1 cup of sauce and add to it: 1 egg yolk, ¼ cup heavy cream, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, a dash of ground black pepper. Boil sauce for 1 minute, add to chicken mixture. Fill crêpes with this mixture. Arrange crêpes in buttered dish. To remaining sauce, add 1 egg yolk, ¼ cup heavy cream; boil 1 minute. Cover crêpes with this sauce. Sprinkle lightly with grated Gruyère cheese. Brown under grill.

Normandy Roast Duckling

four servings

1 duckling about 4 pounds, trussed for roasting
Salt
1 small bottle dry cider (about 7½ ounces)
2-3 ounces heavy cream

For the stuffing:

6 tablespoons butter
About 1½ cups fresh white breadcrumbs
1 pound cooking apples, peeled, cored, and diced
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon very finely granulated sugar
Pinch cinnamon

Wipe the duckling and rub skin with salt. Set aside while preparing the stuffing. Melt butter in a heavy frying pan, add breadcrumbs, and stir over moderate heat until butter is absorbed and crumbs are golden brown. Add apples, cover pan, and cook very gently until the apples have softened—about 15 minutes. Stir gently and add a good seasoning of salt and pepper, the sugar and cinnamon. Spoon stuffing into the duck. Close tail end with a skewer and place in a roasting pan with 2 tablespoons water.

Place duckling in the center of a 350° oven and cook for 20 minutes per pound. After 15 minutes prick the skin with a fork to let the fat run; then, 15 minutes before the end of cooking time, remove from oven, pour off all fat, and pour cider over duckling. Replace in oven and cook for remaining time, basting occasionally.

When cooking time is completed, lift duckling from the pan, put on carving board. Place roasting pan over moderate heat, simmer until cider is reduced by about half. Meanwhile cut duckling into 4 separate portions and arrange on a serving dish. Spoon stuffing from carcass into a small serving bowl. Stir cream into gravy, reheat, and strain over duckling. Serve with stuffing and wild rice.

Pedernales River Chili

twelve servings

4 pounds cubed beef
1 large onion, chopped
2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon ground cumin
6 teaspoons chili powder
2 16-ounce cans tomatoes
2 cans tomato paste
2-3 tablespoons salt
2 cups hot water

Put meat, onion, and garlic in large skillet. Sear beef until lightly browned. Add rest of ingredients. Bring to boil; lower heat and simmer, covered, for several hours. Skim off fat and serve.

Boeuf en Daube

six servings

3 pounds chuck or stewing beef, cut in 2-inch cubes
1½ cups red wine
¼ cup Cognac
2 tablespoons peanut oil
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
½ teaspoon ground thyme
1 bay leaf
1 large onion, coarsely chopped
2 garlic cloves, crushed
2 cups thinly sliced carrots
½ cup coarsely chopped celery
½ pound sliced lean bacon, each slice cut in half
All-purpose flour
2½ cups canned Italian tomatoes
2 cups thinly sliced mushrooms
2 cups beef stock

Place beef in large bowl; add wine, Cognac, oil, salt, pepper, thyme, bay leaf, onion, garlic, carrots, and celery. Cover and refrigerate 3 hours or longer.

Place bacon in saucepan; add water barely to cover. Simmer 5 minutes and drain. Line casserole with ½ the bacon. Drain meat; reserve marinade. Dredge beef with flour. In casserole, arrange a layer of beef, ⅓ of the vegetables, ⅓ of the tomatoes, ⅓ of the mushrooms. Arrange 2 more layers; end with vegetables, top with bacon. Add salt, pepper, and marinade; add enough beef stock to cover.

Cover casserole; bring to boil. Place in 350° oven, bake 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 300° and bake 3-4 hours. Casserole should barely simmer. Cook until meat is fork tender. Skim off fat; serve with rice or noodles.

(Continued on page 138)

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Vogue Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

Blanquette de Veau

eight to ten servings

8 tablespoons butter
4½ pounds leg or breast of veal, cut into 1½-inch chunks
1 cup finely chopped onions
4 tablespoons chopped fresh dill
2 cloves garlic, mashed
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon freshly ground nutmeg
1½ cups chicken broth
3 carrots, cut in strips
2 leeks, cut in strips
1 cup heavy cream

Melt 4 tablespoons of the butter in a large deep casserole. Add veal, sprinkle with salt and pepper, add onions, garlic, and half the dill. Cook, stirring, without browning, for 5 minutes. Sprinkle with flour and nutmeg, add chicken broth and 1½ cups water. Bring to a boil, cover, and bake at 375° for 1 hour.

Cook carrots and leeks in remaining butter until wilted, not browned. After veal is done, stir half of the carrot-leek mixture into the *blanquette*. Stir in cream, bring to a boil. Garnish with the remaining dill, carrots, and leeks; serve.

Crown Roast of Pork with Sausage-Apple Stuffing

ten to twelve servings

A crown roast of pork, consisting of 22 ribs and weighing 8 to 9 pounds

Stuffing:

3 tablespoons butter
¾ cup finely chopped onions
¼ cup finely chopped celery
½ cup peeled, cored, and coarsely diced tart apples
½ cup fresh breadcrumbs
1 pound ground pork
½ pound well-seasoned sausage meat
½ cup finely chopped parsley
½ teaspoon sage
1½ teaspoons salt
Freshly ground black pepper

For the stuffing, melt the butter over moderate heat in an 8- to 10-inch skillet. When the foam subsides, add onions and cook, stirring frequently, for about 5 minutes; then add celery and apples. Cook, without browning, about 5 minutes longer. Scrape contents of pan into large bowl. Add breadcrumbs, ground pork, sausage meat, parsley, sage, salt, and black pepper; mix with wooden spoon.

Fill center of crown with stuffing, mounding it slightly. Cover with a round of aluminum foil, and wrap ends of chop bones in strips of foil to prevent burning. Place crown on a rack in a shallow roasting pan. Roast in center of 350° oven for 3 hours or until meat thermometer reads 170° to 175°; 1½ hours before pork is done, remove foil circle from top of stuffing to allow top to brown. Carefully transfer crown to platter. Strip foil from bones and replace with paper socks (frills). Serve with crab apples, spiced apple rings, etc.

Plum Pudding

eight to ten servings

4 ounces self-rising flour
Pinch salt
1 teaspoon mixed spice (*quatre-épices*, not allspice)
½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
½ pound beef suet, shredded
8 ounces fresh white breadcrumbs
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon
½ carrot, grated
1½ cups dark-brown sugar
2 ounces blanched almonds, chopped
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup currants
1 cup sultanas
4 ounces candied peel (orange, lemon, or grapefruit), chopped
4 ounces pitted prunes, finely chopped
2 tablespoons black molasses
½ wineglass rum
3 large eggs
About ½ pint of Guinness Stout

Sieve the flour, salt, and spices into a large bowl. Add the suet, breadcrumbs, grated lemon rind, carrot, brown sugar, almonds, raisins, currants, sultanas, mixed peel, and prunes. Mix thoroughly, make a well in the center.

(Continued on page 141)

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Vogue Food

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

Warm molasses a little to make it thin and runny. Draw pan off heat, add rum and strained juice of the lemon. Beat eggs, stir into the molasses-rum mixture. Pour liquid from saucepan and Guinness into center of dry ingredients. With a large spoon, stir all ingredients together until they are moist and well-mixed. Cover bowl with a napkin and leave until the next day. Stir up the mixture, and if it seems at all dry, add some more Guinness. Now add any sixpences or silver charms and *wish*.

With butter, thoroughly grease one 2-pint pudding bowl and one 1-pint bowl (a Charlotte mold or tall-sided mixing bowl will work). Fill each bowl to within 1 inch of the top with the pudding mixture. Cover each with a round of waxed paper, then with a cloth, and tie securely with string. Place each pudding in a large saucepan, with boiling water to come ⅓ of the way up the bowl. Cover saucepan and steam for 5-6 hours. Refill with boiling water when necessary.

When puddings are cool, remove the damp waxed paper, replace with a layer of fresh paper, cover with a clean cloth, tie securely, and store in a cool but light place until The Day. Do not cover airtight or mold may develop.

On the day the puddings are to be served, recover with buttered waxed paper and aluminum foil and steam briskly for 2 hours. Turn each pudding out onto a warm platter, pour over each a little warm rum or brandy, light it, and serve with Cumberland Rum Butter.

Cumberland Rum Butter

1 stick unsalted butter, softened
½ cup superfine sugar
2 tablespoons rum
¼ teaspoon each lemon and orange zest
Dash nutmeg
Dash cinnamon

Beat butter and sugar together until well blended; add rest of ingredients. Chill and serve on hot Christmas pudding.

Tarte Tatin

eight servings

1½ sticks sweet butter, softened, plus 2 tablespoons
4 heaping tablespoons dark-brown sugar
⅓ cup white sugar
6 large red Delicious apples, peeled, cored, sliced ⅛- to ¼-inch thick

In copper dish (10" x 2½" deep), put the 1½ sticks butter, sugar, and 2 tablespoons of the dark-brown sugar. Mix together thoroughly and spread mixture round sides and bottom of dish, making sure that the bottom has a thick even coating. Arrange apples in even layers, rose-petal fashion, in dish. The dish should be full, but the apples should not come higher than the rim of the dish.

Melt 2 tablespoons of butter and mix with remaining dark-brown sugar. Sprinkle over apples. Cover with pastry (recipe below), which should be cut in a round to fit over apples, with the edge of the pastry fitting *inside* the dish. Cut a small slit in the center so steam can escape.

Bake tart at 425° for 30 minutes or until pastry is lightly browned. Remove from oven and turn heat up to 550°. Cut a round of aluminum foil to fit over copper dish to protect pastry from burning. Return to oven for 45 minutes to 1 hour, or until liquid around apples has changed from runny yellow to dark oozing sticky amber. (You can judge this only by tilting pan and looking carefully at the tart.) When done, put a wire rack over the top of the dish and flip over tart. The apples should be dark amber.

TO CARAMELIZE: Melt 1 cup sugar slowly in a thick-bottomed pan. When sugar has melted and is dark amber, remove from heat and paint a thin layer of caramel over surface of apples, using a pastry brush and working as quickly as you can. Serve tart warm with whipped cream.

Short-Crust Pastry

enough for two crusts

2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
4½ ounces shortening, very cold

Sift flour and salt twice into chilled bowl. Using pastry cutter, cut in shortening until mixture resembles crumbs. Sprinkle in 5-7 tablespoons ice-cold water and gather mixture into a ball, pressing lightly. Do not knead. Put on lightly floured board and roll out to ⅛" thick.



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Travel editor tells her secrets, how she plans and packs, lists her go-everywhere "lifesavers"



GUY BILLOUT

"The windbreaker I had worn in Alaska did double duty in Tahiti"

Packing is so easy for you—you must keep a suitcase always ready." That is what my chums tell me when I say that I must dash home to pack for a trip.

I don't really keep a suitcase packed (how could I, when I might go off to any kind of climate?), but I do keep my clothes ready. In a New York City apartment, it's almost impossible to have sufficient closet space to hang both winter and summer clothes, to have bathing suits and winter woolies within easy reach.

Organization solves the problem. All the clothes I possess are listed in a loose-leaf notebook. In cold weather, I store summer slacks, T-shirts, swimming things, fans (I always carry a fan to tropical places)—everything that folds—into dress boxes marked "A," "B," "C"; and I list the contents of each in the notebook.

Dresses and shirts that muss go into colored garment bags and are, in turn, listed. To save space, several dresses go one over the other. Garment bags get pushed as far back as possible in the closet, dress boxes go on the top shelves. When the season changes, clothes in the closet replace those in boxes and bags.

Sandals, espadrilles, each pair in a plastic bag, fit divinely into the compartments of an empty liquor box kept well out of sight at the farthest end of the closet. The storage of winter boots in summer bothered me, until I discovered that they fit beautifully in a dress box—the leg parts stuffed rigid with newspapers.

The notebook not only tells me where to find things, but it helps me to decide what to take. I do an exercise on paper.

listed days I would be away in a left-hand column. Across the top of the sheet went three headings for "Morning," "Afternoon," and "Evening" columns. As an example: for Monday—the travel day I was leaving New York—I wrote across the page—"navy pants suit, navy espadrilles, navy cashmere sweater." All day, I would be sitting in a plane.

For Tuesday—the day I knew I had to meet my hosts and had several appointments lined up—I wrote under morning and afternoon: "brown and white silk shirtdress, white sandals," an outfit appropriate for lunch, whether casual or formal. Under Tuesday evening, I jotted down "long printed skirt, white shirt, patent sandals." And thus it went, all the days and all the columns.

My destinations—a total of three—were hot-weather places: French Polynesia, Southern California, and Acapulco, Mexico.

As usual, my folding coat rack was brought out. All the clothes for twenty-one days were hung—pants, skirts, dresses, all with cleaners' plastic bags, hangers. The card table was set up for shoes (in their plastic bags), scarves, an extra flat handbag, jewelry, lingerie, camera, films, alarm clock, radio, bathing suits, belts. Nearby, on the desk, a tray with cosmetics, pills, sewing kit, and three drawstring plastic bags for packing them. So far, so good.

From the basement, up came a nest of suitcases. To choose the correct size bag, I invariably have a dry run—by simply tossing the clothes, and everything that is going with me, lightly into the suitcase. If it closes without struggling, I know I've chosen the proper size. Flying around, I

"Practice does not make packing easier (it's not a sport like tennis), but organization does"

The actual packing is never a cinch. My lifelong experience of travel—I started when I was two years old—does not make it any simpler. Practice does not seem to make packing any easier; it is not a sport like tennis.

Last summer, I made a serious mistake, even though I followed my tried-and-true system.

On a large sheet of paper, I

have learned that the contents of any suitcase have a curious way of "swelling" after a few days.

On long trips, I travel with two suitcases, one filled with clothes like a closet; the second, with T-shirts, films, cosmetics, lingerie, scarves, and all my papers in a plastic zipper bag—used like a chest of drawers.

I pack flat. Everything sheltered in plastic: dresses, blouses, pants hung on cleaners' weightless wire hangers in cleaners' plastic bags, ready to go directly into the closet.

On one-night stays, I unpack the minimum, but on a two- or three-day trip, it is helpful to shake clothes out and hang up to air. They take but a minute both to take out and fold back in.

My problem last summer was that I had misjudged the climate—packed wrong-weight clothes! It was a disaster that made me personally uncomfortable—even though, I believe, it did not show.

Airline offices, travel agencies, and such newspaper sources as *The New York Times* Weather Forecasts give you a general idea of what temperatures to expect. But, as this was my second visit to Tahiti, I stupidly did not check the temperature, remembering only that it had been hot in November—which happens to be the summer season.

Friends had misinformed me about Southern California's summer weather, telling me it would be hot. It wasn't, but blissfully breezy along the Pacific beaches and, at night, even inland, definitely cool. I longed for my thin wool jersey skirt and top, long-sleeved T-shirts, gabardine pants left hanging in New York.

In Acapulco, I expected the weather to be warm, but it was hotter than anticipated. I wilted; skin was about all that I felt like wearing.

What saved the days and nights on my ill-packed summer trip was that hodgepodge that I *always* pack—as basic as a toothbrush—when I travel to any point of the compass. Lifesavers, bless them. (See page 144.)

Anticipating tropical weather, I had packed only cool and summery things: cotton voiles, cot-

(Continued on page 144)



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There's a hotel in Chicago with a pantry on every floor.

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At every hour of day and night, a chef waits in the kitchen of the Ritz-Carlton Chicago. A waiter stands vigilantly in the pantry on your floor. They are waiting for you to ring.

This is room service at The Ritz-Carlton Chicago. Come press the bedside call button and take the measure of a hotel. A hotel that's the sensible choice for those whose affairs require the serenity of environment only perfect service can provide.

Single rooms are available from $50 to $64 a day, double rooms from $62 to $80. For reservations, see your travel agent. Or write The Ritz-Carlton, 160 East Pearson Street, Chicago, Ill. 60611, telephone (312) 266-1000. Call toll free 800-323-7500 or 800-621-6906. A Preferred Hotel.

THE RITZ-CARLTON
CHICAGO
at Water Tower Place

Vogue Travel

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

ton day and evening dresses, scooped T-shirts, halter tops; white pants and shorts, sheer caftans for evening.

In French Polynesia, I was comfortable during the day, but not in the evening. Of course, I knew about the reverse seasons of Australia—summer "down under" during our winter, winter in Australia during our summer. It never crossed my mind that the temperature in Tahiti, Mooréa, and other French Polynesian Islands also fluctuated. It does.

In the South Seas winter—June through September—it is ten degrees cooler than in December, the French Polynesian summer; and a traveler adjusting to time change and accumulated jet lag (whether aware of it or not) and lacking time to acclimate becomes enormously sensitive to both heat and cold.

In Papeete, Tahiti, while watching the week-long Quatorze Juillet dance festival—a sizzling annual celebration when the dancers shake so speedily that their bodies blur—I almost froze, even buttoned up in my cashmere cardigan. The next evening, refusing to be defeated by weather and bad planning, I turned up white as a snowflake: white windbreaker over my sweater, T-shirt, and white pants. (It was hard to believe that the same windbreaker that I had worn in Alaska, was doing double duty in Tahiti.)

When I'm staying in a charming cottage-colony resort—whether in the Caribbean, Mexico, New Hampshire, or Hawaii—torrential rains seem to occur invariably at dinnertime. The "unusual" rain hit me on Bora Bora Island—where I lived in an enchanting "grass" shack on stilts above the lagoon—as I started down the boardwalk to the restaurant, but I was prepared: The fold-up raincoat and umbrella protected me under the dripping palms.

My black wooly shawl was the key to my comfort when dining in air-conditioned restaurants both in French Polynesia and Southern California; writing and reading in frigid air-conditioned hotel rooms in Papeete (the temperature in naturally cooled "grass" shacks was perfect), I wrapped the shawl over my dressing gown; sailing around Newport Beach at sunset, the shawl turned into an Ascot with the indispensable windbreaker.

After a long day of sightseeing, or an eight-hour-long haul flying across the Pacific, although I'm practically a teetotaler, a sip of brandy both revives and relaxes. (Reaching for the flask carried at arm's length in my tote bag, I always have a vision of a flask-bearing Saint Bernard dog loping toward me.)

In the tropical heat of Acapulco, I flip-flopped all day in rubber thong sandals. Espadrilles, leather sandals, both felt too hot. The rubber thongs were so easy to slip on and off to go wading into pool or waves, even though I didn't have the time to swim. In fact, I ended up by using them after a shower and around the room instead of straw slippers. Worn thin after a busy week, the rubber thongs stayed behind in Acapulco.

Bedside lamps the world over are my special *bête noire*, especially if I'm changing hotel rooms every night. To switch off the lights of a two-foot-tall bedside lamp, I find I must climb almost out of bed. Naturally, in the dark, I can never find the switch to turn the lights back on. But within easy reach on the bedside table, I keep a small flashlight to penetrate the unknown darkness.

In contrast, many modern hotels have bedside lamps with switches that glow in the dark like cats' eyes. It can be frightening if you don't expect it. So? Experiences and adventure, that's what travel is all about. And I love it. ▽



GUY BILLOUT

"After a long day of sightseeing, I always have a vision of a flask-bearing Saint Bernard dog"

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- Folding umbrella.
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- Flask filled with brandy.
- Flashlight.

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West New York: Lily Shoppe
Wildwood: Martha Shop

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Caledonia: Sayda's
Cornwall: Edgar's Wearing Apparel
Dunkirk: Town & Country
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Hudson: Marsh's
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Latham: Boston Store
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Poughkeepsie: Hooker Ave. Dept. Store
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Schenectady: Boston Store
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Altoona: Fishers
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Camp Hill: Schleisners
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Carbondale: G. W. Reynolds
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Du Bois: Leonardson's
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Grove City: Barnes Dress Shop
Grove City: Four Seasons
Harrisburg: Pomeroy's
Honesdale: Mackle's
Indiana: Brody Bros.
Irwin: Bronks Inc.
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Johnstown: Glosser Bros.
Lancaster: Watt & Shand
Leechburg: Philadelphia Store
Lehighton: Bright's
Lewistown: Bon-Ton
Lewistown: Dank's
Mansfield: The Hutch
Milford: Bloomgarden's
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Mt. Pocono: Oppenheim's
New Brighton: Betty Shop
North East: Holly Shop
Northumberland: Femme Togs
Oil City: Brody's Inc.
Philipsburg: Ziff's
Pittsburgh: Lebanon Casuals
Reading: Pomeroy's
Scranton: The Globe
Scranton: Oppenheim's
Sharon: Whitmer Smith
State College: Dank's
State College: Ziff's
St. Mary's: Berman's
Sunbury: Fashionalia
Towanda: Hoffman's
Tunkhannock: Fitze's Dept. Store
Tyrone: Ziff's
Uniontown: Metzlers
Wellsboro: R. J. Dunham & Son
York: Bon-Ton

VIRGINIA
Fairfax: The Carol Shop
Fairfax: Val's Clothes-Line
Fredericksburg: The Fashion Plate
Leesburg: Town and County
Manassas: Peebles Dept. Store
McLean: Val's House of Fashion
Springfield: B. J.'s Fashions
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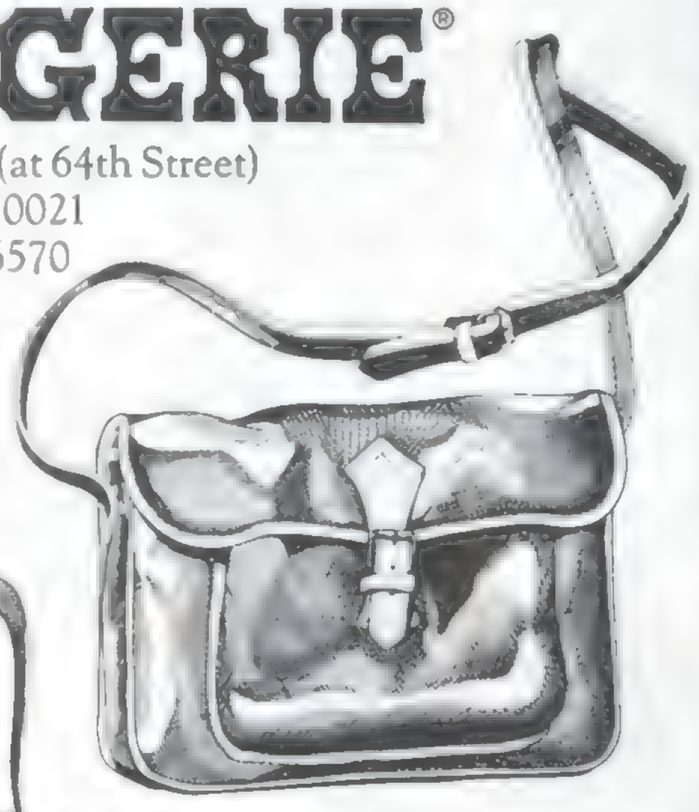
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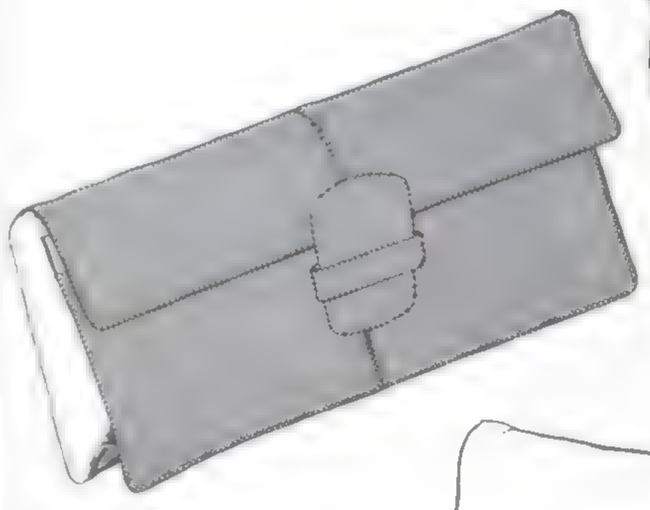
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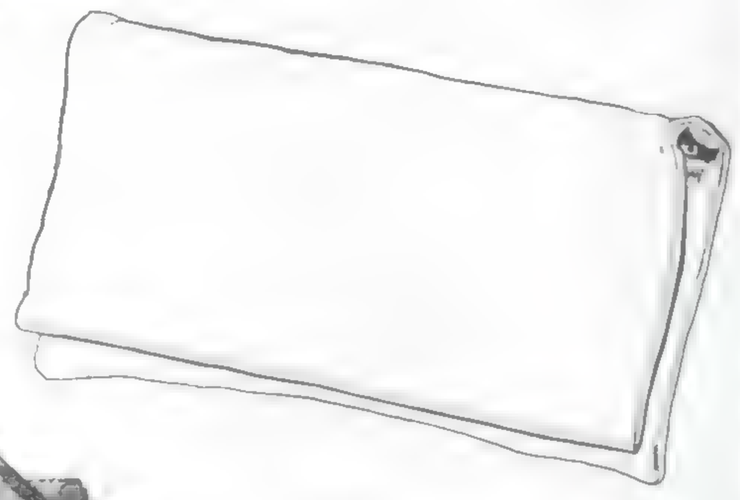
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Give now—go later: new travel presents

This Christmas, put the world—or at least Paris or Leningrad—into someone's stocking or under the Christmas tree. A travel gift provides—even before you take the trip—hours of happy anticipation fantasies. And what better way to beat January's post-holiday blahs than by knowing a marvelous holiday's all set—and paid for—for February or March? Here, a shopping list of sure-to-please 1977 vacations, from horseback riding in Pennsylvania to sailing around the world on a great luxury liner. Merry Christmas to all and to all a *bon voyage!*

Around the world in 81 days

There's still time to give someone the *QE2*'s eighty-one day, round-the-world cruise, scheduled to leave New York's Passenger Ship Terminal January 15 and to make twenty-one stops on four continents. Cruise highlights: Rio de Janeiro, Tamatave (Madagascar), the Seychelles Islands, Bali, sailing the Panama Canal, and a three-day visit to the People's Republic of China via Hong Kong. If you don't have eighty-one days, Cunard divides this odyssey into eleven segments—fourteen to sixty-eight days.

Also, Thomas Cook has arranged six vacations that combine segments of the *QE2* cruise with extended stays on land in Africa, Brazil, England, Hong Kong. Prices for the full eighty-one-day cruise: from $6,950 for an inside cabin with shower to $125,000 for a duplex suite with bedroom, sitting room, veranda. Contact Cunard Line, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, or your travel agent.

RUSSIA NOW

The season's bonanza gift could well be General Tours' eight-day journey to the Soviet Union—practically all expenses paid—for under $600 per person. The price includes three days in Moscow, a side trip to the Volga River town of Kalinin, three days in Leningrad, all meals (including a gala dinner in a famous Russian restaurant), first-class hotels, ground transportation, sightseeing, the services of an American tour director, two theater performances, and airfare—flying Pan Am. Prices vary depending on when you leave: $552 from New York in January and February; $599 to $619 in March; $649 in April and May. The same trip from West Coast cities costs from $770 to $955. *Dosvidanya!* For further information, contact your travel agent or General Tours, 49 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

"Beat the blahs—put Leningrad in someone's sock"

PARIS-FAST

For the ultimate sneak-away, do Air France's "Paris in the Grand Manner," a three-day blitz of Paris beginning on board the supersonic Concorde aircraft that shoots you from Washington's Dulles Airport to Paris' Charles de Gaulle in less than four hours. A chauffeured limousine then zips you from airport to the Hotel Ritz, remains at your command the next day, along with a guide/companion to help organize sightseeing, gallery-hopping, shopping. That evening: dinner at the three-star (Michelin) Tour d'Argent restaurant; then you're on your own for the next day and a half. The final mind-boggler of this trip is the return flight: you leave Paris 8:00 P.M., land Washington over an hour *before* you took off! Price, including Concorde flights, $2,271 for each of two persons staying at the Ritz—$20 less for the Hotel Bristol, $80 less for the Inter-Continental. But who's counting? (*Note:* You can extend your supersonic whirlwind by three more days to include the Loire Valley or Monte Carlo.) For further information, write Air France, P.O. Box 30729, J.F.K. Airport Station, Jamaica, N.Y. 11430; or ask your travel agent for details.

(Continued on page 148)



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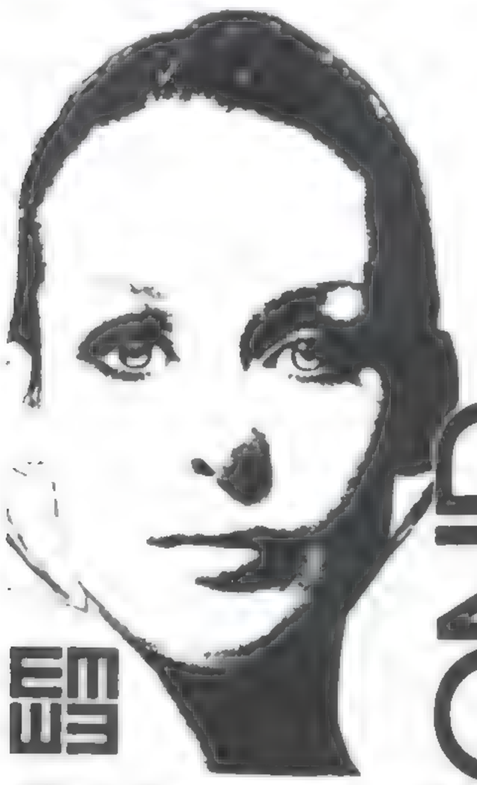
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

"A travel gift provides—besides the trip—hours of happy anticipation fantasies"

MARRAKESH EXPRESS

If there's one place in Morocco that everyone should see—and there is—it's Marrakesh. A nine-hundred-year-old city of rose-colored walls and buildings set in a gigantic palm forest at the foot of the snow-capped Atlas Mountains, Marrakesh is about as close to paradise as you can get. And if there's one hotel in Morocco where everyone should stay, it's the Mamounia, built on grounds once the gardens of a prince. Also in Marrakesh: the Djemaa-el-Fna square of fortune tellers, acrobats, snake charmers; *souks* selling carpets, blankets, brass; warm winters; year-round tennis; a casino; French and Moroccan restaurants; and skiing less than an hour away at Oukaimedem in the Atlas Mountains. To get there, Royal Air Maroc offers an unbeatable package called "Imperial Marrakesh" that gives you a week in Marrakesh at the Mamounia Hotel—including breakfasts and dinners—for $652 for each of two persons flying out of New York. The same package is even less expensive if you stay at the deluxe Es Saadi Hotel ($607) or the first-class, newly built Les Almoravides or Le Marrakech hotels ($507). For further information, contact your travel agent or Royal Air Maroc, Tour Department, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

RIDE, SCHUSS, OR VOLLEY

Organize an idyllic winter/spring weekend to brush up on your horsemanship at the Meadowbrook Riding Farm tucked away in the Pocono Mountains, a quick one-hundred miles away from both New York and Philadelphia. With fifty well-trained horses and an 80- by 160-foot indoor arena, you'll have lots of time in the saddle whatever the weather. Also at Meadowbrook, two all-weather tennis courts, cross-country skiing (skis provided), ice skating. A cozy place—the number of guests staying in the quaint Mill House or the rambling, century-old Manor is limited to fifty. Meals served family style with home-baked breads and pastries, fresh vegetables in season. Prices: $90 to $110 a day for a couple includes all meals, tips, and professional riding instruction from elementary dressage through cross-country riding and stadium jumping. For further information—including details on special two-day clinics—write: Meadowbrook Riding Farm, Limited, R.D. 3, Box 650, East Stroudsburg, PA. 18301.

Alpine ski-for-all

Take the whole family on a ski trip to a very special resort in the Austrian Alps—Mayrhofen—known for its crack "Ski Kindergarten" that takes expert care of the kids—and teaches them how to ski—while you ski off on your own. Lufthansa flies you there; puts you up at the charming, timbered Hotel Neuhaus—with indoor pool, saunas, therapeutic baths, solarium; feeds you breakfast and dinner every day; even tips waiters and chambermaids, all for $617 per person for a week. To find out more, contact your travel agent or Lufthansa's Ski Tour Desk, Dept. UM72, 1640 Hempstead Turnpike, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

"Pool, saunas, health-help baths, and ski kindergarten"

(Continued on page 152)

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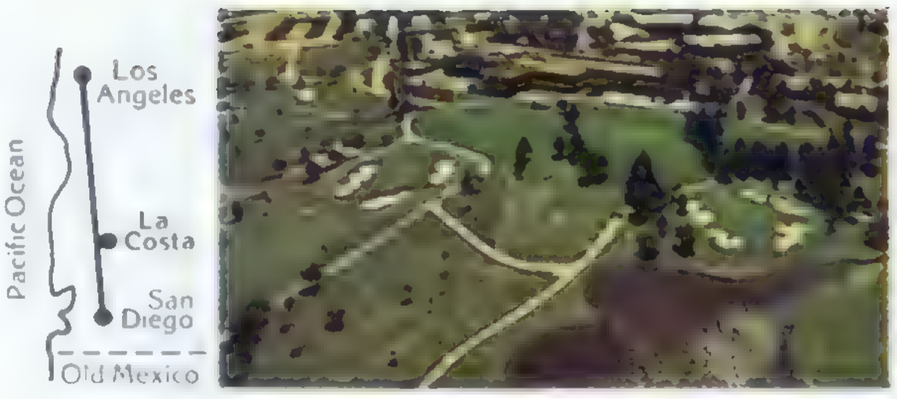


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

GO ON SAFARI

Give two weeks in East Africa for $1,200. Fly from New York to Kenya on board a chartered Pan Am jet, spend two days in cosmopolitan Nairobi at the New Stanley Hotel, then take off on a ten-day, 1,300-mile safari—traveling in seven-passenger minibuses—through game parks in Kenya and Tanzania. Imagine: coffee on the veranda of the game lodge while elephants assemble to drink from a water hole just yards away . . . seeing Mount Kilimanjaro for the first time . . . the unbelievable sunsets on the African plains. Also on the itinerary: a breather at the Indian Ocean resort of Mombasa, Kenya, with casino, discothèque, broad beaches. Included in the price ($1,199 to $1,249, depending on departure dates): round-trip airfare, luxury hotels and game lodges, all meals while on safari, American-style breakfasts in Nairobi, entrance fees to game parks, sight-seeing, experienced escorts and wildlife spotters. Bring a camera. General Tours, 49 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Egypt everyone?

Suddenly everyone seems to be heading for Egypt. And why not? It's worth the trip just to see those perennial dazzlers—the pyramids, the Sphinx, the archaeological treasures of Cairo's Egyptian Museum, the temples, tombs, and colossuses of Luxor and Abu Simbel. TWA's Getaway Tour—"the Pharaoh"—spends four days in Cairo, two at Luxor, even throws in three days in Athens, Greece. You can give—and get—it all for from $948 to $1,049: airfare, deluxe and first-class hotels, all breakfasts, dinners in Luxor, sightseeing. TWA also

"Plying down the Nile on a glorious boat"

offers a two-week tour—$1,645 to $1,728—that has you plying down the Nile for four glorious days in an air-conditioned outside cabin on board the Hilton-run *Isis* or *Osiris*. If that's not enough, you wind up this tour with five days in Jordan and Israel. See your travel agent or any local TWA sales office.

Art-tripping Central Asia

For that "problem" traveler who's been just about everywhere, consider giving the Boston Museum of Fine Arts' twenty-nine-day excursion to Central Asia (May 2 through June 1). Starting in Tehran—where the Museum has arranged for the tour group to see a number of collections not usually open to the public—the next stops in Iran are the ancient cities of Isfahan and Persepolis in the south. So you won't miss anything, Dr. Elizabeth S. Ettinghausen—former Visiting Fellow in Near Eastern Art at Princeton—is on hand as guest lecturer. Her knowledge of Moslem art and architecture should prove especially helpful when the tour penetrates Afghanistan and the rarely seen cities of Soviet Central Asia—Tashkent, Samarkand, and Bukhara. The price, $3,588, includes all transportation, hotels (all luxury category—except in the smaller cities), meals, even a $300 tax-deductible contribution to the Museum. For further information, write: Tours, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass. 02115.

How to travel-plan without tears: get an agent

The prices listed for all the tours and packages on these pages were the latest available to Vogue when we went to press. However, *they are subject to change*. A good travel agent usually can fill you in on prices, provide brochures, and help you with all your travel decisions. Remember, a travel agent's job is to work for *you*—and the price of your trip is the same whether you book directly through an airline or tour operator—or through an agent.

—RICHARD ALLEMAN

COINTREAU LIQUEUR SPECIALITE. 80 PROOF. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



WHAT THE FRENCH DO FOR GRAPES, THEY ALSO DO FOR ORANGES.

The French not only produce the world's finest cognac, they also have created the world's finest liqueur, with a hint of orange. Cointreau.
Try Cointreau straight. Or watch it turn mysteriously opalescent when poured over the rocks. Cointreau. From France.



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There's a new fashion plate at Joseph Magnin. The American Express Card.

Joseph Magnin has been sending fashion plates out into the world for years. The avant-garde. The elegantly casual. Men and women who set their own trends instead of following others.

Now, still another exciting fashion plate has arrived on the scene. The American Express® Card. It makes choosing from JM's breathtaking collection of fashions as simple as it is fun. JM's the place you can alternate your style from the classic to the innovative with all sorts of panache.

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And now you can. Because now it's available in a limited collection of exquisitely designed jewelry... *exclusively* from Les Bernard.

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LES BERNARD

The Lavender Branch Coral necklace shown above is $85.00. Others in the collection from $15 to $250. At all branches of Bonwit Teller, Garfinckel's, Marshall Field, Sakowitz and other fine stores everywhere. Or write: Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

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We Scandinavians find much benefit for the spirit in certain physical things. Which is why, for sheer respect for one's body, and the refreshment of one's spirit, nothing comes close to the Scandinavian experience.

Indeed, this is why no cologne on earth comes close to our Scandinavian cologne.

Kanøn Man's Cologne.

Because for us, a cologne is not just a luxury.

No, it is something more. Much more.

It is a stimulation for both body and spirit: a mark of respect for one's self.

For these reasons, Kanøn, with its imported Swedish essences and unique Scandinavian fragrance, is used and savored by good men everywhere.

Because, to them, self-regard is more than a mere luxury.

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From Scandinavia, the look, the feeling of health.

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MAN'S COLOGNE
4 FL. OZ.



"Normally we take two days to unwind on vacation. Here we unwind when we step off the plane."

John and Judy Johnson reminisce about their third trip to Bermuda.



"We always feel like Bermuda is our home. It's perfectly charming here."

"It's such a gentle and civilized island. We love it this time of year."

"There's so much antiquity and heritage. So much to see. We loved Fort St. Catherine."



One of the highlights of Rendezvous Time!

BERMUDA FESTIVAL '77

BERMUDA DEPARTMENT OF TOURISM
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Please send me information, including schedule of performances, for the 2nd Annual Bermuda Festival of the Performing Arts, Jan. 10th through Feb. 12th. Thirty-four consecutive nightly performances by internationally famous concert artists: music, drama, dance, opera.

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HEALTH

Drop that pill . . . don't get bug-bitten . . . douche with discretion . . . find out about new and better drugs to save your life

LATEST (WATCH OUT) PILL-POP

Popping diuretic pills—a longtime habit with the constant "slimmers"—now is accompanied by a growing fad for popping "K" pills (K being the chemical abbreviation for potassium), both bad habits. You should take "water pills" with a doctor's okay, with discretion, and with potassium only on medical advice—so say two physicians who prescribe diuretics in their own specialty practices.

"Diuretics are a mainstay in controlling high blood pressure," said Marvin Moser, M.D., who chairs the National High Blood Pressure Education Program in Washington, D.C. "Many patients take them for years without ill effects, with the very real benefit of preventing heart attacks and stroke. But diuretics are not meant for reducing excess fat. The apparent weight loss from taking these pills is only body water excreted as urine."

Dr. Moser thinks it's generally unnecessary to take extra potassium, even when diuretics are prescribed. With a good selection of foods in one's daily diet (potassium foods include bananas, oranges, raisins, squash, baked potatoes), he says, potassium lost by occasional use of a diuretic will be replenished within a day.

A warranted occasional use of diuretics—besides the important and necessary one of lowering high blood pressure—is to correct fluid retention just before the menstrual period, when the stomach may seem boggy, the breasts engorged, the legs and ankles puffy. Some doctors say a few hours' extra rest will take care of periodic water retention.

Benny Waxman, M.D., associate professor of obstetrics and gynecology at George Washington University Medical Center in Washington, D.C., said: "I oppose most meddling with one's electrolyte balance—and that's what casual use of diuretics really is. The water of the body has sodium and potassium in it, and these elements are flushed out along with water when one takes a diuretic. The trouble is, women who are using 'water pills' to lose weight are also the ones likely to cut down on foods that would resupply the lost potassium. So they compound the problem and end up feeling awful."

BLEED-STOP FOR SAFER SURGERY

Surgery can be safer, blood losses minimized with a new crystalline substance, made from cattle tissue, called Avitene. In operations where many small blood vessels are bleeding and where suturing isn't practicable, the surgeon spreads dry Avitene on the wound, where it forms a clinging clot. Platelets, the blood parts that clump with fibrin-like materials to staunch the flow of blood, do their natural thing with Avitene, even for patients who have been given heparin, an anticoagulant that prevents dangerous clotting within blood vessels.

In operations on large veins and arteries, the dry fluffy material helps the surgeon avoid extra stitches to manage a leaking blood vessel, thus prevents narrowing the channel too much. Tested and found effective in gynecologic and neurosurgical procedures and in operations on bone, liver, stomach, spleen, and pancreas, Avitene (made by Avicon, Inc., in Fort Worth) is left in place, is absorbed by the body.

FRESH DRUG FORCE—ANTICANCER BATTLERS

Stephen K. Carter, M.D., and writer Lorraine M. Kershner of the National Cancer Institute have reported on some new and promising drugs to reduce the spread of "solid tumor" cancers. **Adriamycin,** lately approved by the Food and Drug Administration for eleven different types of cancer, is an antibiotic. Gianni Bonadonna, M.D., of Italy's National Cancer Institute treated patients with advanced cancer with the drug, found it stopped the progress of disease in more than eight out of ten cases of non-Hodgkin's lymphoma and in almost half of lung-cancer patients.

In the United States, clinical trials of Adriamycin brought complete disappearance of acute leukemia in 24 percent of patients, proved more than twice as effective as any other drug in treatment of osteogenic sarcoma, a bone cancer that usually affects legs and has killed up to 90 percent of patients through lung metastases within two years—even when the limb was amputated. Where the cancer had already spread to the lungs, Adriamycin produced regression of the disease.

Still, Adriamycin has problems. While it can shrink many types of tumors, the effect is not long-lasting enough; and the drug has to be watched carefully for damage to the heart.

DTIC, or dacarbazine, has received FDA approval for use against advanced, widespread malignant melanoma, a rare but often fatal skin cancer. In trials, spread of disease was either reduced or entirely halted in one-fourth of patients with advanced melanoma. It's a powerful drug, may have side effects on bone marrow or digestive tract.

Nitrosoureas are fat-soluble drugs, able to cross the human blood-brain barrier and attack cancer cells in the brain and nervous system. These are important drugs for treating, in combination with surgery and radiation, some forms of brain tumors. Two new nitrosoureas, BCNU and CCNU, will be made available through FDA approval this year.

NEWEST MYSTERY DISEASE . . . KNEES' BEES?

A strange new arthritis-like ailment has turned up in New England. A cluster of more than fifty people living at or near Lyme, Connecticut, reported to their doctors with swollen joints, usually the knees; fever, weakness, headaches, and other problems accompanied the joint trouble. Yale University rheumatologists turned detectives, found the illness did not match any known disease pattern, found also that the trouble began with a small red eruption that spread and spread. The researchers suspect an insect that has a new and special talent—producing an arthritis-like disease. Victims recover without signs of permanent damage; but the bug—if it is one—has not yet been caught.

DOUCHING: HAZARDOUS HABIT

Vaginal douching may force fluid—and infection—upward through the delicate fallopian tubes and into the uterus and abdominal spaces, say two New Haven, Connecticut, physicians. Hans H. Neumann, M.D., and Alan DeCherney, M.D., found in their clinical practices that almost 90 percent of women with gynecologic inflammations, pelvic inflammatory disease, and salpingitis were habitual and vigorous douchers. Among women without these infections, only 18 percent were in the habit of douching more than once a week.

Answering the question whether the women were douching because they already had infections, the New Haven doctors found that most douchers with pelvic inflammatory disease had started the habit years earlier, usually at age sixteen or seventeen.

FAT-FREE HEARTS

Scientists at the University of Chicago are testing cholestyramine, a drug now used for gallbladder disease, for a new medical use—destroying fatty plaques in the large heart artery to prevent an eventual heart attack. Robert W. Wissler, M.D., who heads a special atherosclerosis center at the University, led the research team who showed, using test monkeys, how fatty deposits inside blood vessels are reduced more than 80 percent when cholestyramine is used along with a low-fat, low-cholesterol diet.

Now, the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute has started human tests of the drug in a large network of research clinics. Cholestyramine is a powdered resin with a talent for wrapping up and discarding bile salts and acids, which are cholesterol byproducts and which otherwise build more cholesterol.

WE SEARCHED UNTIL WE FOUND THE ESSENCE RARE



We searched.
Until we found a fragrance
that starts softly,
develops beautifully
and never seems to end.
And then we made it
in perfume. In cologne spray.
And in powdering.

ESSENCE RARE
by Houbigant



Eloquently And Elegantly...Countess Mara.

Elegance is virtually a synonym for Countess Mara. And she has seldom been more eloquent in expressing that elegance than in her new collection of ties. Here are sumptuous all-silks, ingeniously original in design, unerringly correct in taste. Priced from $13.50, every tie shows the same devotion to superb craftsmanship as Countess Mara creations priced at $1,000 and $2,000. As always, each bears her proud signature—the famous cornet which denotes a design for "one man in a million." Countess Mara, Inc., 110 E. 57th St., at Park Ave., N.Y.

Countess Mara

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No one knows more about coffee than Brazil. They grow more. They enjoy it more. They serve it in more ways than any other country in the world. It's only natural Brazil would produce the finest coffee liqueur in the world—Bahia.®

Bahia begins with the finest Brazilian coffee beans. It's a different brew of coffee liqueur, rich in coffee taste with the full-bodied aroma of freshly made coffee. Taste Bahia straight or on the rocks. Once you do, you'll always recognize it.

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BAHIA

Bahia may not yet be in your favorite store. If not, call 800-243-9188 toll free.

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Low numbers are one thing. But not everything.

Low 'tar' and nicotine numbers are important to me.
But I smoke for taste. That's why I smoke Winston Lights.
I get a lighter cigarette, but I still get real taste.
And real pleasure. Only one cigarette gives me all that:
Winston Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Vogue OBSERVATIONS to know about . . .

b.

fashion news, tips, what's going on . . .

HOW IT LOOKS/P.M.: Seen around N.Y.—every degree of evening dressing/great consistency of look. For private dinners, "either a charming short dress or a tunic and pants." For public evenings, it's almost "Mary McFadden-dressing"—her influence *everywhere*. **1.** Sweater-layers-and-pants. **2.** Lee Radziwill's tunic-and-pants—plus muffler. **3.** Beauties!—the long silk tunics and pants. **4.** Bare, charming black-tie dressing.



JADE ALBERT



Romantic—the way everyone's tucking in fresh flowers at night. . . . **5.** Behind an ear, at the Chanel retrospective. **6.** As a nosegay necklace. **7.** The perfect "jewel" for straplessness. **8.** Pat Cleveland's way—the whole bouquet!

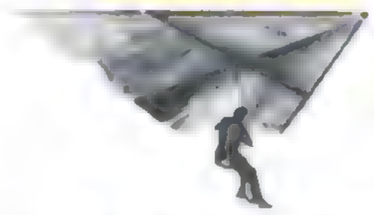


ROMANTIC PEASANTS. . . . P.M.—THE MOST BEGUILING (and most affordable), left: the peasant blouse and skirt in embroidered white cotton to take to a resort, or hide away for summer (the delight: finding it when you switch seasons!). Wahid Trading/New York Diffusion; about $44 each. Jan., Henri Bendel; Bullock's. . . . A.M.—THE CITY PEASANT, right: Marina Schiano in her Saint Laurent peasant "suit"—printed blouse, velvet vest, dirndl, boots—and one of YSL's glorious shawls. If you have only one romantic-peasant thing, a shawl is it—it turns every look you own!









L.A. TO EUROPE: HANG-GLIDING IS IT—EVERYONE WANTS TO FLY!



The bra that makes strapless-dressing possible!—Lily of France, $8.50. At Bonwit Teller; Bullock's.

THE WINNER! Mary McFadden, *below*, picking up the 1976 Coty Designer of the Year Award. The amazer: in 1973, Bendel's bought three of her dresses . . . made in a basement.



WHERE THE FENDI'S ARE





Italy: In an airplane mock-up!—Fendi's fun "show" (*above*), with their always-incredible furs (*left*, the weasel blouson). . . . *New York:* In Bergdorf's beautiful new Fendi shop—it's all there—the flirt, the surprises, the real-life looks, the glorious leathers. Nobody can walk out empty-handed!



To give—Joe Eula's Christmas watercolors: bows (right) or flower "portraits" to send with the real thing—e.g., a paper-whites watercolor with a bowl of paper-whites. The point: flowers—and ribbons—that last forever! 5" x 7" watercolors, in Lucite frames, $25 each. Tony's Flower Store, 33 E. 68th St., N.Y.C. . . . Charming wrappings: Hide tiny treasures on the stem of a plant . . . wrap food in beautiful dish towels.



Talk about working wardrobes!—if you haven't seen California designer Harriet Selwyn's brainstorm in the Lord & Taylor Christmas catalog, you haven't seen anything. She made a complete 8-piece wardrobe for Fragments that comes in a shoulderbag (!)—and works at least 30 ways. One piece (an overblouse) is printed chiffon, the rest are Qiana jersey in shades of toast, balsawood, smoke, vanilla, grey, beige, rust. Included in each bag, a numbered key sheet (*below*) and Harriet's list of the 30 combinations. For instance, the dress sketched *above* is 7 + 2 + 3; the pyjama, *below*, is 4 + 6. . . . When you add a coat for cold climates, or a bikini for warm ones, you're not just dressed—you're packed! The works (in one size—everything's loose, wrapped, or drawstring), $475 at Lord & Taylor. **P.S.** The shoulderbag unties to a scarf/shawl/etc.



PEOPLE'S PAPARAZZI



Call it "shutter-power" or "mini-cam-chic," but it seems as if everyone were armed with the latest pocket camera and suddenly the world has become one giant swarm of buzzing *paparazzi*. Perhaps Andy Warhol started it four years ago with his Polaroid pictures of everything from fuzz-framed Factory friends to out-of-focused store openings to overexposed public-bathroom urinals. At least, Andy established the idea of making your life an open photo album.

The next thing I noticed was that, at every intimate or media-hyped affair I attended, people were flash-bulbing each other from every corner. The only curiosity is—what do all these people do with their masses of finished photos?

Certainly the prints aren't placed in leather-bound albums (à la 8 x 10 glossies taken of the family at a Copacabana table, circa 1958) or kept in shoe boxes for moments preserved (simply because most of these moments aren't worth preserving). Maybe people are trading their pix like baseball cards.

The mini-cam craze is no doubt an extension of the gadget wave of two years ago, when walking the streets with a complete video-tape unit mounted on your back outdid Gucci, Fendi, and Missoni in the game of status. But video proved too costly and certainly too heavy for the general audience—so enter the compact or mini-cam. No longer does a person have to be looked down upon as a tourist strangling in his camera straps in a state of Nikon Nirvana. Sporting a tiny Minox or Leica CL nowadays carries all the sexy mystery of being part of a secret organization on a reconnaissance mission.

We're not talking Hasselblad, telephoto lenses, and motorized rangefinders. Just the smallest and easiest will do; it's the shutter click that counts.

Ready, Aim, Fire, with these top-seller mini-cams:

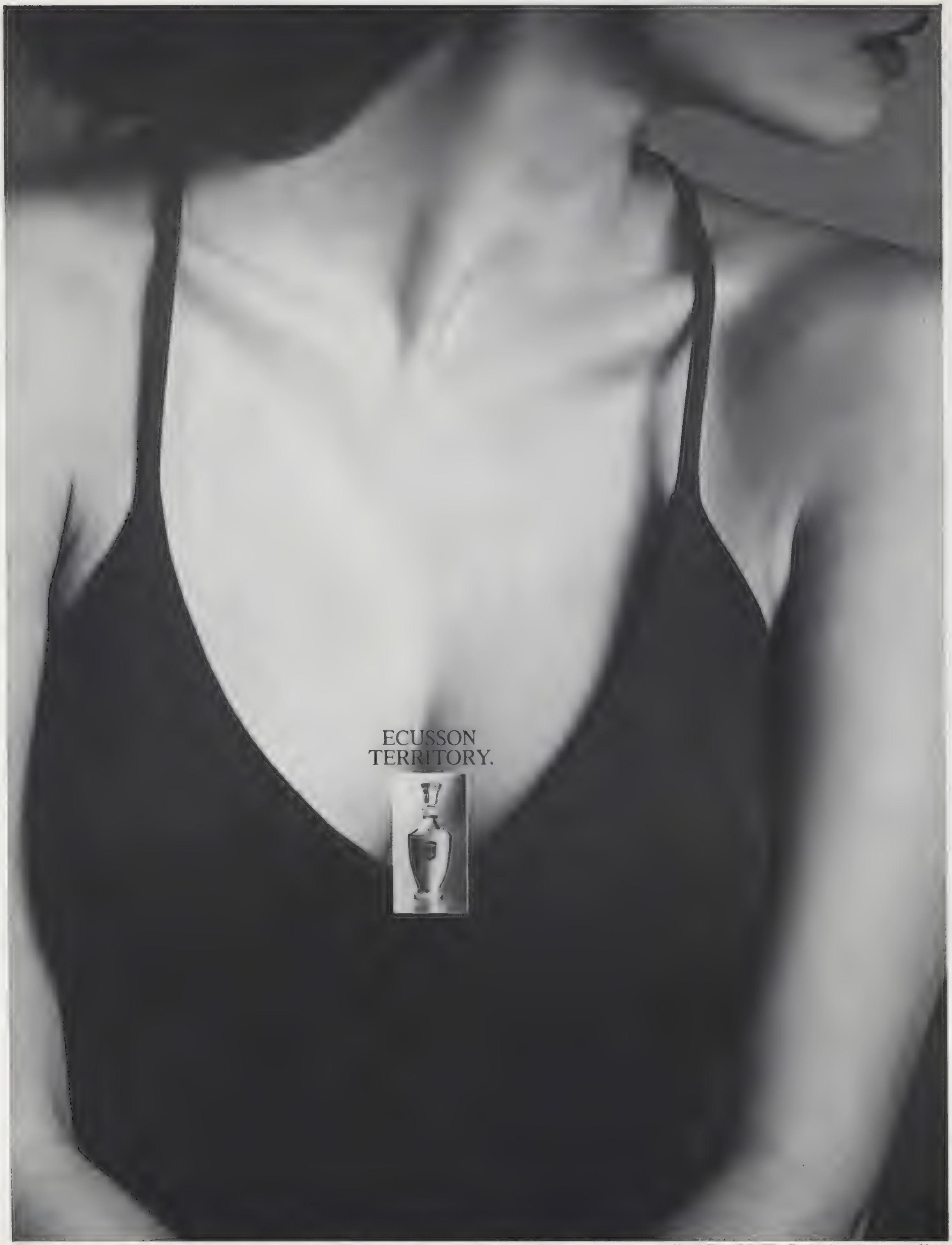
Kodak Instamatic—oldie but goodie. Pocketline style, some with detachable flash. Nothing stylish, a bit touristy—but stable.

Minox 35C—The hottest flash in the mini-cam craze. Nicknamed the "spy camera."

Rollei 35S—Popular around the Beverly Hills pool with men who enjoy looking stylish while focusing in on nearby female cleavage.

Polaroid XL70—The best toy ever and everyone's favorite "when-in-doubt" Xmas gift for those needing instant gratification no matter how rotten the finished frame. Definitely the take-out McDonald's hamburger of mini-cameras.

—BLAIR SABOL



Wherever you feel like being marvelously provocative. The infinitely beautiful fragrance. Ecusson. JEAN D'ALBRET _ Paris _ Londres New York

loving...

It's here. The season of loving, the reason for giving. The time we've planned for and worked for and shopped for (even feared for). And everything shines: homes, lives, eyes. It's the time of widest concern, of tenderest touching.

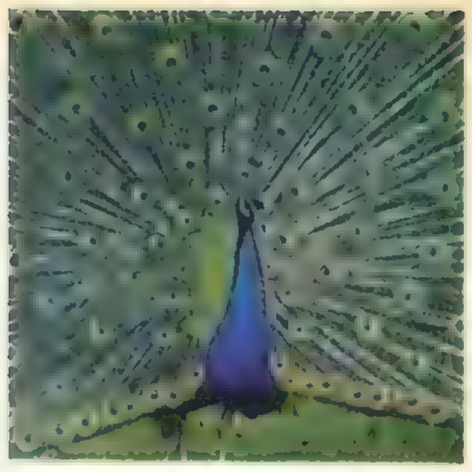
Excess is almost impossible now. Nothing can be too warm, too generous, too brilliant. If you're standing next to a Christmas tree, don't be subtle.

In this special issue, we celebrate every kind of adornment—of clothes, houses, fields, minds—all part of an exhilarating upsurge of romantic thinking, of romantic seeing that has seized a world sated with science and fed up with functionalism. An Apollo spacecraft can fly you to the moon, but you wouldn't want to live in one. And there are other ways of getting to the moon, riding richness of spirit in place of dollars. Romance is back. Love it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: With our January 1977 issue, Vogue will go to standard magazine size. Whether we're talking about women or diamonds or magazines, we all know that quality has never depended on size, but in this case less means more: more color, more pages, more special features; a richer, pacier, easier-to-handle Vogue. Watch for the new January Vogue at your newsstand on December 28.



The Assurance of DREAMS



Peacock brilliance

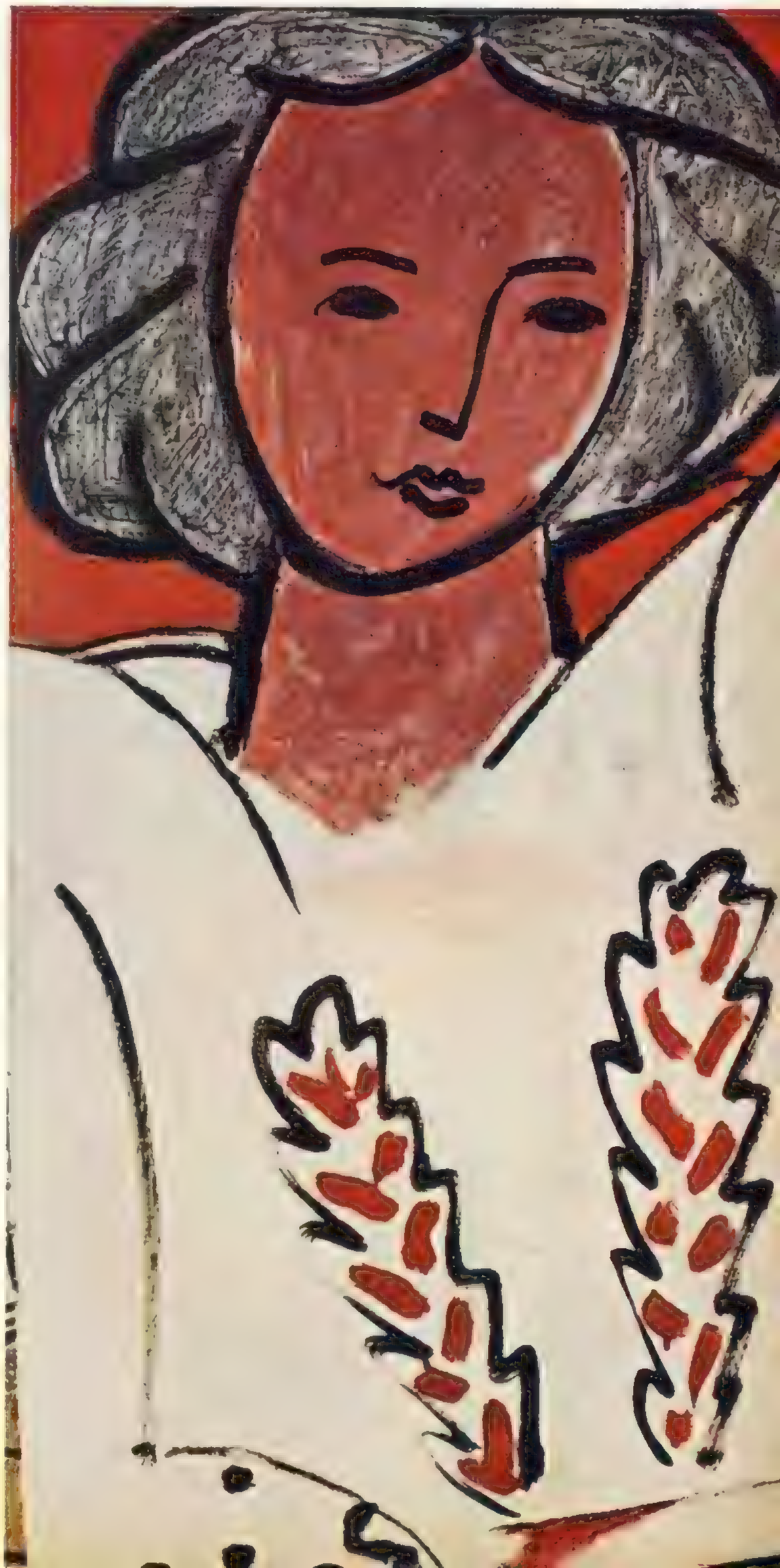
Inspired by the Saint Laurent couture collection, a great art critic examines the meaning of custom and costume from our earliest history to the present day

BY PIERRE SCHNEIDER

"The Romanian Blouse"—Matisse



Absence of color—Western restraint



ROBED IN SPLENDOR: MARY AND THE INFANT JESUS

The Black Virgin of Chartres, adorned by her adorers in shimmering robes and crown . . . the sacred simplicity of this medieval Mother and Child made regal. . . . Wood faces, now bare of paint, darkened by the centuries, giving Our Lady of the Pillar her sobriquet "Black." . . . Each year, on the anniversary of the 1855 crowning, a parade through the Cathedral.

Eastern color—Tibetan wall hanging



ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

An old Gnostic commentary tells us that the world came to be—or, at least, to be visible—when paradise dropped a few of its colors, as a bird sheds feathers, and that it will dissolve again into increate dazzlement when all the colors are assembled once more. If this prediction is true, we had better make out our wills quickly, for the chromatic wealth displayed by Yves Saint Laurent's latest collection seems, on first sight, exhaustive.

Of all forms of beauty, the beauty of color is the most difficult to analyze and to talk about. This is precisely why the Western world, which likes nothing so much as to talk and to analyze, had for centuries repressed color into its cultural subconscious.

The beauty of Saint Laurent's colors lies in the fact that they don't make sense. They do not obey the logic of taste, the precepts of harmony, the laws of contrast and complementariness. At times they clash like warring factions; at others, they melt in mutual benevolence. On occasion, Saint Laurent, enraptured with the splendor of a certain shade, ruthlessly excludes all potential rivals; on another, he squeezes as many nuances between a black and a grey as the Marx Brothers stuffed people into a ship's cabin. The combinations are as unreliable as a weather forecast. A foulard may start off with a warm scale, veer off toward cold shades, and change its mind again before it ends. Colors that follow rules are not really colors. This does not mean that there are no rules: simply, color does not follow rules, it sets them. And the supreme proof of color's freedom from all rationales is that it sometimes apparently accepts to submit to one: now and then, one of the dresses consents to comply with the canons of good taste as a king condescends to wash, once a year, beggars' feet.

"It's a dream," my neighbor said. She was quite literally right. Dreams are the language of the (Continued)

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS, PAGE 235

The Assurance of DREAMS

"Firing memory and desire, lending subst

(Continued) subsconscious and color belongs to the subconscious of Western culture. Hence, within its context, color tends to express itself oneirically: Saint Laurent says that it took him only three weeks to design this collection and that, for the first time, he was able to set it all down, at once and definitively, in drawings that had the somnambulistic assurance of dreams.



Nineteenth-century mass production of clothes

Dreams react against repressions. The chromatic opulence of the current collection was prepared by the severity, the austerity of its predecessors. "Summer needs winter," said Henri Matisse. The painter of "The Romanian Blouse" and of "The Persian Dress" was the first to realize that in the East—the Near rather than the Far East, to be precise—color is consciously, explicitly accepted. The revelation of the East, Matisse demonstrated, is the revelation of color. To dream of color, therefore, is to dream of the Orient. From Morocco to Turkestan, from Moldavia to Anatolia, from Nizhni-Novgorod to Samarkand extends the world from which the Parisian couturier drew the forms suitable to his content: color.



Victorian swimsuit

It is a dream, readily agreed the critics, implying: Saint Laurent's collection relates to costume, not to fashion. Dreams, however, do not contradict, but concentrate, reality. Far from being the gratuitous products of whimsy, they are commanded by an imperious necessity—not the necessity, to be sure, of which my neighbor spoke when she said: "I'd look disguised if I wore this."

It would have been too easy to reply to her that she would look disguised whatever she wore. Too easy and beside the point, which is that haute couture isn't made to be worn, and never was. To object to Saint Laurent's clothes on the basis that they are impractical, arbitrary, nonfunctional is hardly less absurd than to call them unconstitutional. Indeed, they must be arbitrary in order to function. They serve a purpose that is not the less essential for being "impractical." And they are "costumes" because they serve it perfectly. For "costume" stems from an Italian word meaning "custom," which came to designate the various attributes (including dress) appropriate to a specific person, place, or state. A "costume" is a "suit"—a set of clothes suitable to a purpose. The fact that "costume" has come to mean "disguise" merely reveals that we have lost sight of that purpose.



Franz Joseph Hapsburg

For years, fashion designers have sought to explain, to rationalize their creations. Comfort, convenience are alleged to justify the length of (Continued on page 172)



Yves Saint Laurent

SAINT LAURENT'S COUTURE GLORIES
PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY DUANE MICHALS

Astounding color, radiant gold, fabrics like cobwebs veiling rich skin . . . purple panne velvet, emerald silk faille, printed chiffon, patterned lamé . . . all with the weightlessness of a cloud. . . . Everything braided, corded, tasseled, ornamented with the improbable symbolistic detail of dreams: a curling black head plume or twisted velvet turban with a glass feather in front; thinnest hammered-gold medallion, worn in black; a ruby chiffon-velvet vest edged with featherweight sable or a sweeping fringed shawl of transparent dotted lamé.

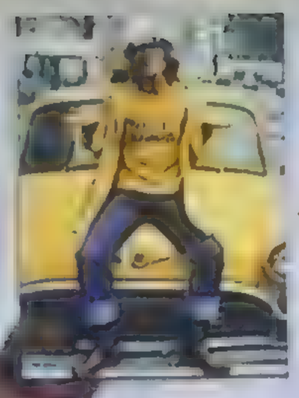
ILLUSTRATION CREDITS, PAGE 235





ance, flavor, color”

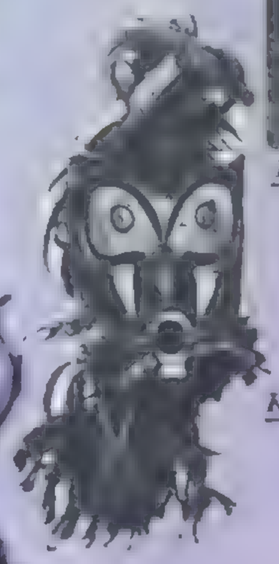
"Haute couture is not better than ordinary garments: it is other"



1970's T-shirt



1870's Hungarian peasant



Kwakiutl face mask

HAUT LAURENT'S EXTRAVAGANCES

Costumes as seductive body masks, worn to be removed. Cultural hybrids, earthy but vulnerable, with the sturdy [illegible] of peasant clothes, the lavish [illegible] of the Orient: gold lamé coat entirely quilted and mink-lined, light enough to float, with a big black fox hat, tailed.... Everything cinched in, spread wide: pants of gold lamé chiffon tied to raspberry satin by parakeet green... black-velvet unboned basques, releasing not confining, laced over bare skin... blazing lamé, accordion pleated... a full-blown rose, still blooming.

DUANE MICHALS



(Continued) a skirt or the ampleness of a coat. To comprehend the inanity of such explanations we need only wait a year or two: the same arguments serve to justify different or even opposite sizes and shapes. All they reveal is the guilty conscience of those who use them to legitimize their work. Years ago, friends introduced me to the heiress of some Balkanic throne or other. "Meet Miss Hapsburg," they said. Although about as remote from royalty by lineage and by conviction as one could be, I was shocked: it was as if a vandal had destroyed David's portrait of Napoleon on the grounds that its model was a tyrant. The "Miss" desacralized a name that was a monument which stimulated the imagination and from which emanated a magic authority—the magic of authority. But it is precisely the nature of authority—*quia absurdum*—to be unjustifiable. You don't save Hapsburgs by turning them into commoners. "Custom," said Pascal—and let us bear in mind that custom and costume are one and the same word—"must not be followed because it is reasonable, but only because it is custom." What Saint Laurent has done, with his latest collection, is to remind us that fashion, in its radical form of haute couture, *is* costume. He has swept aside the tepid ambiguities and diluted compromises cultivated by the advocates of sartorial *aggiornamento*. He has, in short, wiped the "Miss" off the name of Hapsburg. His Albano-Circassians and Slavo-Touaregs proclaim that haute couture can only be, in its looks, what it already is from the standpoint of economics: impossible.

Poiret couture





Standardized work clothes

But do we need authority in this age of democracy? Is there room for the unaccountable in a world that votes? The guilt complex that lies behind the hopeless attempts to make fashion seem useful and universally accessible is rooted in the belief that couture is an anachronical vestige of the age of aristocracy, which ought therefore to have been discarded with royalty.

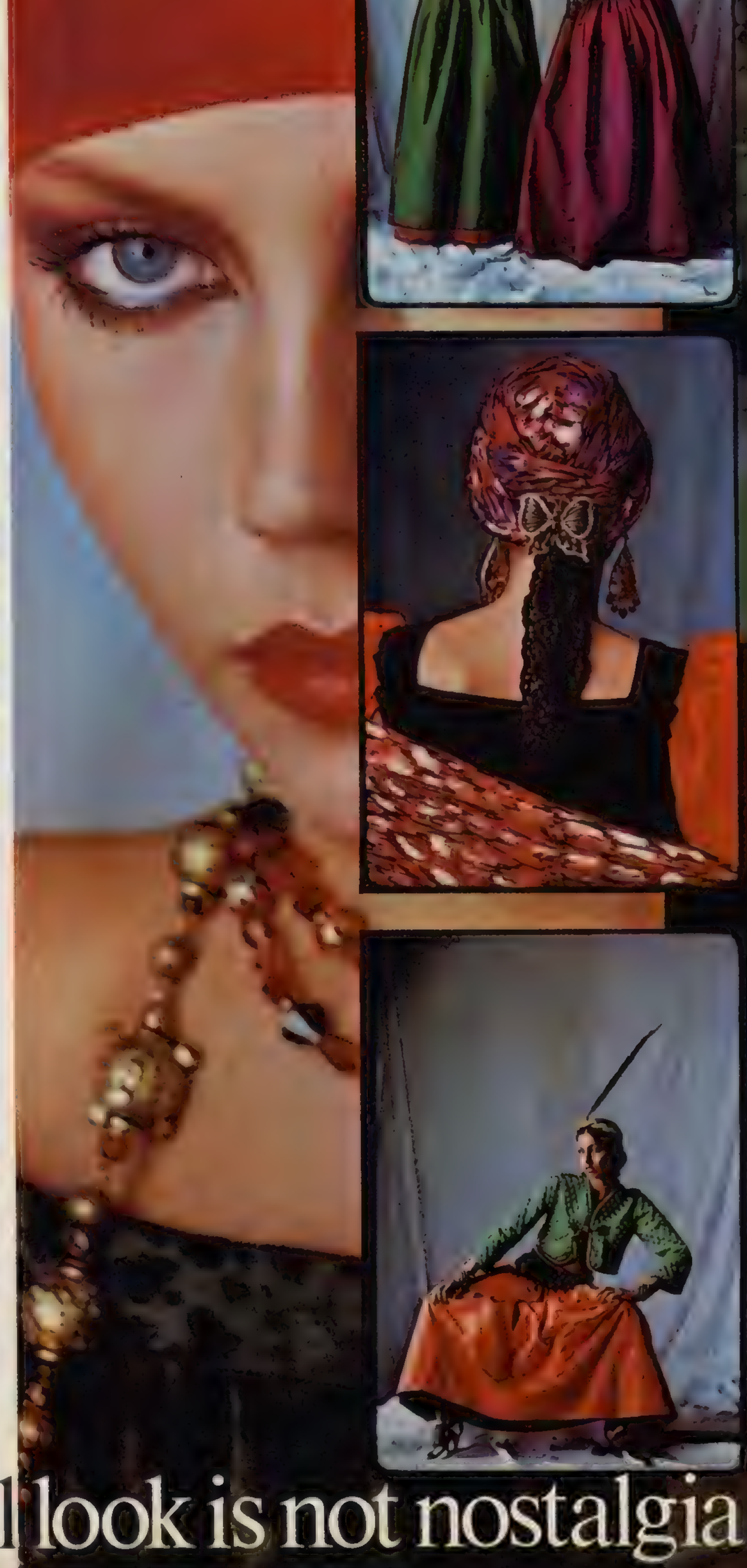
The historical truth, however, is quite different. Haute couture really made its appearance *with* democracy. Its emergence, in the late nineteenth century, coincides with the beginning of vestimentary standardization and serialization. Prior to that time, artisanal methods of production automatically insured the standards of perfection which only the hand can achieve. Now, industrialization made it necessary, if we wanted quality to survive, to create specialists of quality, exactly as easel painting was invented to preserve the pic- (Continued on page 234)



Bakst poster of Nijinsky

SAINT LAURENT'S FARMLAND ELEGANCE

Back—or forward—to a timeless Golden Age; costumes with authority that comes from beginnings . . . colors from the sea and the woods, where blacks are really greens or blues and sunlight breaking through makes seashell pastels. . . . Puff-ball skirts of pale weightless satin or deep tissue-thin moiré . . . down-light velvet Balkan bodices and feathers for jewelry . . . or beads, butterflies, and feathers of glass . . . quiltness, braidity, and the Near Eastern/Middle European allure of a bare midsection with camisole above and dirndl below. Underneath everything: gold sandals.



The Assurance of DREAMS

"Saint Laurent's rural look is not nostalgia

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS, PAGE 235

DUANE MICHALS

for the past, but for the eternal present”



Joy to the Children

For the four children of Prince and Princess Moritz von Hessen, life at Panker, the family estate in Germany, seems a year-long holiday. In the castle's serenity, or out in the halcyon landscape, the children, bright and mobile as four blond candles in the breeze, live with old-fashioned pleasures: swings, pony carts, ponds to splash in—an open, eager life that culminates at Christmas, a time kept "simple, gay, childish," said their mother, Princess Tatiana, "with the surprise of color....Seeing the excitement of the children—it's marvelous." Here, Mafalda, aged 11; Donatus (called Don), 10; Elena, 9; and Phillip, 6, rush headlong down the grand staircase of Panker into Christmas. On the next four pages, more about Christmas and Panker and the year-round joys of children.

KAREN RADKAI





1. *Bright painted-wood Swedish candle tree and trolls delight the children.*
2. *Table set very simply in red, with children's plastic plates, heart-mobile, for Christmas Day dinner.*
3. *Italian "Diana" in Panker's park, where children roam in total freedom.*
4. *Fresh fruit for Christmas decoration, flanking an eighteenth-century urn.*
5. *Schloss Panker, in Schleswig-Holstein.*
6. *Statue-standing, Princess Elena.*
7. *Presents are opened by Mafalda, Donatus, Elena, and Phillip on Christmas Eve in garden room; wall paintings of Italian islands, Bay of Naples by Enrico d'Assia, Prince Moritz's brother.*
8. *Cast-iron Lohan (Chinese wise man) presides in drawing-room niche.*

The lively young at Panker—unspoiled, already strong—are an inquiring and highly intelligent quartet: thoroughly modern children living in a complex and ancient tradition, raised with an almost austere simplicity. Their castle-home, lovingly restored by their father, belongs, like all the other Hessen castles, to the Kur Hässische Hausstiftung, the family's organization of private museums, preserving the history of Germany; but, inside its dignified walls or out on its grounds, the youngsters race, hurtle, argue, enjoy.

These parents are totally tolerant, infinitely patient: every question answered, every problem discussed. None of the children is sent off to boarding school at an early age; they attend the village school with the children of farmers and carpenters, revel in excursions with their many cousins, sometimes in the pony carriage, sometimes farther from home to visit their nonagenarian maternal great-grandmother in Sweden (their mother was born Princess Tatiana zu Sayn-Wittgenstein; their father's mother, Mafalda, who died at Buchenwald, was the daughter of Italy's former king Victor Emmanuel III). Up-to-date, outspoken, they participate fully at the family dinner table.

This family fellowship is never more joyous than at Christmas. Traditional in every delight, *Weihnachtsfest* at Panker begins on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. One of Panker's own fragrant evergreens is cut and brought in; the (Continued)

CHRISTMAS EVE SUPPER
Carp steamed with herbs, with lemon slices, whipped-cream horseradish sauce, boiled potatoes
Fresh fruit with a dash of Kirschwasser
White wine from family estates in the Rhineland

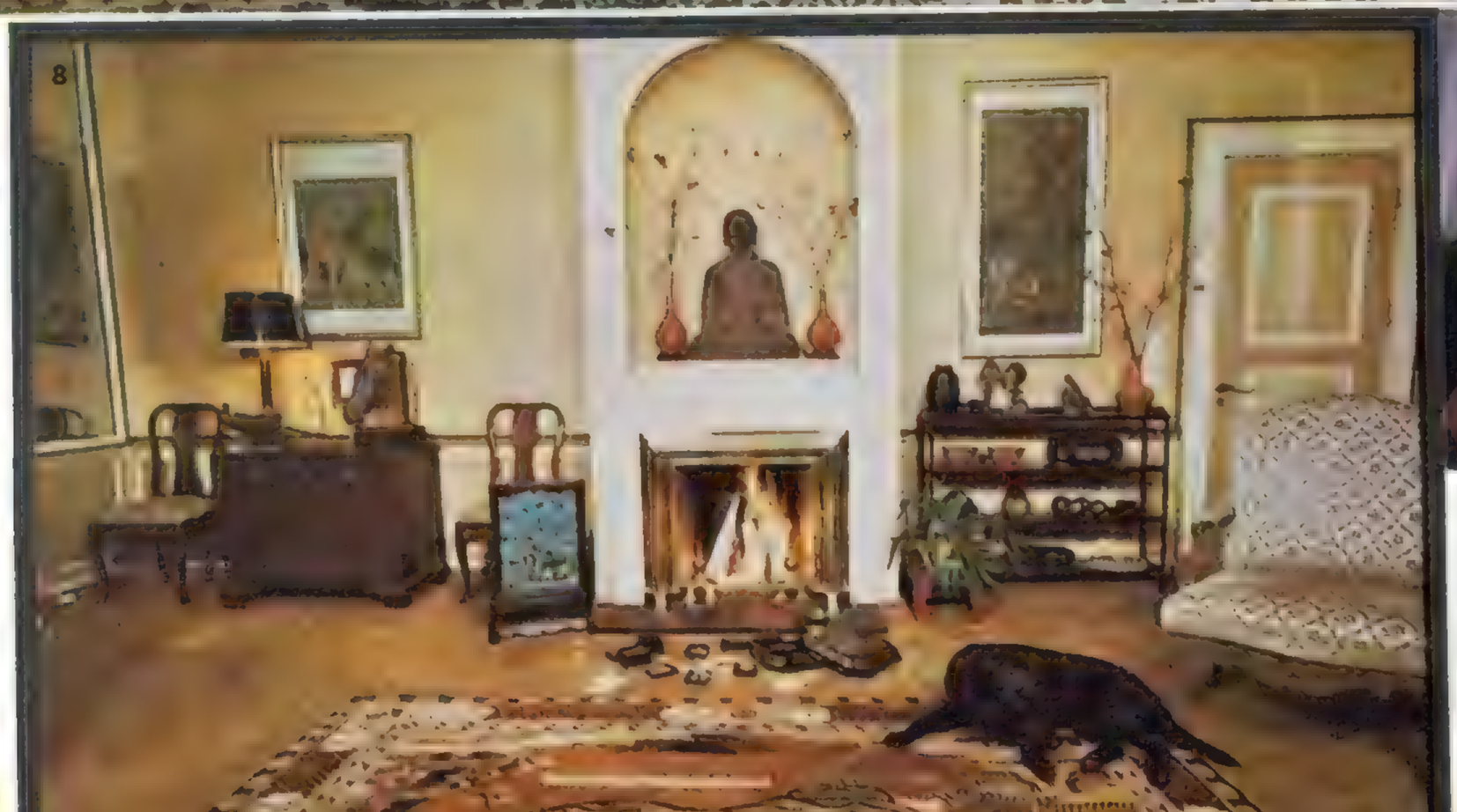

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6



Joy to the Children

continued


8


9

9. *Princess Mafalda and Princess Elena light the candles in centerpiece of cookies by cook-housekeeper Käthe; more of Käthe's fresh pastries at tea (turn page).*

KAREN RADKAI







(Continued) children are banned; and, secretly, the parents ornament the tree with cherished baubles, both Swedish and German.

Parents and children (no guests, ever, Christmas is for family) sit down to the traditional supper of carp—the table totally green-trimmed, with Swedish straw reindeer and red Panker apples "growing" on a wooden tree. This meal, like all dinners at Panker, is a simple one of few courses (menu on page 176).

With pouncing high spirits, shouting and exuberant, the children finally burst through the doors to the heart-speeding sight of the tree, now radiant with wax candles, a crêche, the gifts from *Christkindl* (the Christ child), and presents from the family. Ripping into the wrappings, they share their happiness and their plates of delicious sweets—made by Käthe, the cook-housekeeper who with daughter Lotti watches over Panker, its children.

On Christmas Day, the traditional feasting takes place at midday with the table a blaze of red decorations, all of them Swedish—braided wood hearts, trolls, a spunky bird-topped wood candle tree tipped with more shiny Panker apples. The menu (below) includes ritual stuffed roast goose and—the only detail borrowed from the English cousins (Queen Elizabeth is kin)—a flaming plum pudding. "One goes with the times," said their mother, "without forgetting our history and tradition."

CHRISTMAS DAY DINNER
Goose roasted with stuffing of veal, pork, beef, almonds, prunes, marjoram, parsley
Chestnuts roasted with the goose
Fresh string beans, carrots, mashed potatoes
Salad of endive, green and red chickory, vinaigrette
Plum pudding with Kirschwasser

Joy to the Children

continued

KAREN PASKAL







1. *Princess Mafalda with roses.*
2. *Shimmering waterlilies and a swan—Panker's lake as a Monet.*
3, 4. *Green Christmas Eve table.*
5. *Still life with Cornell collage.*







6. *Princess Mafalda, new pony.*
7. *Panker's rose garden, lawns.*
8. *Children's swing, specially designed by their parents.*
9. *Tea is served in the library each day, promptly at 5:30.*
10. *Children ride to village fest.*
11. *Library Biedermeier table.*



It can mean soft skirts and eyelet...

There's something irresistible about this little dress, *left*—the charm of the print, the pretty waistline, the breeze-catching skirt, the femininity—everyone who's seen it, craves it! Kasper for Joan Leslie; polyester crêpe. About $184. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Goldwaters; I. Magnin.

Instantly romantic, *right*—over a white eyelet petticoat-dress, a thin, soft, cotton batiste shirt and hip-released skirt in a blue border print (watch border prints), from Oscar de la Renta—always a master of romantic dressing! Petticoat-dress (cotton and polyester), about $190; shirt and skirt, about $220. Martha; Wanamaker's; John Baldwin; Jacobson's; Balliet's; Joseph Magnin. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. Accessories, next to last page.

Makeup brief: If these fragile hint-of-color colors are You, they're from the Coty collection—Newpenny Bronze eye shadow, Frosted Mango Glowing Finish Bare Blusher, Pink Walnut lipstick.

THE NEW ROMANCE

LAST MONTH WE GAVE YOU A HINT OF WHAT WAS COMING; THIS MONTH, IT'S THE WHOLE BOUQUET—THE START OF A WHOLE NEW ROMANCE IN DRESSING, AS YOU'LL SEE—ON ROSEANNE VELA-ON THE NEXT 6 PAGES....

ARTHUR ELGORT

VCE

THE NEW ROMANCE

WHAT IT IS . . . AND WHAT IT ISN'T

- It isn't that everything's crinolines and taffeta, or that sportswear has disappeared. It's that there's a new, very feminine straw in the wind . . . and it's taking delightful effect! For resort—i.e., for all the warm-weather-clothes-to-come, everything is softer, more feminine . . . more charming. And there are differences you can put your finger on (and your body in) right now. . . .
- **Fabrics,** for instance—they're the whole key. Think light, thin, crisp-soft. Think texture . . . nubby gauze, silk shantung, hemp, string knits, cotton piqué . . . linen, thin as a handkerchief, tucked or embroidered at night. And—news!—pretty, floral-y romantic prints—border prints, especially.
- **Skirts**—suddenly, they're around in a big, big way. Either the fullest (tip: look for the one that releases *below* the waist—narrower, prettier). Or very narrow (see opposite)—but cut on the bias so it isn't rigid-narrow; it curves.
- **Tops.** The new name of this game isn't T-shirts, it's sweaters. Thin, fleecy little sweaters, silky jersey pullovers, string-textured cardigans, pullovers . . . and anything strapless!
- **Sporty sportswear it isn't.** While you're going to see sportswear pieces—skirts, pants, separates-dressing in general—there's a new femininity, a new softness to them.

You've never seen pants look this feminine, *right*—this soft-sexy-narrow! Halston's pegged, bias red silk shantung pants, sashed over a loose open-necked silk shirt. (And in the neckline, on the wrists, at the ankles: the one thing that goes naturally with everything Halston—his perfume.) Pants (American Silk Mills) and crêpe de Chine pullover shirt (Kabat Textiles), about $440. Bonwit Teller; Barton/Sligh's; Jacobson's; Halston Watertower, Chicago; Lou Lattimore; Giorgio; Carol & Mary.

This kind of soft arrow-narrow skirt-dressing, *opposite*, comes from the cut, and the fabric—the slide of a silky jersey top that's as wide at the shoulders as it is at the hips; the bias-cut curve of a slit lineny skirt. Both, from Halston, of rayon: Abraham jersey, Lafitte fibranne. About $400. Bergdorf Goodman; Margaret Rice; Halston Watertower, Chicago; Younker-Kilpatrick; Marie Leavell; Giorgio; Carol & Mary. Jewels, Elsa Peretti of Tiffany; other accessories, next to last page. Here and the next 6 pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella.

. . . it can mean a very narrow line

ARTHUR ELGORT



...it can mean sportswear —but soft

When we say "sweater," this is what we mean, *left*—this unexpected sensation of a V-necked top from John Anthony—thin, thin, cottony white fleece with tiny tucked "ribs." Here, pulled over his sand silk shirt and wonderful trousers—thin silky broadcloth in sand-and-navy pinstripes. (Skip the shirt: super easy-evening!) Sweater (cotton and Creslan acrylic—Tully Fabrics), about $90; shirt (American Silk Mills), about $110; pants (polyester—Pomezia fabric), about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Hovland-Swanson; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Looking fresh from the laundry, *above,* Calvin Klein's handkerchief-linen tops—straight ivory vest, round-collared beige blouse—breezing over a jeans-easy

THE NEW ROMANCE

skirt in natural linen. Vest, about $68, and shirt, about $80, of Cantoni linen; skirt, Moygashel linen, about $66. Mid-Jan., Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; May D&F; I. Magnin; Nordstrom.

One of the best things happening—wonderful beach cover-ups, *above,* in wonderful fabrics: a narrow slit caftan in slubbed white gauze, rope-tied. Elon by Monika Tilley; rayon and acetate (Tussah fabric). About $44. Saks Fifth Avenue; L.L. Berger; Burdine's; Balliet's; I. Magnin; T. Eaton, Toronto. Accessories, next to last page.

Fragrance brief: It's been six years since Calandre arrived—and if you haven't tried it yet, you've been missing one of the great new moderns—silvery, and yet soft. (Head for a tester!)

ARTHUR ELGORT



THE NEW ROMANCE

...it can mean the flirt of a longer, fuller skirt...the freshness of handkerchief linen

Here it is!—the new look—the new feeling—of a skirt, *left*—very soft, very full and just breezing above the ankle! From Geoffrey Beene, in unbleached calico tucked at the waist, and worn with one of his wonderful super-soft tops in natural gauze. Beene Bag. Skirt (Reliable Textile), about $110; top (N. Erlanger, Blumgart fabric), about $50. Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Woolf Brothers; Balliet's; Frederick & Nelson; Liberty House, Hawaii. **More than a beach covering,** *above*—one of the best tops you'll see anywhere this season: a thin white handkerchief linen overshirt with side slits and the charm of tiny pleats at the cuff and down the front. Calvin Klein, of Cantoni fabric. About $106. Altman's; Nan Duskin; Bullock's. **You'd love to be in a dress this bare, this fresh, this *pretty,* right**—Calvin Klein's halter-wrap sundress in thinnest ivory handkerchief linen with small tucks at the hem. And there's a beautiful matching shawl that goes over it—a knockout way to look any warm evening. Dress, about $260. Shawl, about $40. Both, Cantoni fabric. At Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; Hudson's; Swanson's on the Plaza; I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson. Accessories, next to last page. These eight pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella... **Fragrance brief:** Don't fall into the trap of typecasting fragrances. If Anne Klein's crisp, clean Blazer makes you think tailored, sportswear dressing only, think again. It's delightful with all of these soft, romantic clothes.

ARTHUR ELGORT

People are talking about... Our next President and Mrs. Jimmy Carter

BY KATE LLOYD

Rarely has a man made a jump from nothing to everything with such suddenness even in a nation where barefoot-to-fame is a two-century-old dream, cross-stitched and framed. In May of this year, Jimmy Carter, who will this January become the thirty-ninth President of the United States, said, "I have never claimed to be better or wiser than any other person. I think my greatest strength is that I am an ordinary man, just like all of you, one who has worked and learned and loved his family and made mistakes and tried to correct them without always succeeding." He spoke as a man of Plains, Georgia, a town centered on one freshly painted red-white-and-Carter-green block of stores, where openness, good will, and trust run high.

There is something both comforting and uneasily naked about the openness of the next President's hometown. No locks on doors. No front offices, no banks of secretaries, or squads of young executives. The pilot who flew Jimmy on 1000 hours of early campaigning in a small Cessna delivered him from the grass airstrip to his house in a pick-up truck. The leap from here to the Presidency is awesome. As the man who serves ribs and Brunswick stew at a roadside stand between Plains and Americus said, "There are times when a man needs to invite extra strength."

"We just love Jimmy to death," said a woman running a Plains crafts shop. She added after a pause, "We never knew he could go so far so fast." Perhaps Rosalynn Carter knew. She has often said so. A pretty woman with Claudette Colbert cheekbones, tilted eyes, and a honey of a voice, she can be fierce without stridency, forceful without insult. Whatever she believed during the rough spells, she never wavered in her sense of priorities. On a Sunday in Plains, as the campaign headed into hell-on-wheels, she cooked dinner for her relatives—ham with pineapple, black-eyed peas, home-baked pies. In the long low grey-green and brick house, almost camouflaged among tall trees, that Sunday morning while the family was at church the comics were spread on the living-room floor, a copy of *Eleanor and Franklin* lay open on a living-room chair, an unfinished bowl of cold cereal remained on the breakfast table.

In the Governor's study—half paneling, half books—stood two desks, one an old roll-top, suggesting it might have belonged to Jimmy's father, James Earl Carter, senior, and a large flat desk with, among other things, a small American flag and a glass with Tweety Bird painted on it. In the room around it: a handsome ship model, a globe of the world, a grandfather clock, and a painting of Rosalynn with Amy. The interior of the house was a portrait of small town and great hopes.

On a wall in this Plains house hangs a poem written to Jimmy by his daughter-in-law Judy on the occasion of his powerful Law Day speech at the University of Georgia in May, a poem framed along with his response. Judy's words read in part, "It was not, you could say, a pretty speech/or nice or statesmanlike or even, doom of dooms, OK. . . ." They end, "A gentle, crooked finger pointed/We saw our faces and we were ashamed."

In his hand-written reply her father-in-law, the next President of the United States, finished with these words: "I read your poem—or tried to read/through welling tears/And knew that minds *plus* hearts assuage my fears."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD AVEDON



People are talking about...

DIANA VREELAND

JACQUELINE ONASSIS

THOMAS HOVING

COLONEL SERGE OBOLENSKY

COUNT VAVA ADLERBERG

and

what they have in common:



Splendor from Russia

FOR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
SEE PAGE 238

Peak year for exhibitions, this 1976. And now Diana Vreeland puts on a show, *The Glory of Russian Costume* —a splendor of never-before-seen-in-America eighteenth-, nineteenth-century clothes, accessories selected in the U.S.S.R. to be seen in New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, where Mrs. V. is Special Consultant to The Costume Institute. In conjunction with "The Glory,"

Jacqueline Onassis has edited a life-was-like-that book, *In the Russian Style:* on-the-spot views, costumes (the sampling on these pages, the following are all from The Viking Press published book), an anthology of we-were-there quotations. . . . On the next pages, Mrs. Vreeland, Mrs. Onassis give us glimpses of their pursuit of Imperial Russia in the Soviet Union; Thomas Hoving, Director of the Met, talks about Mrs. V., Mrs. O. in action: "The Glory" is the latest in the five-part exchange-of-treasures series Hoving negotiated with Soviet officials. And Colonel Serge Obolensky, Count Vava Adlerberg, octogenarian Russian highborns, tell what it was like in that Imperial past which Diana Vreeland and Jacqueline Onassis found present in the U.S.S.R. today.—L.L.

"Life," says Count Adlerberg, "was always very gay in the country." Full of games, like in the "Blindman's Bluff" photograph above, taken c. 1870. "It's interesting," says Mrs. Onassis, "because you rarely see photographs of the bourgeoisie."



DIANA VREELAND

"The Russians are the most marvelous conservators. I mean, the way things have been squandered all over the world—but *not* in Russia! So we start out in Leningrad and I see extraordinary things. Here, and in Moscow—all in such miraculous condition . . . Catherine the Great's coronation dress, Elizabeth I's—her dress is so beautiful, you can't believe. And Peter the Great's boots! He was tremendous. I'm mad about him.

"And then in palaces I saw galleries full of paintings of pretty girls—what they call the 'rich peasants'—girls of the countryside. When I say rich, I mean enormous wealth—I mean solid pearl headdresses and clothes of brocade and gold lace, ravishing, wonderful materials. They're made entirely on their own lines, a totally native style—sumptuous clothes. And your eye picks up —everywhere—a dash of red: a lovely red bow tied on a bodice or a handkerchief tied with a red ribbon—terribly pretty. And beautiful earrings and gold lace sleeves. It looks very Ruritania. . . .

"The Russians seem to have the most enormous collections: jewels, crowns, coins, clothes, everything. I think very, very little of that was lost in the Revolution. You can't miss the splendor in Russia. You don't know how much the people love their treasures, appreciate their museums!"



JACQUELINE ONASSIS

"What has always fascinated me, whether it's Greece, ancient Egypt, or the French court, is making the past come alive. In Russia, we saw late-nineteenth-century photographs —and the sense of doom comes closer. You see more and more uniforms. You have the feeling it's all about to go under. I think Proust said, 'When you see one great Duchess, you see thirty-two.' Whenever I see a Palace—a past—it all comes back. . . . Diana sees Cossacks jumping through Rembrandts. I see that, too; but I also feel this sense of oppression.

"The restorations the Russians undertake—they're so proud of them. We went to Pavlovsk, and we were received in the curator's rooms in the back, once servants' quarters which the Empress used because they were the warmest part of this immense palace. We had tea, and they used lovely china with a cabbage-leaf pattern on it. They got it



It was, that pre-1917 Russia, related to our antebellum South: we had slaves; the Russians, serfs. The serfs did everything from hard labor to playing in estate orchestras to making exquisite dresses like the satin one above with its intricately fringed lace shawl.

out for us—just for us—and the last time it had been used was for Kaiser Wilhelm!

"Every night we'd go to bed with bleeding feet. Well, you go with Tom Hoving, and it's the only way to go. He makes jokes—the Russians all laugh when they see him coming. They treated us wonderfully. Whatever we saw, when they saw we were interested, they told us more and more. We got so fascinated that we stayed on and on and ran late everywhere. The one night we went out—to the Circus—we fell asleep!

"In Russia, they have a long, long past that's alive. They're proud of it. In Leningrad, on a train, in a taxi, at the hairdresser, you hear Tchaikovsky's music pouring out. We went to a palace, and the woman who met us was cold at first. Then later she warmed up, and what she said was very moving: 'Those people may have been bad, but thank God they lived that way, because otherwise we would never know.' . . . It isn't what's elegant that interests me—it's life."

The stock apologia for extravagant parties is: "We are making work for so many." And that was said in 1903, when the most costly ball of all was held in the Czar's Winter Palace in soon-to-be-strife-fraught St. Petersburg. Everyone came in sixteenth-, seventeenth-century costumes: it took over a year to make them. "They ruined themselves on their clothes—used masses of real jewels," says Jacqueline Onassis. Typical: at-the-time photographs of Grand Duchess Marie, above left, Grand Duke Mikhail, right.

It was a world of extremes: official decorations in gold, diamonds, enamel (Badge of the Order of Saint Catherine,' right) and earthy gypsy dancers, left, to divert the decorated.

People are talking about...

Splendor from Russia



THOMAS HOVING

"My first impression of Diana in Russia . . . we were talking to the ministers. Diana came into the room. She sat down. She just looked. Then they talked to her and she exploded—with enthusiasm. And then they all got excited. They said how, for twenty years, they had been wanting to do a thing like this. After Diana talked to them—she has a sense of dramatic timing—I knew right then that the chemistry, the mix, we had was good. We were off!

"Jackie got involved because she was editing this book for Viking. . . . Diana said she had gotten lists from the Soviets and that they weren't including certain things. She asked me to go to see if I could get them to send what was missing. Then she said, 'By the way, Jackie is doing this book and wants to go to Russia to get a feel for the country—she's never been there.'

"Well, Jacqueline Onassis had done her homework. She knew a hell of a lot. And she was like any other curator. She kept punctilious lists. And she wore pants and a sweater—she knew we'd be on the move all of the time and we were.

"There's no question that Jackie's knowledge, her presence encouraged the Soviets to add certain things to their lists. . . . I was with people I'd known in Russia for four years, but this time I was with Jackie. One day, at a meeting, suddenly a French word popped up. She started speaking French, and we found that everyone spoke perfect French, and it made everything much easier. It was a revelation in communication. And this will have a definite effect for the future."

(Continued on page 238)



COLONEL SERGE OBOLENSKY

"My regiment was the Third Regiment of the Guards—it was formed under Peter the Great. We were all officers—used as a bodyguard. So at Court functions we always stood, at the great parades, in full dress—white uniforms, double-headed silver eagle helmets. . . . And when the women were all together, in their Court dress . . . red and gold and white satin and their diamond brooches and their *kokochniks* [headdresses] shimmering with pearls, and their trains—so important.

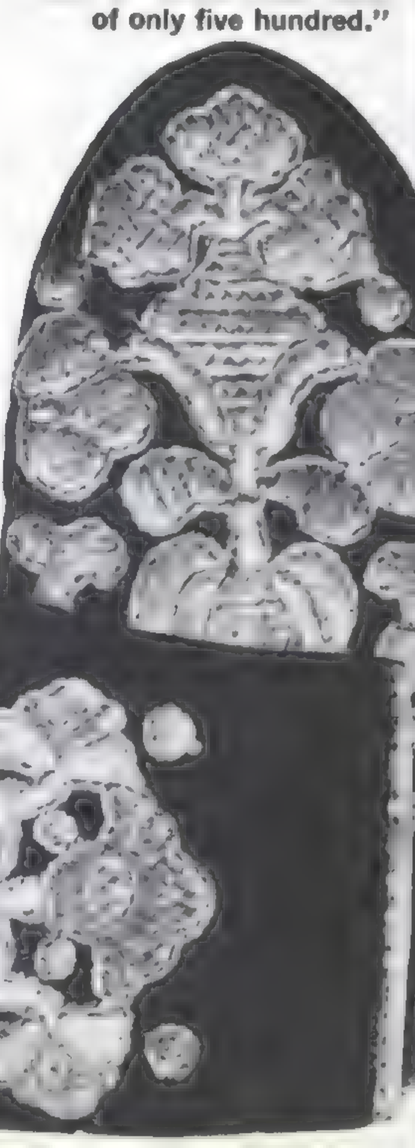
"I had a cousin married to a secretary at the Embassy in London, and I was going home, on holiday from Oxford where I was studying, and she asked me to bring a parcel to her, from St. Petersburg. It was a train, an enormous train. And I had to go through three customs! I was never so mad. But my cousin was delighted. And every time the Diplomatic Corps went out officially, she put on *her* uniform. . . .

"Life was very lavish and very simple. I'll tell you something funny. We all had wooden spoons, and we used to carry them in our boots. So the Emperor always had a wooden spoon—made by Fabergé."



Americans see Russia through master writers' eyes: Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Chekhov, Tolstoy. Above, a Russian 1870 photograph—could be Anna Karenina giving alms to beggars: they were ubiquitous. Right and below, other staples of the Imperial Russian scene: a pearl-dripping, preciously jeweled "kokochnik"; pearl-and-gold massively embroidered silk-and-velvet mittens.

Official daytime "uniform," right, for Court ladies. "The length of the train," says eyewitness Adlerberg, "depended on the position of the wearer." The uniform was worn to weddings, baptisms, even to "small Court balls of only five hundred."



FOR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS SEE PAGE 238



CHANTAL BLONDEAU

French hero of both thought and action (latest biography, by Axel Madsen, William Morrow), André Malraux—above, with Lustrée, one of two cats at his house—has been writer, archaeologist, soldier, art historian, statesman, novelist (1928 "The Conquerors," now translated by Stephen Becker and reissued by Holt, Rinehart and Winston). Such a man is able to understand and to accept his place in the world of cats. Right: Malraux cat drawing; far right: Lustrée on Malraux's desk.



Two ravishing and meditative felines choose one of France's most extraordinary intellects to interpret cat lore to the world

AN INTERVIEW BY CLAUDINE VERNIER-PALLIEZ

Cats, whether from Abyssinia or Persia, have been landmarks along the road of André Malraux's life and work. When the author scribbles a hasty note, when he writes a dedication or signs an autograph, he sketches silhouettes of cats. On the street, he turns aside to caress them; at home, he loves to take them on his knee and make much of them. Day in, day out, his two cat companions, Lustrée and Fourrure (in English, Gloss and Fur), are by his side. They attend him, they watch him, they comfort him. This is why Claudine Vernier-Palliez wanted to have them talk, to lend them the inimitable voice that would transport them from inner-sanctum privacy into history. And one morning, a telephone call came to *L'Express* from Verrières-le-Buisson: "Hello! Malraux's cats speaking. . . ." An appointment was made. The conversation lasted two hours.

Malraux's study looks out over the park that surrounds the Château de Verrières—a cat's paradise, for its centuries-old trees shelter generations of birds. A work table faces the window; scattered over it, but not in disorder, are a pen, an eraser, a magnifying glass, and a few sheets of paper covered with odd handwriting, rather like fly specks yet vigorous and clear. Even the tiniest nook in the room contains objects that have come from the ends of the earth. The study is a museum of the barbaric, the eclectic, the sumptuous: a Tibetan crown fashioned of turquoises, Caledonian masks, primitive paintings, voodoo fetishes brought back from a recent trip to Haiti, sculptures of cats from all periods and in all materials.

Here Malraux—seventy-six, eschewing alcohol, eschewing cigarettes, his face now full and free of tics—is completing his work with the serenity of the Khmer Buddhas that ornament his desk.

He is seated. Upright, attentive, comfortable in a tweed jacket. Lustrée, the plump black cat with mint-green eyes, purrs on his knees.

Malraux is intrigued. "Am I the first cat you have interviewed?" he asks.

"Yes."

He smiles, a vaguely mocking Buddha. "If you question my cats, they will tell you nothing but cat tales."

Lustrée cocks one pointed ear in the direction of the tape recorder.

"My cats have asked me to act as their interpreter when they talk with you. For me, it's a great honor. Lustrée's come to listen, and she will report on our conversation to her friend Fourrure, who is out hunting. But what cheek to be chasing after field mice when she's stuffed!"

"She doesn't eat them?"

"She brings them to me as gifts. When she fetches in a field mouse, she meows and meows until I thank her for the tribute. Then, pffft, off she goes."

"To bring in more field mice?"

"No, to meditate. When I questioned General de Gaulle about his faith, he made a characteristic gesture—as if he were brushing off flies—and he said, 'Kittens play, cats meditate.' "

Malraux has risen to his feet, his arms are spread wide. When he speaks of the General, he imitates his gestures and his voice.

"How did De Gaulle get along with cats?"

"When I asked him that, he thought for a moment and then he said 'I don't frighten them.' In earlier years, he had been very friendly with a big German shepherd. Then he had a blue-grey Chartreux. That was a superb cat with a very distinguished name, but Mme. de Gaulle preferred to call him Grigri. Grigri got along with the General by dint of flattery. The General was enchanted to have a cat who was not afraid of him and who even showed him great respect. Finally, he told himself, here was a cat in his own image, an exceptional cat, a *seigneur* cat."

"Were they alike?"

"They were accomplices. They worked things out together. In Colombey, the General used to take a two-hour walk alone every day, and the cat would follow him. Very rare that. Cats do not follow men. They sometimes accompany them. Twenty yards ahead or behind. A cat followed me once. It was during the Occupation, and I was trying to slip over the demarcation line between the two Frances. The cat's presence made the Germans curious. He very nearly got me captured."

"Perhaps he was watching over you."

"Perhaps. The way Grigri must have watched over De Gaulle. Actually, Grigri was fascinated by this General who so loved the praises of his cat. When I asked De Gaulle a question he didn't want to answer, he would say, 'You'll have to ask the cat.'

"I told De Gaulle my theory about the Battle of Agincourt. Tradition has it that the French archers were unable to use their bows because they had no covers for them and the bows had become slack, whereas the English archers had covers. But if one thinks about it, there is another explanation. In those days, Europe was overrun by great packs of rats. The English got the idea of defending themselves against the rat invaders by conscripting cats. Hordes of rats would skirt the English encampment, not for fear of the cats but because they did not like their scent. The rats devoured the greased bowstrings of the French but did not touch the bows of the English, which were guarded by sentinel cats. Ergo, Frenchmen who fought at Agincourt were conquered by cats.

"Just imagine—what if today rat carriers of the black plague were to arrive in Paris and someone gave you a thousand cats with which to bar the road between Verrières and Paris, how would you go about making them fall into line? A puzzlement. . . . But it's true that cats played a big role in combating the plague.

"Wherever the plague rages, people attribute powers to cats that they do not have. People are persuaded that rats can scent cats a half mile away. The truth is, when the rat carriers brought the black plague to France, they'd never seen a cat. And, just as microbes tell microbe stories among themselves, when the army of cats moved into action, the grapevine must have begun to function among the rats. I do think that among those troops there must have been a rat or two who had already encountered a cat. Either the cat had finished off the rat, or the rat had smelled the cat. In a word, they were already acquainted. So, when the rats arrived at the gates of a

(Continued on page 237)



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REGINALD GRAY

Hello!
Malraux's cats
speaking...



People are talking about...

THE GREATEST

Porgy & Bess

Production

How do you solve, in these mid-'70's, a problem like George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, which for forty-one years seemed a mix of genius-sprung song hits, dated racial attitudes—a hybrid work, part pretentious would-be opera, part dazzle-razzle musical comedy? If you are break-precedents producer Sherwin M. Goldman and the Houston Grand Opera, you make one basic, revolutionary decision: do "Porgy" as it has never been done before—do it the way George Gershwin wrote it; people it with great singing actors (left to right) Larry Marshall, Sportin' Life; Donnie Ray Albert, Porgy; Clamma Dale, Bess; Andrew Smith, Crown.

Results: *Porgy and Bess* emerges as the greatest American opera (Gershwin boasted, "I've just written the greatest opera since *Parsifal*!") and an almost unknown, willow-wand, sensuous storm of a girl soars to fame. "She moves," a Broadway first-nighter said of Clamma Dale, "like Judith Jamison. She looks like Tamara Dobson. And, by the way, she sings like Leontyne Price."

Clamma Dale is the most remarkable singing actress since Maria Callas. "A new breed, that's what I am," says Clamma. "And there's a lot of things I want to do—musicals, films, TV. In two years *La Traviata;* in six, *Tosca*"—Clamma is already a member of The New York City Opera Company. "I want to do it all." And, of course, she will—with fabulous intelligence, wit, and style—like this Bess and her Porgy.

You watch these people in their onstage Catfish Row and you realize that these Black actors have a new way of seeing themselves, even as you, their audience, have a new way of seeing them. And suddenly George Gershwin's work transcends itself, becomes universal. That's what's really different about *Porgy and Bess* in '76.



AVEDON



The Prince of

Warner LeRoy shines. Like his favorite crystal prism, shooting brilliant colored light in every direction, this child of the movies, man of the theater, restaurateur extraordinaire embellishes any spot he lands in. Decorated by him in an out-of-time and beyond-taste period existing only in his head (but drawn from Victorian England, 'twenties Paris, 'thirties U.S.A.), the restaurant/bar/café Maxwell's Plum and transformed Tavern on the Green are LeRoy's public entertainments in New York: Great Adventure is his outdoor extravaganza in New Jersey. Just as overpowering is the very private two-story apartment where he lives with three children, his English wife Kay (more about her, page 124): a place where the eye is not just drawn but hammer-locked and stunned by possessions—top-flight paintings and low-life-y Folies posters, extraordinary sculptures (Continued)

Left: Warner and Kay LeRoy embrace a Paul Mozes-carved wooden stag in reopened Tavern on the Green in New York's Central Park; Warner's suit of sequins and '30's bugle beads from Brooks-Van Horn Costume Company's circus department (he tried to buy an elephant's blanket); Kay's dress by Koos Van Den Akker.

Flash!

Warner LeRoy—whose wide-screen imagination turns restaurants into fantasy see-sites—reveals the private glamour behind his public glitter



Above: Important paintings and sculpture—by Vasarely (left wall), Roy Lichtenstein, Giacomo Balla, and Frank Stella—reflect Warner's preoccupation with faceting color; Art Nouveau statues on lacquered-linen table-top. Insets: Details of Warner LeRoy's gleaming sequin suit, plus his "Henry VIII insanity"—an intricately constructed costume of painted and tie-dyed velvet, marvelously encrusted with shells, beads, and lace; designed for him by Ben Compton.

1

2

3

4

5

In the Warner and Kay LeRoy apartment, everything glimmers, gleams, shocks, grabs—nothing just sits there, not even a sofa, and especially not the likes of an amber (yes, amber) Waterford crystal chandelier **(1)** *over the sparkle-and-lace dining table (Kay LeRoy's recipes begin on page 124) surrounded by splashy poster designs: left, Cheret; right, Geismar—or the entrance hall's Art Nouveau porcelain urn* **(2),** *its vital lines growing right up to the plume-burst Geismar Folies poster and rampant wallpaper. The whole family rollicks in a vibrant room* **(3)** *with paintings by Warhol, Dubuffet, Kisling; posters; and—on the mantel—statues by the greatest of the Art Deco sculptors, Chiparus: intricate combinings of silver, brass, ivory—painted and inlaid. In the vast and comforting kitchen* **(4),** *Kay; Max (for Maxwell's), one; Bridget, thirteen; Carolyn, four; and Warner—wearing the simpler clothes he affects when he's not "part of the show." When he's "on," showman LeRoy turns out in brilliant printed velvet suit* **(5)** *tailored by Meledandri; his vest, an Eastern gilt brocade. Indigenous Victorian mantelpiece* **(6)** *focuses the brilliance of Venetian mirror, two Tiffany lamps (left, rare trumpet-vine design), 1920's sculptures by Rivière of silver, ivory, and gilt. In front of bold Roy Lichtenstein painting at right, vases with unique three-dimensional designs, made in Limoges by a painter named Fauré, who never revealed his enameling secrets.*

DUANE MICHALS

The Prince of Flash!

"Everything here is part of my research; for ideas, for creativity, for enjoyment"

(Continued) and overwrought furniture—all in peril of replacement in the onrush of LeRoy inspiration. (An elaborate "Moorish" dining room was "struck" like any LeRoy stage set after a single dinner party.) Warner LeRoy's home is his idea factory.

Pale-eyed, mouse-haired, of intermediate stature and intermittent fattitude, super-voltaged Warner LeRoy seems in headlong dash even when he's sitting down; constantly moving his hands, his body, speaking gently and to the point, he expresses his drive to make everything more entertaining.

After ten years in the theater (producing, directing, writing), the son of movie producer-director Mervyn LeRoy and grandson of producer Harry M. Warner gave his next ten years to restaurants and to entertainment-and-animal parks, with the big-big-biggest park on its way: "After that I'll probably move on to another field," he said, "if you don't enjoy it, it's not worth doing."

GROWING GOLD

BY W.B. HARRIS

Whether you call them daffodils, narcissus, jonquils, or daffadowndilly, these alchemist flowers —with just a little help— can gild the land

Daffodils, the first show flowers of spring, are one of mankind's oldest delights. Homer sang of them in his *Hymn to Demeter;* and, centuries before him, the Egyptians used them in wreaths that remarkably have been preserved in tombs three-thousand years old. These ancient flowers were a species called Tazetta, a white bunch-flowered daffodil that Pluto turned to gold when he captured the sleeping Persephone with a garland of them in her hair. Perhaps this could be called a divine mutation. In any event, we now have white and yellow Tazettas, as well as many others, none of them hardy but a joy to those who live in frost-free climates that will not allow the kinds of narcissus we Northerners know.

A major problem almost everyone, including fanciers, has is with the name of these flowers: are they properly called Daffodils or Narcissus? The answer, and it is approved by horticultural authorities in the English-speaking world, is that either is correct. Daffodil is their English name. There are Daffodil societies in England and America. Narcissus is the Latin name given the genus by Linneaus, who simplified horticultural nomenclature in 1753. He used Latin, for it was the scientific language that other scientists of his time understood.

Narcissus or Daffodil can be written correctly with or without a capital letter when the genus is being discussed generally, but only *Narcissus* (italics plus the capital) is correct botanical usage. The name "daffodil" originated in England, and rather recently, for there were many spelling variations ranging from Asphodel to Daffadowndilly, which I called them when learning to talk, not because I was in the least precocious but because I undoubtedly had heard it from a great-grandfather who came from England. Many believe the word "Narcissus" comes from the name of that handsome Greek youth in Ovid's *Metamorphoses,* so enamored of his looks that he drowned while admiring his reflection in a pool and was changed into a flower forever growing and nodding at its own reflection beside a stream of water. Probably not so, for Narcissus was the name of the flower long before Ovid; also, narcissus detest having wet feet. Ovid was retelling a Greek story. That language has the word "narke" from which comes the word "narcotic."

Pliny, another Roman author, interested not in poetry but in scientifically developing texts on matters pertaining to natural history, flatly stated that narcissus got its name because of the narcotic quality of its scent. Sophocles called them "the garland of great infernal gods, because they that are (Continued on page 232)



Early Bride

Lemon Beauty

The most romantic turn to dressing in years

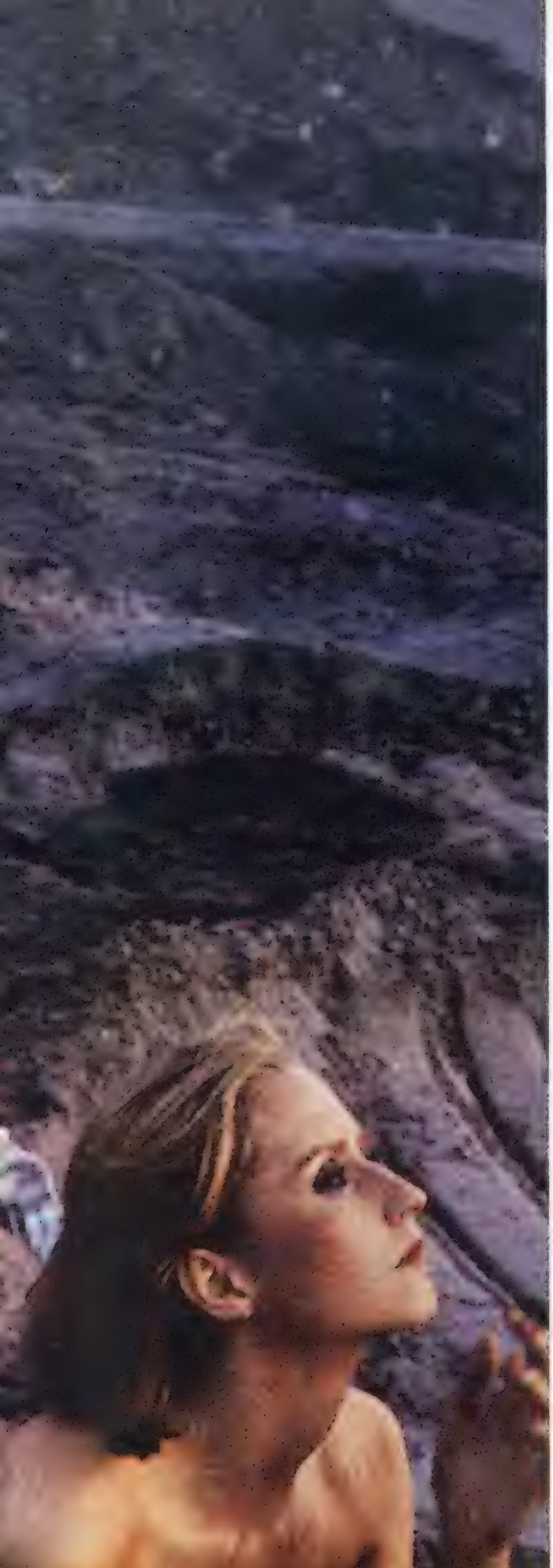


...It has to do with wearing fragrance all the time...with a new straplessness that goes all the time. And charming touches—from unexpected color to embroidery to a perfect little shawl... starting here, and running through the next six pages

The new straplessness from Bill Blass, *far left*—and the surprise of wonderful color for evening: his bare small-fitting top in ice-blue crinkle crêpe with a lavender cummerbund that wraps and ties at the waist, and full skirt in acid-green peau de soie. Dress, of Abraham Silks fabric, about $650. Martha; Wanamaker's; John Baldwin; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. **Oscar de la Renta's romantic peasant,** *left*— the soft, sheer ivory chiffon top with lace inserts and full taffeta skirt embroidered with charming little blue and lilac flowers. Top, of polyester chiffon; (Kabat Textiles); skirt, of silk (American Silk Mills). About $610. Late-Dec., Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; Lillie-Rubin South and West; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; Robinson's, California. . . . When you're dressing this way and thinking romantic fragrance, don't think it always has to be moonlight-and-roses romantic. Newer, brighter—Cardin—the modern turn on a romantic floral blend—it gets the message across fast!... Hair, by Marc Pipino; makeup, Sandra of Xavier New York. Accessories, next to last page.

Beauty always





Beauty always

If you want all-out romance in the most understated, unsyrupy way, *far left:* Geoffrey Beene's silky strapless heathery-grey jersey dress, knotted on top, with a knotted Empire drawstring—simple, modern ...romantic! Of rayon-and-silk jersey. Jasco Fabrics. About $470. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin.

The romantic turn to pyjama dressing—straplessness!—*foreground:* John Anthony's side-slit tunic in silky pale-peanut jersey—it just ties on top, floats over narrow matching pants. Of Dacron (Klopman Mills). About $220. Martha; Woodward & Lothrop; Woolf Brothers; Marie Leavell; Bullock's Wilshire.

There's something very romantic about a small waist and soft skirt...about a tiny-dot print, *left:* the wrap-and-tie strapless dress from Bill Blass in pindotted terracotta silk, with a wonderful little shawl to cover bare shoulders. About $680. Late Dec., Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; John Baldwin; Stanley Korshak; Miss Jackson's; Neiman-Marcus. To order, I. Magnin....If your idea of romance includes a little adventure, a little change every now and then: an exciting new fragrance to try for day and evening: Houbigant's Essence Rare. It's a blend of 200 ingredients (a modern perfumer has 4,000 to pick from!) including most-wanted Bulgarian rose, jasmine, hyacinth, with green and mossy notes....Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

FRAGRANCE GUIDE

Which came first— your perfume, his cologne?

It almost goes without saying that fragrance fits right in with the mood on these pages. What's more interesting—and romantic!—the relationship between men's and women's fragrances, about which you'll be reading here and on the next four pages....The modern fragrance boom for men started after World War II in sneaky ways—a scented shaving lotion here, a body talc there. Finally—a cologne, most often a gift from you-know-who. Today men do a lot of their own choosing and have a lot more to choose from, including fragrances both men and women share—usually something light and citrusy. But there is another kind of his-and-hers fragrance—scents that are very very close, though not exact copies (they aren't meant to be). They're sort of "brother/sister" fragrances—in some cases, the men's fragrance came first; in some, the women's; in some cases, the sources are different. In all cases—if you like one, you will like the other which is a very good, reliable guide to giving and wearing

"BROTHER/SISTER" FRAGRANCES

WOMEN'S	MEN'S
AMBUSH	CANOE
CABOCHARD	ARAMIS
CORIANDRE	MONSIEUR JOVAN
WHITE SHOULDERS	THE BARON
DIORELLA	EAU SAUVAGE

Something in the air

straplessness

FRAGRANCE GUIDE

What's what

Besides " brother-sister" scents, there's another easy way to sort out which of the men's and women's fragrances you're most likely to like—by following the perfume chart, *below*. For instance, if you like green scents, chances are that you'll like greens on a man, too—and you'll probably also like things a step away on either side: the lighter citrus scents, and the crisp masculines. (For exactly which perfumes fall into which categories, see the next page—then you'll know it all.)

WOMEN'S FRAGRANCES	LIGHT ↓ HEAVY	MEN'S FRAGRANCES
CITRUS		CITRUS
GREEN		GREEN
(NO EQUIVALENT)		CRISP MASCULINE
ROMANTIC FLORALS		(NO EQUIVALENT)
HEADY FLORAL		FLORAL
WOODY		WOODY
CHYPRE		CHYPRE
ORIENTAL		ORIENTAL

The definitions

CITRUS
Fragrances taken from lemon, orange, and bergamot trees...can also include lime, tangerine, mandarine, and even grapefruit Their chief distinction is the fresh and light notes they impart.

GREEN
Probably offers the most variations, depending upon how one perceives green. It can be leafy, it can be forest-like, it can be earthy, it can be reminiscent of fresh-cut foliage. In almost every case it is definitely fresh and sparkling

CRISP MASCULINE
Striking blend of fresh citrus, spice, and herbs built on a full-bodied dry base. The dryness imparts a clean, refreshing spirit to the overall character of the composition

ROMANTIC FLORALS
Usually a blend of several flowers, with no one particular flower predominating. Definite floral feeling, which is extremely well blended to create an overall impression with great resonance.

FLORAL
Single floral note predominating—lavender, for example. The essence of the blossom, whether a straight flower or a fruit blossom

HEADY FLORAL
A harmonious blend of many flower essences with overtones of musk, ambergris, or another Oriental characteristic to make the effect more pungent and heady

WOODY
Fresher and less sweet than florals, but not as dry as the green fragrances. Generally linked with the aroma of freshly cut dry sandalwood or fibrous roots such as vetivert

CHYPRE (she-pre)
A warm, mossy combination of rich, woody character with a full, long-lasting depth of vitality, accomplished by a blending of bergamot, oakmoss, and amber notes.

ORIENTAL
Usually prepared with musk, civet, and ambergris, which results in a long-lasting, warm, spicy, and heavy fragrance. For men it is more pungent and smoky, less voluptuous.

Beauty always

Strapless for day—it's part of the new romance, *right foreground:* on the beach/around a pool, it's the charm of a slit, silky, jungle-y print coverup tied over a matching tiny bikini. Leonard Fashion of Paris. Nylon coverup (which also works as a skirt), about $200; nylon-and-spandex bikini, about $75. Late Dec., Bergdorf Goodman; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Miss Jackson's; Michelle, Scottsdale, Ariz.; I. Magnin. **For days/little dinners, one of the prettiest short dresses,** *center right*—strapless white crepe with string-ties flirting at the top and the waist—and with a matching jacket, not seen here, but when you need it, it's there. Dress and jacket, Kasper for Joan Leslie; rayon crepe (American Silk Mills). About $180. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Higbee's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. **Easy-evening strapless,** *far right*—a quick jumpsuit in fluid terra-cotta jersey that feels wonderful sliding against skin. Harriet Selwyn's Fragments; Qiana nylon jersey. $115. At Lord & Taylor. Hair, makeup: Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.... Don't be surprised if you're thinking of lush, romantic perfumes like White Shoulders—for day. With clothes like these, it isn't just a lovely surprise—it's right.

Something in the air

bare shoulders

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE



Beauty always

FRAGRANCE GUIDE

Naming names

Now that you know that it's a woody scent you want—or a citrus an Oriental whatever—here's how to find it name by name below some specific designs that fit the categories we've been discussing on the last 6 pages

WOMEN'S FRAGRANCES

CITRUS
Ciara
Eau de Givenchy
Eau de Lavie
Eau de Patou
Eau Fraîche (Jovan)
Eve de Lauder
Love's Fresh Lemon
Ô de Lancôme
Quorum
Tosca 4711

GREEN
Allage
Brazen
Cardin
Charlie
Emprise
Fidji
Halston
Norell
Windsong Breezy

ROMANTIC FLORALS
Amarige
Arpege
Aviance
Babe
Bita
Cerruti 1
Chanel No. 5
Essence Rare
Fidji
Fleurs de Rocaille
Joy
L'Air du Temps
Unspoken
Youth Dew

HEADY FLORAL
White Shoulders
Chloé
Fracas
Jontue
My Sin
Tabiana

WOODY
Cinnabar
Cabochard
Chanel No. 19
Enigma
Interdite
Madame Rochas
Norell
Sex Appeal for Women

CHYPRE
Cabochard
Cerruti
Aquarius
Azurée
Azzaro
Bandit
Cachet
Empreinte
Femme
Intimate
Miss Dior

ORIENTAL
Ambush
Bal à Versailles
Chamade
Chantilly
Ciara
Heaven Scent
Hope
Jicky
Replique
Royal Secret
Shalimar
Tabu
Tigress
Youth Dew

MEN'S FRAGRANCES

CITRUS
Eau Sauvage
Aramis 1 Century
Chaps for Men
Cologne Impériale
Jean Marie Farina
4711
Nomad
Serenity
YSL

GREEN
Drakkar
Grass Oil for Men
Grey Flannel
Halston Z-14
Royal Pub

CRISP MASCULINE
Aramis Black Suede
Bogart
Captain Molyneux
Gucci
Monsieur Rochas
Paco Rabanne

FLORAL
The Baron

WOODY
Aramis Any Fragrance
Bora
Bo Brasil
Chaz
Givenchy Gentleman
Man Trumph
Sandalwood for Men
Yatagan

CHYPRE
Aramis
Monsieur Jovan
Black Tie
Bragg
Cent
Halston 1-12
Kanon
Realm

ORIENTAL
Canoe
British Sterling
Brut
Pierre Cardin
Hai Karate
Jade East
Macho
Roman Brio
Sex Appeal for Men

Off-the-shoulder, the slide of a cover-up, *right*—a big, Provençal border-print peasant top, elasticized at the neck—a soft, very leggy way to cover a bikini. Bikini and top, Cole of California's "Beach and Beyond" by Bob Mackie, in cotton. Bikini, about $28. Coverup, about $50. Bergdorf Goodman; Higbee's; Jacobson's; Dayton's; Bullock's

On the beach (easy evenings—everywhere this summer!), the romance of long tiered peasant skirts, *opposite*—with a twist with the black cotton drawstring tiers, *center*, the twist is wearing it with a bright purple bikini, sashing it with color. Donna Karan for Anne Klein & Co. Skirt, about $92; Antron nylon-Lycra bikini, about $32. Late Dec., Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; John Baldwin; Marie Leavell; Bullock's. With the three-tiered green georgette, *far right*—the twist of a deep-plunged fuchsia maillot and sleek, bold modern!—touches of gold Donna Karan for Anne Klein & Co. Maillot, in Antron nylon-Lycra, about $34; rayon skirt, about $200. Late Dec., Bergdorf Goodman; John Baldwin; Bullock's; Nordstrom; Liberty House, Hawaii.

To remember about fragrance: it's no longer *verboten* to wear perfume on the beach the bergamot base that used to cause a sun reaction is now synthetic—so don't be timid. Try something unexpected, unbeachy—something a little heady, like Revlon's floral woody Ciara. On these pages, hair by Mark Pipino; makeup, Sandra for Xavier New York.

Something in the air

beach peasants

DEBORAH TURBEVILLE





learn from a woman

what a man needs to know about skin care

What most men believe today: that their skin problems all stem from two facts. They have—they think—tough beards and tender skins. Not true. What is true, however—incredible as it may sound: *A man faces more skin problems and shows signs of aging faster than a woman does simply because he doesn't have the know-how to take care of his skin.* The unfortunate result: more sun damage, more skin cancer, more acne-scarring in men. . . . **One example of a man's misinformation:** What a man thinks is a "tough" beard—one that's hard to shave because it has strong, thick hair—isn't tough for that reason alone. What also makes a beard hard to remove, according to Robert Auerbach, M.D., associate professor of dermatology, New York University College of Medicine, is multidirectional growth. Meaning: facial hair can grow from follicles in every direction, making close shaving difficult and increasing the chance of ingrown hair. . . . Re hair in general, though, men are much more astute. There's a new kind of thinking—an awareness—men have about hair. And **there isn't a man today who cares about the way he looks who doesn't know what a woman's hairdresser can do for his hair.** Cases in point: the Seligman & Latz Fresh-Up Lounges at the Democratic and Republican National Conventions this year, where as many men as women had their hair cut and styled. The Trimmers salon at Sanger-Harris, Dallas, got the same kind of response when they offered to care for the hair needs of the Dallas Blackhawks hockey team—every one of the eighteen men who play for the Blackhawks signed up. . . . It stands to reason that **if a man knows the value of a good haircut and what a blow dryer, for instance, can do for his hair, he shouldn't balk at the thought of a regular skin-care regime.** It could do for his skin what a good hair-care program does for his hair—improve its looks, keep it conditioned, and in shape. *Note:* We're not talking excessive vanity, either. **Healthy skin is the point.** According to dermatologist Richard Schweitzer, M.D., Beverly Hills, California: "The primary reason I see more sun damage and more skin cancer among men than I do among women is that a greater percentage of men work out-of-doors and do nothing to protect their skin." *What we've said—will continue to say—to a woman, now we say to a man: Whenever you go into the sun, sunscreen is a must.* . . . **Note: Men increase the chance of photosensitive reaction** as they use more cologne. According to Dr. Auerbach: "At one time, photosensitivity rarely was seen in a man, but it is now more common than ever. . . ." **Acne: another serious skin problem men face** (more often as teenagers, sometimes as adults). "The average male case of acne," says Dr. Auerbach, "is worse than a woman's because acne is related to androgenic action, specifically testosterone, which is the male hormone. A severe case of acne can result in scarring. And when skin is scarred in the area of the beard, it destroys hair follicles and leaves a bald spot." The best treatment for acne, according to Dr. Auerbach, is one that involves several treatments at one time. "No treatment," he says, "works alone. The most successful acne treatment used today is astringent, to lessen blackheads and whiteheads, combined with the application of a topical antibiotic and the drainage and injection of cysts." . . . **A man should take care of winter skin itch.** "It is more common in men than women," says Dr. Schweitzer, "and appears frequently on legs." The reason women suffer less from winter itch than do men: Women usually use an emollient after a shower or bath. Says Dr. Schweitzer: "Men should always use a lubricating cream. They suffer more from dryness after the age of fifty and need to replenish the lost moisture after bathing." And because most men shower rather than bathe, water should never be too hot—it's another contributing factor to dry skin in men.

A man faces more skin problems, shows signs of aging skin faster than a woman does....The reason—surprising as it may seem: simply that a man doesn't know how to take care of his skin.

a basic regime... it's so easy

How a man should take care of his skin—the same way a woman has been doing it for years....The guidelines—for everyone—are the same.

The way a woman takes care of her skin today, the way a man should: with a simple, effective method of cleansing skin, followed with a moisturizer for replenishment. The goal: clean, supple, healthy-looking skin. That's the kind of thinking that went into the development of the first skin-care program for men, just out this month: Clinique Skin Supplies for Men. "They're based," says Carol Phillips, Clinique executive vice president and general manager, "on the Clinique system for women—a three-step, three-minute, three-product cleansing routine for four types of skin that works for a man the way it does for a woman." The only difference—a step-up in formula to care for the slight difference in a man's skin.

Clean, healthy skin—the kind of skin you see here at right, for a man, for a woman. What it takes to get skin looking that good, what makes sense: simple cleansing with soap and water (in this case, Clinique Soap, either Regular or Extra-Strength), followed by something (such as Scruffing Lotion) to remove the dirt and cellular debris that normally builds up on skin. Last step, when you need it—skin replenishment (e.g., Clinique M Lotion). . . . It's that basic, that easy. The plus: Everything is fragrance-free. Meaning: No scent to interfere with an after shave or cologne. Hair, Christiaan; makeup, Ariella. Earring, E. & J. Quintana for Prado Designs.

ARTHUR ELGORT

MEN AND WOMEN...

The new breakthrough in beauty

"the

La Costa, where inconspicuous underconsumption plus conspicuous exertion are taught and practiced in the quest of the new American status symbol: the lean and well-toned body

WRITTEN AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY SUSAN WOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Most American spas are designed exclusively for women. A unique and enormously successful exception is the La Costa Resort Hotel and Spa in Carlsbad, California. There, the men's spa facilities are as complete as the women's. For a look at what goes on behind the spa door, we asked photojournalist Susan Wood to spend a weekend with top model Cheryl Tiegs and her husband, Stan Dragoti, president of his own film production company, Dragoti Productions.

Wheeels, babeee! Wheeels! Move them wheels." "That's right!" "Move them beauuutifool wheels." "Hustle... yes! Yesss! Babeee! Wheels!" Pancho Segura—a bow-legged, silver-haired, two-fisted tennis great who seems out of a 1930's Mexican people's mural by Siqueiros—was coaching Cheryl Tiegs, cool, sporty, top-model lady. His burning bright-eyed life-force seemed to ray into her, and her strokes (tennis) were stroking long, easy, and smooth, her slams slamming; mouth agape with heavy breathing of exercise; lips two upended congruent crescents; acres of white teeth (his and hers) glinting California sunlight; her pulse rate, judging by all this, surely up to the tingle level of fitness... was this from the wheels churning or Pancho's charisma?

Getting you to move those wheels is, in a phrase, the whole grand design of La Costa. Choose your action: tennis, golf, riding, swimming, or spa-directed exercise, yoga, or dance. The La Costa staff coaxes the naturally indolent with rewards of passive pleasures: the massages and rubs, heat, rushing waters, anointings, steamings, wrappings. One lolls in solipsistic bliss, womb-like coddling, yardage of hot herbed bunting. One is mothered and pampered. Unnoticed, they slip in the active. Passive / active: abrasive / smooth; oily/astringent. And they have you riding their yin/yang express. The ideal spa program, if you'll let them work it out for you, starts with something active... for example, "Costa Curves," a jolly version of Canadian Air Force exercises plus touches of yoga, followed by sauna and massage, followed then by dance or your own sport choice. Then spa lunch.

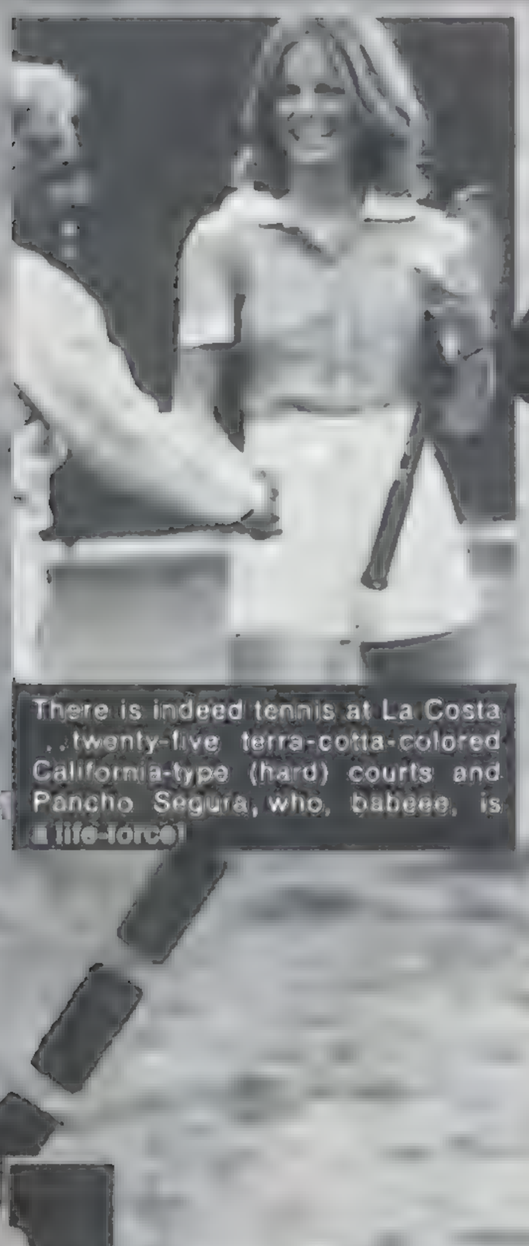
It's hard to teach grown-ups paying $120 a day anything—especially that in the long run it will benefit them not to get their money's worth. We are taught (and street logic tells us) that more is more... pay more, get more. It is a hard lesson to learn that less in some instances is better. The *less* lesson to be learned here is: less food is more thinness. Portion control, as Dr. R. Philip Smith, the spa doctor, described it, is IT for getting and staying lean. (Continued)

What an ideal place
to make one's way back to
the world from a disastrous
love affair or marriage
—or to begin a new one

his 'hers togetherspa"

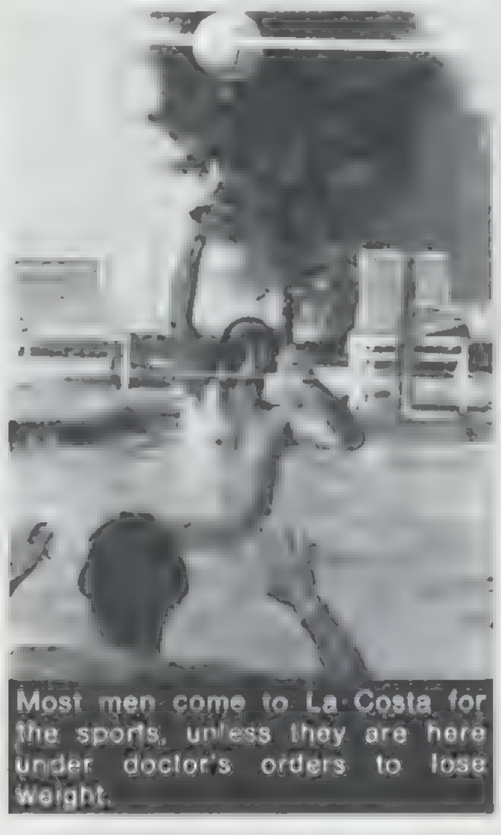


Cheryl and Stan, like the old marrieds they are, stayed in at night watching TV and eating dinner.



There is indeed tennis at La Costa . . twenty-five terra-cotta-colored California-type (hard) courts and Pancho Segura, who, babeee, is a life-force!

t a[illegible]ng in
world shape psychologically
and p[illegible]ly
"La Costa Spa seemed
prepared for heavier duty"

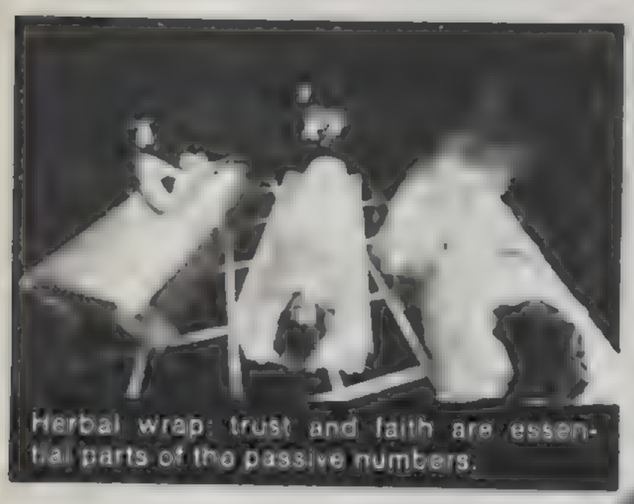


Most men come to La Costa for the sports, unless they are here under doctor's orders to lose weight.

yin

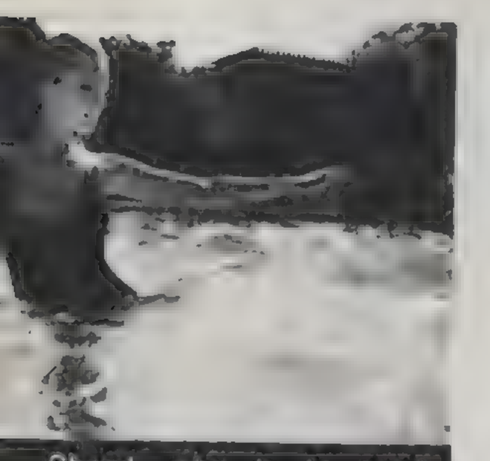


Cheryl loves pampering and adored all the "things" being done to her.

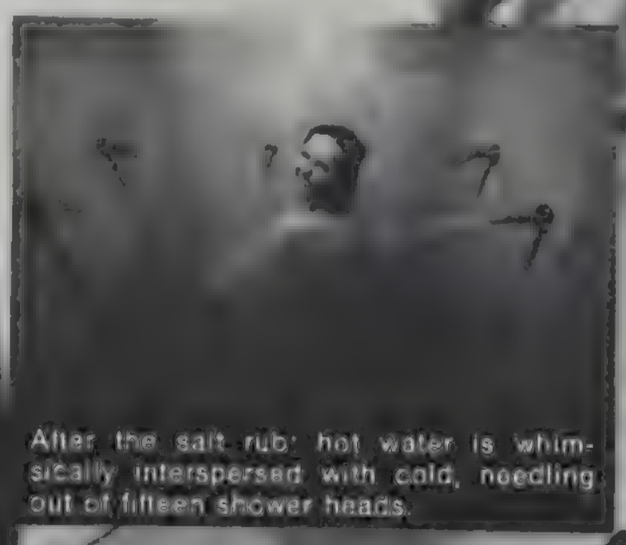


Herbal wrap: trust and faith are essential parts of the passive numbers.

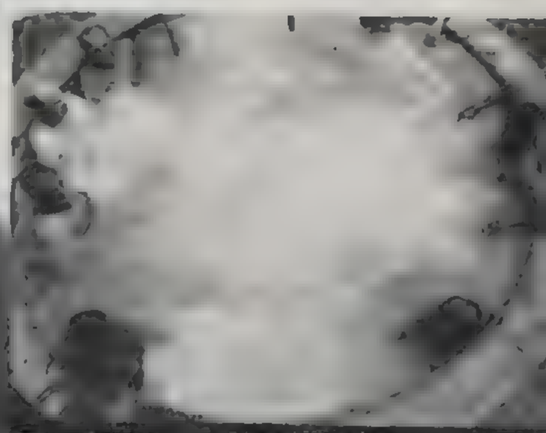
"All that nudity was fascinating. Nipples seem to be as unique as fingerprints—no two sets looked alike"



Cheryl, who is in good shape, was exhausted by the water exercises.



After the salt rub: hot water is whimsically interspersed with cold, needling out of fifteen shower heads.



The fantasy of pampering, the substitute mothering that all of us need now and then are part and parcel of the spa plan.

yang



With prodding and encouragement from terrific young people leading the exercise classes, we do what really counts in shaping up—put out. Give!

"the together spa" *Continued*

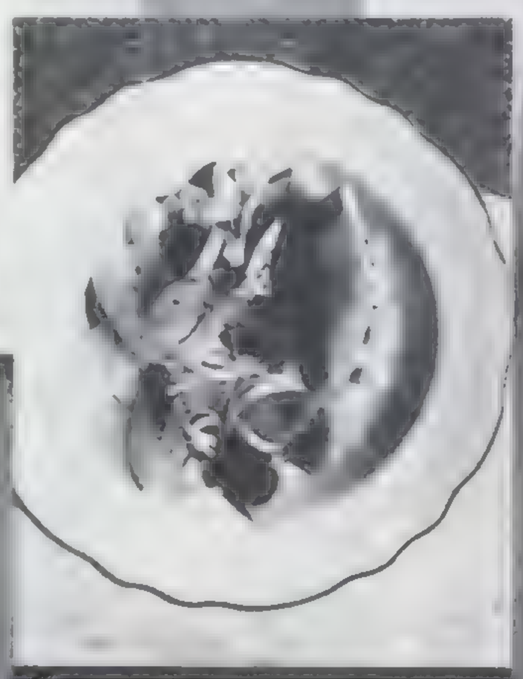
Dr. Smith put me on a 600-calories-a-day weight-losing diet that I more or less stuck to. (I am, at my worst, about ten pounds, a week of jogging, and a haircut and a facial away from my best appearance shot. But, frankly, it's been fourteen months since I should have taken that week.) If you've got class nowadays, not only are you lean and toned, but you don't make a thing about it. Inconspicuous starvation amidst plenty must be practiced silently. Veblen would turn in his grave: the new American status thrust is no longer keeping up with the Joneses with displays of conspicuous consumption but keeping a low and thin profile with inconspicuous underconsumption.

Interesting note: Spa people are repeaters. Only about 10 percent are overweight. They've been to spas before and they come to California to go to spas. But our group were spa novitiates, and Cheryl and I O.D.'d on the women's spa stuff the first day.

The spa is seductive. It's easy to go in at 9:00 A.M. and not leave till 6:00 P.M. They keep you busy in group activity, where you feel improved, and *are*, every smiling hour. You are seldom alone. It is back to childhood with someone taking responsibility for the order and activities in your day... noise and silence, rest and activity... meals chosen from among minimal choices a day ahead, allowing for no impulse eating.

Spa goers are women, three to one. Most men come to La Costa for the golf and the tennis, unless they're under doctors' orders to lose weight and shape up. Stan was quite typical of most men who come for the sport... you could see he really thought the spa stuff was for sissies. Reluctantly, we got started on the pictures of him having things done to him in the spa. We thought we'd rush through with a token experience of each sort of spa activity—just enough for the pictures. But each time Stan got into something, he was as seduced by the particular activity or passivity as Cheryl and I. The facial: with the first strokes, a smile passed over his face and he looked up at Kelly, the pretty facial girl, sighed, and said, "I feel compelled to tell you the story of my life...."

"We want to be healthier, tonier, tawnier, leaner, and more energetic because it feels good and looks good"



The spa basically was an experience in portion control—it taught you how to accept gracefully not getting your money's worth if you

SUSAN WOOD

Beauty always

BATHING SUIT FLASH

The New Dare

It takes more than a good body... it takes style and a sense of sexy-fun (if you can see it with a high-heeled sandal, you've got the idea!).

Just when you thought there couldn't be one more variation on a cut-out bathing suit, *above*—the black, one-shoulder, skin-thin maillot slit diagonally across the bosom—from the designer who made Cher's navel a household word. Bob Mackie for Cole of California's "Beach and Beyond," in nylon-Lycra. About $40. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin.

What happens when designers whose first fame is sexy evenings turn their hands to bathing suits? The answer—for the woman who's up to it—is the most sensational thing to hit the beach since the bikini!

This has got to be one of the best bathing suits you're going to see all year! *right*—Halston's sleek, one-shoulder bias maillot that curves into the thinnest strap across the back. Wanted for the same reason you'd want to be in a Halston at night: it's the sexiest thing around! Halston Limited Edition Beachwear, in Antron nylon-Lycra. About $34. Mid-Dec., at Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's; Charles A. Stevens; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

ARTHUR ELGORT





When everybody is thinking strapless at night, *far right*— the strapless black maillot, shirred on the body—a bombshell! By Christian Dior, in Antron nylon-Lycra (Darlington Fabrics). About $34. January, at Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. On these 4 pages: hair by Christiaan; makeup, Ariella.

SUN TIP

You'll get the best tan and keep it longer, if you use a moisturizing sun product—and remember to re-apply it after swimming. One that really works is Germaine Monteil's Super Moist Dark Tanning Gel.

A tube of a suit in the palest **tint of silver**, *left*—great with a tan because it's soft, luminous (not lamé and not grey, either)—the strapless maillot that twists in front. Seascapes by Catalina, in Antron nylon-Lycra® (Deering-Milliken fabric). About $26. Abraham & Straus; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's; Bullock's. **For the best bodies,** *right*—a silvery strapless suit cut high on the leg, carved out and tying in back—the sleek of a maillot . . . as revealing as a bikini! By Tiktiner, in polyamide and polyurethane. About $70. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Barton/Sligh's; Claire Pearone; Balliet's.

The New Dare

...straplessness and cut-outs—and thin, quicksilver color on suntanned skin.

SUN TIP

Bath oil is a great after-sun moisturizer, and a wonderful refresher if it happens to be crisp and green. In the tangerine-honeysuckle-civet family, you might try Secret of Venus Weil de Weil Bath and Body Perfume Oil by Weil Parfumeur Paris.

ARTHUR ELGORT

Beauty always

TEST YOUR

COOL

The mission: find the most glamorous cold-weather clothes in the world. And find a way to show them—in their proper element—as they've never been shown before....The solution: terrific fur and terrific gear photographed in the most sophisticated, most unique environmental-testing laboratory in the world, where the United States Army studies the effects of cold to 50° below zero (more about the lab, below)....The result: six out-of-this-world pages!

All gold, all glamour...and waterproof! *far left*—an honest-to-goodness rain parka with hood, drawstrings, kangaroo pockets—the works!—in *gold*. Sensational anyweather, anytime—for day over jeans, for easy-evening, over black By Justine. Holt Renfrew of Canada....**For a real kick of color,** *left*—the fastest boots in the West!—peacock metallic "cowboy" boots—the new kind of dazzle that instantly turns a look! From Fiorucci. $110....**Footnote:** During World War II, the Chinese put hot red peppers in their boots in an attempt to increase circulation (!) from the irritating effect, thereby adding warmth

Beauty in the cold, *opposite* (and just how cold is being measured by a thermocouple sensor!). To start right, you start with protection. A good moisturizer is a must, and if it's very cold you might want to try an extra layer of rich emollient cream over it to seal in the moisture. Then you can go for glamour—and the warmth of soft, pretty make-up colors. Here, from Estée Lauder: Apple Punch Tender Blusher; Iced Sherry Glossamer on lips; and Smoky Iris Automatic Creme Eyeshadow with Rose Star Pressed Eyelid Shadow. A good emollient cream to try: their Lightweight Re-Nutriv Creme. These pages: makeup, Sandra of Xavier New York; hair, Marc Pipino.

LAB NOTES

These six pages were photographed at the United States Army Research Institute of Environmental Medicine in Natick, Mass., with expert help--and quotes--from Dr. Ralph Goldman, Director of Military Ergonomics. The Institute's mission is to study the effects of cold (to −50°), heat (to +165°), and altitude (to 22,000 feet) on a soldier's ability to perform and to evaluate Army-developed equipment and life-support systems. What does it mean to you?--the whole principle of layering came from the Army's work, as did the water-repellent finish on your raincoat and insulated footgear. What's in the lab today, may be in your closet tomorrow. . . . The lab background, opposite--a temperature recording system; this page, inside a small climate chamber with a heated copper foot that gauges the insulation value of footgear. . . . We would like to thank the U.S. Army for their cooperation and for the use of their facilities--which in no way constitutes an endorsement by the Army for any of the clothes we're showing.

test your cool

FUR TO THE

"Goose bumps appear in the cold when, for insulation, human beings attempt to raise their 'fur.'"

Next to a "copper man," the best insulator is a fur poncho, *this page*—wheat-dyed fox reversing to camel cashmere one of this year's great sporty new fur shapes. Over honey suéde pants (*the* windproofer) and a turtleneck. Poncho from Maximilian, New York. $3,000. **Your second line of defense is shivering... your first is a red fox coat,** *opposite*—two of the biggest, bundliest! The shawl-collared coat over a bright purple bikini (the point is color!), the notch-collared version warming the copper man. Fox is the long-haired kind of fur that's "very light-weight for its thickness"—and that's what owning a fur is really all about! Coats by Christie Brothers in natural Canadian red fox. The shawl-collared version, about $5,500. The notch-collared one, about $4,900. Bikini by Donna Karan for Anne Klein & Co. of nylon-spandex, about $32. Furs at Christie Brothers, N.Y. and Atlanta; Godchaux's; Swanson's on the Plaza. Bikini, Mid-January, Bonwit Teller; Swanson's on the Plaza; Bullock's. Accessories, next to last page.

Fragrance brief. Perfume is a classic ice-breaker... one of the quickest ways is Madame Rochas—a delightful floral

LAB NOTES

This page, outside the U.S.A.R.I.E.M. climate control chamber, a life-sized, heated copper mannequin -- the $150,000 man!--used to evaluate the thermal properties of clothing systems. Inside, the infrared camera that initiates the surface vaporization of cloth in the visible spectrum

Nth DEGREE

test your cool

ZERO IN ON

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

COLOR

"If a woman can be kept moving, it is highly unlikely that she will freeze to death..."

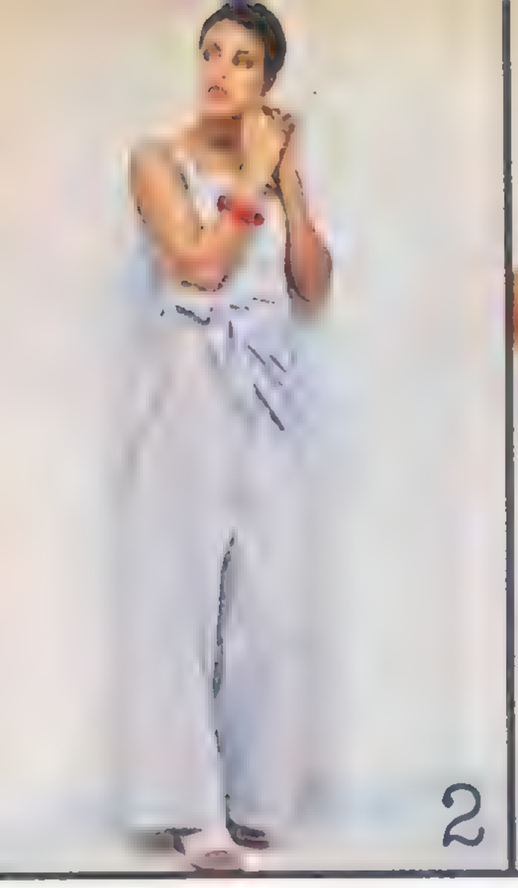
A coat to make you smile, *far left*—Jean-Charles Castelbajac's "rainbow coat," thrown over the brightest jogging suit. Coat, for Ko and Co., of acrylic. About $370. Wool-and-polyamide top, about $60, and pants, about $55, for Amaraggi. All, to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Nothing gives "gear" more luxe,** *center left,* than all-white—and nobody does it like Castelbajac. His eiderdown parka, turtleneck, joggers—and bright yellow rainboots for fun! Jacket, for Ko and Co., of viscose, about $365. Wool-and-polyamide turtleneck, about $85, and pants, about $60, for Amaraggi. Henri Bendel.



One of the most glamorous ways to bundle up, *near left*—a hooded, wonderful wrap-coat of natural Alaskan lynx. From Grosvenor Canada. About $11,500. At Bonwit Teller, N.Y. and Chicago; Nan Duskin; Saks-Jandel; Chudiks of Birmingham, Michigan; Frost Bros.; Bullock's Wilshire. **From the king of color, super gear,** *above:* Castelbajac's fleecy yellow underjacket for warmth, bright green wind/rain-breaker, tan cotton pants, and the punch of a violet turtleneck. Acrylic fleece jacket, about $190; green nylon jacket, about $95; pants, about $70—all for Ko and Co. To order, Saks Fifth Avenue. Turtleneck by Rafique; acrylic and wool. About $18. Lord & Taylor. These six pages: hair, Marc Pipino; makeup, Sandra of Xavier New York. Accessories, next to last page.

LAB NOTES

When the U.S.A.R.I.E.M. tests sleeping bags, they put them in a "cold chamber"--the outsides of which you see, opposite; inside, temperatures drop to forty below. Above: On the treadmill, where changing insulation needs are measured against body heat generated (copper men are not normally at the controls!).



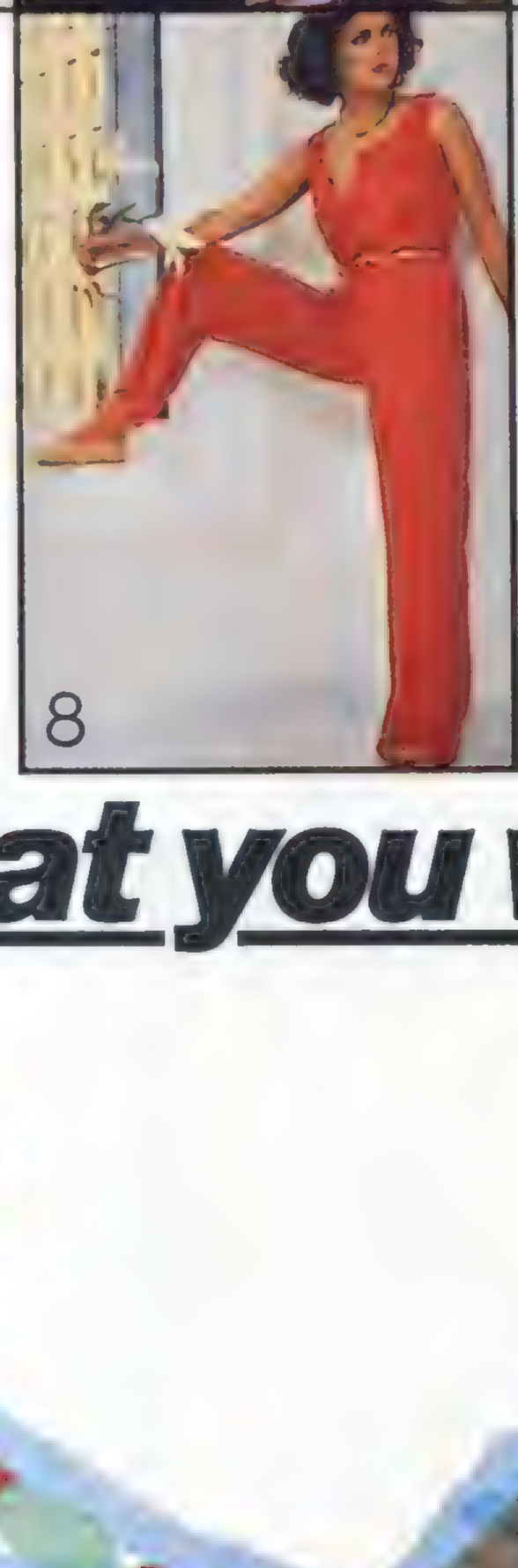


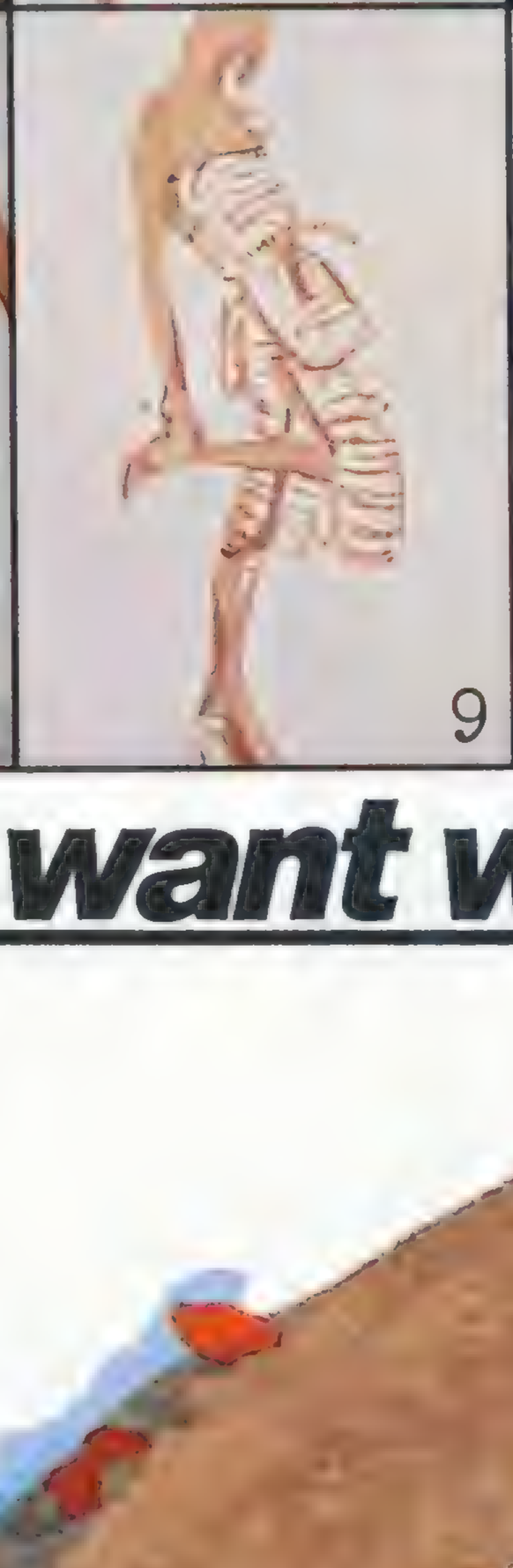


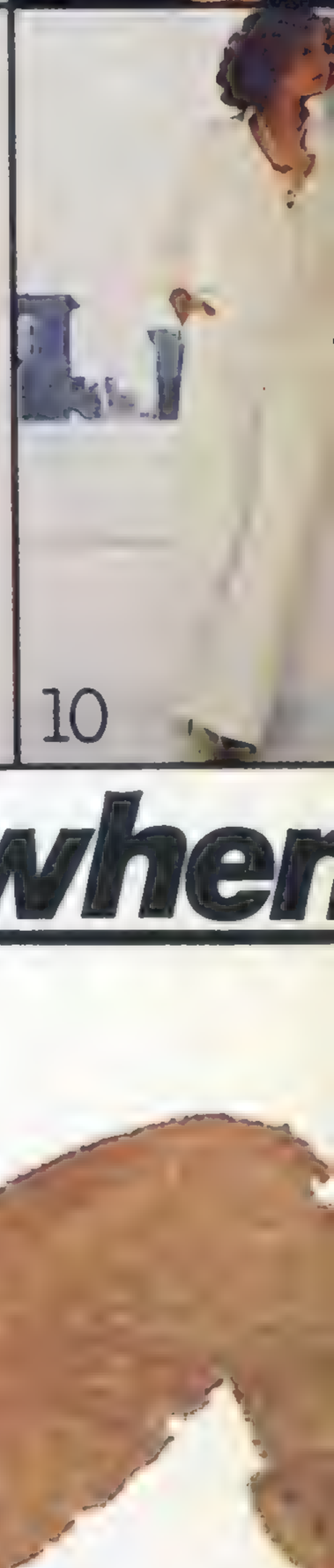












what you want when

31 warm-weather FINDS



1. If you love fresh flowers at night: a long, slit camisole-topped "tube" (to wear strapless, too—they're removable). Liza by Lilly Pulitzer; polyester and cotton. $58, mid-Dec., Lilly Pulitzer Shops. **2.** Super after-beach dressing: a ticking-striped jumpsuit (cool as a sundress, but pants), with its own shawl, hip-tied. Robert-David Morton; cotton and Avril rayon. About $80. Jeane Eddy Ltd., N.Y.; Jacobson's; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. **3.** Perfect base for sarongs, scarves, wrap skirts: a maillot-thin red leotard. By Maya, of Lycra. About $30. Bloomingdale's; Oggi, Miami. **4.** For jumpsuit lovers, the prettiest—soft, strapless ivory-and-lilac chiffon, with a flutter of shawl. By Phyllis Sues, of rayon (Malcolm Marshall). About $260. Mid-Dec., Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Joseph Magnin. **5.** All light and color and dazzle at night—a top-collector's find of a chiffon blouse! Harriet Selwyn's Fragments; Bucol silk. About $165. Henri Bendel; Dorso, Beverly Hills. **6.** The hardest thing to find: a wonderful cocktails/dinner/dancing dress—strapless cream silk crêpe de Chine with a scallop-edged matching cardigan. S.onata by Betsy Gonzales (Super Textiles silk). Dress, about $125; cardigan, about $130. Henri Bendel; C.A. Light & Co., San Francisco. **7.** Air-thin pieces of purest blue China silk—in the simplest shapes: pull-on blouse, soft, soft skirt. Scott Barrie; Horikoshi fabric. About $200. Bloomingdale's; Claire Pearone; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. **8.** The nicest kind of little resort pyjama: a little barer, a little brighter—pindotted red crêpe de Chine. Gloria Vanderbilt Ltd.; Yves Gonnet rayon. About $240. Mid-Jan., Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. **9.** Dazzle to tuck in a suitcase: a strapless slit tunic and skirt in gold-striped ivory jersey—at a nifty price!—about $66. Giovanni de Moura; Nyesta fabric of Antron nylon (Applause Fabrics). Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. **10.** Luxe gear!—perfect for easy/resort evenings (especially a P.M. sail): a windbreak and pants in white silk broadcloth. Bill Atkinson Ltd.; N. Erlanger, Blumgart fabric. Jacket, about $95; pants, about $85. Lonergan's II, N.Y.; Miller's, Knoxville, Tenn.; Globetrotter, Portland, Or.; Bullock's. **11.** We love the surprise of a neat, carved overshirt in white cotton piqué over anything at night (over its own long black pleated silk crêpe de Chine skirt—delicious!). Gloria Vanderbilt Ltd.; Fisba piqué. About $340. Mid-Jan., Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. **12.** One of the whole string of pretty new sundresses breezing our way: tucks and tiny ruffles on lavender printed cotton. By Albert Nipon. About $160. Late Dec., Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus. **13.** P.M. dressing that's like tying on beautiful scarves—Tiktiner's long, strapless millefleurs blue silk. About $520. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Claire Pearone. **14.** To watch: border prints—this, Tania Vartan's irises on a white cotton lawn shawl and sundress (we added the romantic white cotton petticoat). Shawl, about $32; dress, about $112. Lord & Taylor; Dorcas Hardin; Burdine's. **15.** Everyone wanted this red cashmere pullover on sight—for the color, the off-center neckline, the endless versatility! By Gloria Sachs. About $78. Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; I. Magnin. These four pages: hair by Edward Tricomi of Xavier New York, and by Harry King; makeup by Sandra of Xavier New York, and by Ariella. Accessories, next to last page. (More next page.)

you want it!

ISHIMURO

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31 warm-weather FINDS























16. The dress that goes!—day to day, day to easy-evening—a small, bare tank-top dress in red knit with its own obi sash to waist-wrap. Diane Von Furstenberg Ltd.; cotton/rayon. About $70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Burdine's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. **17.** Super neat white poplin trouser-pleat shorts. Blassport; polyester/cotton (Tandler Textile). About $40. Early Jan., Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Harzfeld's. **18.** The all-out freshness of a white cotton batiste blouse with dress-shirt pleats and extra touches of bareness—the short cap sleeves and deep armholes. Add matching pants—instant summer pyjama-dressing! Tric-Trac. Blouse, about $35; pants, about $32. Mid-Dec., Henri Bendel; Hattie; Ultimo. **19.** If you're only taking one sweater . . . an off-white wool pull, horizontally ribbed. Rena Rowan for Jones New York. $28. Mid-Dec., Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; Bullock's. **20.** You can't have too many!—an easy shirt-tail tunic in cotton knit. Tric-Trac. About $28. Mid-Dec., Henri Bendel; Hattie; Ultimo. **21.** *The* robe to pack—the soft, light cotton terry cardigan. DBA Ltd. by Theodore. About $46. Mid-Dec., Ann Taylor; Ultimo; Lou Lattimore; Theodore. **22.** Cool!—a bare halter sundress that wraps to a low V, in blue-and-white cotton seersucker stripes. Albert Capraro; Avila Fabrics. About $90. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Marie Leavell; May Co., L.A. **23.** New super-narrow pants in red-and-white cotton checks with ankle slits and the easiest cotton gauze tunic striped in red, white, and grey—a great new look—new proportion!—from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Tunic, about $120; pants, about $150. Bloomingdale's; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Atlanta and Bay Harbour; Jacobson's. **24.** To buy now, wear all summer—the two-piece dress that's a very small, bare drawstring blouson and easy skirt, in cotton gauze. Richard Assatly for Gino-Snow Ltd.; Boussac fabric. About $110. Mid-Dec., Altman's; Charles Sumner, Boston; Sakowitz. **25.** What's red and white and totally charming?—the crisp little cotton plissé pyjama with short-sleeve blouse, drawstring pants. Ma Chemise; Boussac fabric. Blouse, about $42; pants, about $42. Jan., Ann Taylor; Oodles, Phila.; Joseph Magnin. **26.** Beautiful pieces-dressing at night; the bare one-shoulder top that wraps and ties on the body, and matching skirt in pale-melon silk crêpe de Chine. By Zoran; Horikoshi fabric. Top, about $100; skirt, about $165. Henri Bendel; Hattie; Lou Lattimore; Dorso, Beverly Hills. **27.** Look for romantic sundresses—e.g., the blue-and-white porcelain print with camisole top, ruffled hem. Malia. About $44. Jacobson's; Jackson Graves; Neiman-Marcus. **28.** A perfect unlined double-breasted blazer—in navy terry!—for covering a maillot . . . for anything white. By DBA Ltd. by Theodore. Of cotton. About $58. Late Dec., Ann Taylor; Ultimo; Lou Lattimore; Theodore. **29.** Your next top—a natural, openweave, string-y textured top, and red cotton drawstring shorts. JWP Sport. Top, about $24; shorts, about $16. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Fla.; I. Magnin. **30.** Breeze of a dress—blue-and-white striped cotton knit with a border print of butterflies—the top slides off the shoulder, the sleeves flutter on the arm—delicious! By Hanae Mori Boutique. About $158. Mid-Dec., Elizabeth Arden Salons; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. **31.** One reason skirts are back—Jaeger's narrow red-and-white cotton "ticking" skirt with back buttons. About $50. Dec., at Lord & Taylor; Barton/Sligh's; Gidding-Jenny; Harold's; I. Magnin. All accessories, next to last page.

ISHIMURO / JOE EULA



Daffodils are self-propagating and incorrigible. One variety called Snipe even tried to take over a dwarf evergreen

GROWING GOLD

(Continued from page 202)

departed and dulled with death, should worthily be crowned with a dulling flower."

The Furies, who wore narcissus in their wild locks, are said to have used the flowers to stupefy those whom they intended to harm. Indeed, the idea that narcissus were injurious to one's health persisted until the nineteenth century. Today's modern drug society apparently has paid no attention to the flower's narcotic quality; and just as well, for using the bulbs in any form would only make people ill.

True to form, we Americans have yet another name for these flowers. Narcissus are known as Jonquils in the South. Southerners feel that all *yellow* flowers of the genus are truly jonquils; and an argument about the validity of that name south of the Mason-Dixon Line can get testy. "Honey," a lovely Southern woman said to me one time, "those little yellow flowers have been called jonquils by my kin and all my friends and their kin for generations. And *that's* their name." So that's their name. (I don't know what they call white ones.)

"Jonquil" is used in Iowa and other parts of the Plains States, spread perhaps by emigrants from the South. It is also the name for daffodils in Virginia and the District of Columbia. Jonquils also are scented. Their name comes from *N. jonquilla*, which Linnaeus called the diminutive species having a rush-shaped leaf with a cluster of strongly scented yellow flowers. If at this point anyone cares, the plural of narcissus is narcissus; but many English writers stick to narcissi—we leave nomenclature forthwith.

One sees so very many daffodils because of their ability to survive almost indefinitely. One reason is that planting depth is not the least critical. After naturalizing an area, we have found a few bulbs that failed to get started, left on their sides on top of the ground, in this grotesque position nevertheless put strong roots into the earth and bloomed the following spring. Some were marked and left that way. The next spring they, of course, failed to bloom; but the bulbs had righted themselves. The third year found them a little deeper in the ground. Perhaps they worked themselves down to their proper depths subsequently; but as the markers got lost, I can't report what eventually happened. So there is no need to be fussy—just try to put four inches of soil on the top of the bulb, then firm the soil with the foot. Bulbs with four inches of soil (or less) on top of them propagate heavily and flower early; those with more than four inches take longer to self-propagate and flower later.

For many years bone meal was the prescribed plant food for daffodils and all other bulbs. Packages marked "Bulb Food" in garden centers are usually nothing but bone meal in everything but price. Bought in bulk from poultry suppliers, bone meal is very inexpensive. But today there is some doubt about the efficacy of bone meal, largely owing to the ability of modern packers to render out all nutrients from the meal, except calcium, which, in the form of ground bone, can take a couple of decades to become available.

Several years ago Dutch bulb growers found that daffodils planted with a small handful of sewage sludge in the bottom of the hole produced near miraculous results. This is true. We did our best to publicize the culture, believing it would be picked up by others quickly; but few bulb dealers seem to mention it. Manure in any form should not be used when planting unless the stuff has been composted for at least five years—by that time it is pure humus and most of its nutrients have been leached out. It should be used with the sludge and not depended upon for plant food. And just for the hell of it I toss in some bone meal. Proves only how traditional I am.

A planting of daffodils keeps blooming actively for many years primarily because the bulb needs little fertilizer to build a flowering bud for the following season. But I'd rather not let nature alone furnish nutrients, for daffodils do bloom more vigorously and flowers stay larger if a little sewage sludge is scattered on them each year when the bulbs first show growth. This takes a bit of time, but as there usually isn't much to do when the temperature is unreliable, it makes an agreeable task. Just toss a small handful at each plant; you'll soon become proficient, and if you miss, the loss is only a tablespoon of sludge which the grass will like.

Daffodils are not fussy about soils. If in a garden, they may need irrigation when drought develops in early fall, for that is the time the bulbs are shooting down new roots. They resent excessive moisture, dislike a home in heavy shade; but it is surprising how tolerant they are of borderline conditions. One point of culture upon which daffodils insist is that their leaves be brown before being removed.

I've read books that advocate braiding the leaves. This is not sound advice—maximum leaf surface must be exposed to sun for the plants to rebuild their food supply satisfactorily. Braiding is equivalent to cutting leaves before they have browned. Those meticulous people who hate the slightest suggestion of disorder in a border should plant narcissus in mid-border and keep the tired leaves hidden by burgeoning perennials. Of course, it's a bit like sweeping trash under a rug; although frowned on indoors, it is proper housekeeping outdoors.

Daffodils can be kept in bloom for many weeks if a careful survey is made of one's grounds to determine the different microclimates. It is remarkable how many different climates can be found on even a small property. Low points on a terrain are usually colder—so bloom comes later. Bulbs planted there under a thick mulch of bark, used to smother weeds in a dwarf evergreen border, will not start to bloom until most others are finished.

Locations on the south and southwestern sides of a house will bloom first; those on the west bloom next; east, northeast, and north follow in that order. There can be as much as two weeks' difference in bloom between north and south locations, not fifty feet apart. Deep planting, mentioned earlier, also helps to retard bloom. Moreover, many varieties can be found that flower early, mid-season, or late. It is not impossible, although few will believe it, to have daffodils in bloom for a full two months.

American gardeners tend to buy mixtures of daffodils for naturalizing. They are somewhat less expensive than named varieties because they are mostly made up of second-grade bulbs. When top-grade bulbs in mixtures can be found, the price will be about 35 cents a bulb, which is only 5 or 6 cents more than lesser grades. Considering the fact that the U.S. has few soils in which smaller bulbs will mature and the longevity of a daffodil planting, trying to save on the cost of bulbs is probably only penny-wise.

If the bulbs are to compete with a heavy turf, only the top grade can put on a good show from the first spring onward. There is only one mixture I know of made up solely of named varieties, all double-nosed, carefully balanced for the longest possible season of bloom, and consisting of all major categories of daffodils, except the non-hardy Tazettas and miniatures, but it shall be nameless because it is unique.

Europeans naturalize daffodils by variety instead of using mixtures. This comes down from landscaping practice followed by the great establishments of the last century and is further fostered by the innumerable municipal parks departments that make English cities so beautiful. The basic idea of naturalizing by variety is to have all daffodils in a single sweep, or drift, bloom and fade together. By using varieties having different blooming periods and colors, the landscape subtly changes during the season.

The number of bulbs of each variety obviously depends upon size of the planting area. Each drift should be separated from others by from twelve to fifteen feet or more; they should not be planted in solid bands; spacing must be irregular and the best way to get this effect is to *sow* (throw) the bulbs by hand and plant them where they fall. Properties having two acres or more can be planted by this method, and as few as one-hundred bulbs in a sweep will give a pleasant show. A thousand or more to a drift is not unusual in naturalizing bold vistas. If an area is less than two acres, naturalizing with mixtures, also kept in drifts, is quite satisfactory.

Irregular planting is the key, whether following a woodland path, in drifts on hillsides, under trees on a lawn—white birch, for example, or in a shrub or perennial border. If you are lucky enough to have a brook that babbles all summer, place the bulbs well above high water. (Names of varieties best used for naturalizing and divided into season of bloom may be found at the end of this article.)

When turning the pages of one of those luscious-looking bulb catalogues to choose a special daffodil for a treasured place in a garden, it is well to remember that the description may be more accurate than the color in the picture, particularly pictures of daffodils having subtle coloring—for example, the pink trumpets, developed first in Ireland, invariably appear more pink than they ever are; delicate red edges of shortcups turn out very red, the edges look far wider than in real life; and, because few catalogues ever picture more than the blossom of a daffodil, proportion is difficult to judge.

I recall that, when Apricot Attraction was first introduced years ago in the catalogue of a bulb specialist, the picture showed a heavy tone of apricot on the petals, the shortcup a very dark apricot—but the description differed; it noted that the petals were light in tone, the shortcup slightly darker. The description warned against full sun.

I knew a dappled-shady spot in a nook of the shrub border that was the ideal place to keep the color from fading. The price of one bulb was a neat $25. I sent my check and did not mention it to my wife—a most generous girl, but Scotch for generations on both sides of her family—for I was sure she would disapprove of paying that much for one daffodil bulb. Of course, it was an extravagance—that amount of money in those days could have bought plants for a large garden of perennials.

The bulb arrived with a fine triple-nose; it produced two lovely blooms. Miss Grant, my wife, as deep into gardening as I was, spotted them. "Nice," she said. "How do you suppose they got apricot out of all those yellow daffodils? Where did you get it?" She had seen the specialist's catalogue, and I told her the name of the bulb. "All right, you spendthrift, I guess you got your money's worth," she said. That "guess" meant a lot—my purchase had been approved.

(Continued on page 240)

Read this and cry.

Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.

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ASSURANCE OF DREAMS

(Continued from page 172)

torial values once applied to every available surface and now banished from them, or as the concert hall was born when music ceased to permeate the life of the community. The same revolution that made the denim made Poiret. The more a regime trims its citizens down to size, the more it seeks to bring forth those exceptional creatures known as champions. Wherever, as in the Soviet Union, the central political power ruthlessly erases ethnic particularities and regional differences, folkloric dance and theater companies, dressed no more realistically than Saint Laurent's models, spring up like mushrooms. Uniformity engenders elites. Indeed, one of the sure signs that Communism has not yet become fully established in the Soviet Union and in the people's republics is the fact that, to this day, they have not produced an Ungaro or a Saint Laurent.

No society would cultivate something that goes against the very principles on which it is based, were it not forced to. We do need Hapsburgs, and we need them *because* we live in the age of democracy. Cities, and particularly modern cities, would be unbearable, save for the monuments that break the monotony, that enable us to find our bearings, and that act as intercessors between ourselves and the otherwise invisible, inaccessible realm of what Rimbaud called "the real life." Such monuments are to be found in all areas of human activity, firing memory and desire, lending substance, flavor, color. They are the proper names amidst the drab expanse of common nouns, auxiliary verbs, and indefinite articles. Exceptional, they guarantee the correct functioning of the ordinary, as the platinum meter kept at the Ministry of Finance guarantees the exactness of the countless measuring operations performed daily in France.

Yet nobody has ever handled that precious paragon. It is the indispensable authority to which everyone refers. And it would not qualify as authority if it were not separated from us by a distance which no rational explanation must be allowed to bridge. We are surrounded by such numinous presences; they are the hidden motors, the prime movers of our actions. Wherever they are recognized, they are revered as outsiders, superiors. Prime numbers traditionally were considered to be the creation of God, whereas all other numbers were conceived by men. Rainer Maria Rilke, speaking about his *Duinese Elegies*, remarked that the first lines had "come" to him effortlessly—gifts of the gods—while the rest of these poems were the fruit of long labor. The mathematician Gödel proved that any system, no matter how coherent, rests on assumptions, on principles which necessarily lie outside the system. There exists practically no type of human activity to which his demonstration does not apply.

Certainly, to fashion. Haute couture is the unjustifiable *deus absconditus* that justifies the way the man and woman in the street dress. Not because, as is often alleged, it serves as laboratory for the ready-to-wear industry: if it did, it would be part of the system, and therefore of no use to the system. Haute couture is not better than ordinary garments: it is other. It is to the latter what the sacred is to the profane. It belongs to all of us because it belongs to no one in particular. Least of all to those who think they own the clothes because they have bought them. The clothes of haute couture are body-masks, they must be worn for the divinities that are associated with them to manifest themselves. But to wear them is no sinecure. It is they who own their wearers. If ethnologists were more assiduous in places where women can be seen dressed in the creations of haute couture, they would recognize at once that glazed stare, that stultified look, that vacuous air: they are the symptoms of possession by masks, which feed on the substance of their bearers, leaving them exhausted, barely capable, when the ceremony is over, of counting seeds or playing gin rummy.

Absolute, unjustified authority is shocking, especially in our profane, critical, antidespotic age. We hate authority, yet cannot do without it. This seemingly insoluble dilemma is overcome neatly by shifting the ground of authority from the sphere of the actual and the overt, where we reject it, to that of the hidden, the symbolic. Originally, Georges Dumézil tells us, Indo-European societies must have been divided into three groups: warriors, priests, and workers. This tripartite division guaranteed the welfare of the community. Hence, when the division no longer proved applicable in actuality, the authoritative triad was transferred to the plane of myth and legend: the fabled kings of Rome, for instance, reconstitute the archetypal divisions symbolically—they are, in fact, symbols disguised as history.

Authority makes itself acceptable by assuming a disguise. In medieval painting, the elements of the faith were depicted in the guise of nonrealistic emblems: a halo marked sanctity, a pelican stood for Christ, a lion for Mark, etc. With the emergence of a materialistic bourgeoisie in fifteenth-century Flanders, this abstract language lost its plausibility. In order to preserve the authority of the Christian data, the Flemish Primitives had to hide them behind a façade of realism: the Virgin became undistinguishable from a Ghent housewife, but the lily in the vase next to her recalled her immaculate purity; Mark's lion could no longer be let loose in the setting of a burgher town, so he was camouflaged as a bit of carving on the arm of the chair, etc.

In the age of John Doe, the Hapsburgs must be disguised. To disguise is to dress. Clothes are a favorite instrument—as are masks, of which they are a variant—for achieving symbolic transfers, that is to say, for creating culture. Fashion enables us to accept in the cloth what we cannot accept in the flesh.

Like all societies centered around an omnipotent God represented on earth by an absolute monarch, France under the Ancien Régime adhered to strict, immutable patterns. The idea that things were relative, that they could change, perhaps even improve—in short, the idea of history—was sacrilege, *lèse-majesté*, preposterous. Yet the unthinkable was happening: at least a quarter of a century before the outbreak of the French Revolution that marked its victory over timeless, immobile order, history had begun to move. The nobility whom it threatened refused to see it, but they paid unconscious tribute to it: ladies' hairdress increasingly reflected the events of the day. The victory of a royal ship, the ascent of a balloon, etc., were turned into hats and coiffures. History, which they could not get into their heads, got onto them.

By giving birth to fashion, in other words, dress responded eagerly to the dominant phenomenon of modern times. Clothes that for centuries had been "costumes," i.e., immutable signs of our preordained, inalterable station in life, now began to express the force that brought this fixed order to an end: change. It took our minds generations to assess the meaning and implications of history that our garments assimilated at the drop, or rather at the putting on, of a hat. Fashion has been our first, ablest, and most universal teacher of modernity.

Saint Laurent's collection strikingly illustrates the degree of sophistication attained by fashion's analysis of history. He has drawn his inspiration from what, loosely speaking, we called the Orient. If we look more closely, however, we notice that the collection is a tissue of chronological and geographical non sequiturs. Even individual dresses and suits often display blatant cultural hybridization.

This "*mélange adultère de tout*," to borrow a phrase from Tristan Corbière, is, of course, not only the mark of Saint Laurent. It is the general characteristic of the new way of dressing. The streets are filled with sombreros *cum* jeans, ponchos over Eskimo boots, with crossbreedings between Afghan shepherds and Detroit mechanics.

This eclecticism tells us something essential. History has made the entire world, present and past, available to each of us. But it tells us something more. This universal availability is the consequence of the abolishment of all distances. Physical distance, of course, but also moral distance: availability is the result of desacralization. I can look at masks in the museum or acquire them from the art dealer because they no longer are feared and respected, operative incarnations of the gods. What history has made available to us is signs that have lost their significance. The youngsters who wore battle dress as the latest thing when the war in Viet-

nam barely was over did not do so to protest or to provoke. Simply, these clothes had lost their meaning. They related no more to that horrible conflict than the word "Alcatraz" on a jacket *("blouson")* signifies that its wearer is an escaped convict. The current proliferation of empty words on bosoms and backs—names of universities, gasoline stations, yacht clubs, bowling clubs, and so on—is perhaps the most significant symptom of the 'seventies. It says that the logical consequence of global availability is total interchangeability, which is but a short step away from utter indifference. Cultural universality, in short, leads to cultural entropy. History gives us everything, but in the process takes away that which makes us want anything in particular.

Saint Laurent designed this collection, he said, as if it were to be the swan song of *la mode*. On closer inspection, however, it does more than reflect the current state of cultural entropy. Behind the apparent disparity of these clothes lies a pattern of coherence. By reestablishing the qualitative distance between dress and body, Saint Laurent reactivates the mechanism of seduction. The only clothes we feel like taking off are beautiful costumes. The collection has been called "folkloric." Now, two points should be noted about folklore. The first is that, wherever it occurs, it is overwhelmingly rural. The second is the similarity of its productions, despite the sometimes immense differences of time and space: the pottery of Amlach, of the Tchad, of pre-Columbian Pacific Coast Mexico have an unmistakable *air de famille*. The same kinship marks weaving, storytelling, clothing.

The cause of this similarity is to be sought in the rural character of folk art. Cities are condensations of time: urban culture is involved with change. History was born and made in cities. Peasant cultures, on the other hand, relate to nature, i.e., to the permanent (the elements) or to the cyclical (the seasons). Until recent years, the gestures, rhythms, techniques, and tools of a French peasant differed little from those of his Gallo-Roman forebears. Thus, one might say that peasant culture has preserved the ways of earliest times.

Earliest times is the home of the Gods. What is sacred came first. What comes after is history. Beginning and after are not of the same ilk. After is submitted to continuous change. The beginning either is eternal or eternally returning. In us, beginning and after, sacred and profane, myth and history are inextricably enmeshed. When one of the two components of human nature is not satisfied, we are unhinged. The indifference I have just described results from an excess of history. Distances have disappeared. All is available; all lies inside the system. But, as Gödel pointed out, what activates, nourishes, authorizes the system must lie outside it. And since we are caught up in history, we feel the need to reestablish connections with the gods, the beginnings. Hence, the increasing interest shown by our time for peasant cultures—the cultures of the beginnings.

Saint Laurent's rural look expresses this new aspiration. It is not nostalgia for the past, but for the eternal present which lies on the other side of the past. It attempts to reactualize the Golden Age that, according to countless myths, prevailed until the worm of time got into the fruit of life. Changing fashion is what dress became when it developed a historical consciousness. Before, dress had been, and nowhere more so than in the country, timeless costume. Saint Laurent's collection marks the end of fashion, but it also heralds the return of costume.

For Saint Laurent's dresses are suited perfectly to what costume stands for: the unjustifiable, all-justifying, absolute authority that resides in the beginnings. This is why color triumphs in them. Color is the language of the Orient. And the Orient is the place of beginnings, of origins. Perhaps the greatest virtue of haute couture at its best is intelligence, that is to say: sensitiveness to the *Zeitgeist*.

If the 106 items presented by Saint Laurent in Paris are good prophets, we must prepare ourselves—and they help us—for a new revolution: the end of modernity, i.e., of the epoch when history exercised the powers that once were the prerogative of the gods. ▽

REPRODUCTIONS ON PAGE 167 THROUGH 173 WITH THE COURTESY AND PERMISSION OF THE FOLLOWING:

Page 167: Peacock color slide, S.C. Bisserot/Bruce Coleman, Inc. . . . Matisse, "The Romanian Blouse" (painting); transparency courtesy Musées Nationaux, Paris. . . . "Cloaked Men in Black" (sixteenth-century German painting); photograph: Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. **Page 168:** Stitching Room (1880 line drawing); Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machines. . . . Victorian swimsuit (late-nineteenth-century advertisement); Collection of Business Americana, Smithsonian Institution. . . . Franz Joseph Hapsburg (early twentieth-century painting); The Bettman Archive. **Page 170:** T-Shirt (contemporary photograph); *The Great American T-Shirt*, Push Pin Press. . . . Hungarian peasant (engraving, late nineteenth-century); Culver Pictures. . . . Kwakiutl face mask (approximately late eighteenth century); National Museum of Man, Ottowa. **Page 173:** Paul Poiret fashion drawing (1913, sketch) photograph: Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. . . . Overalls, denim bib: Detail from advertisement, 1928 Sears Roebuck Catalogue. . . . Léon Bakst, Nijinsky dance poster (approximately 1890); Copyright S.P.A.D.E.M. 1976.

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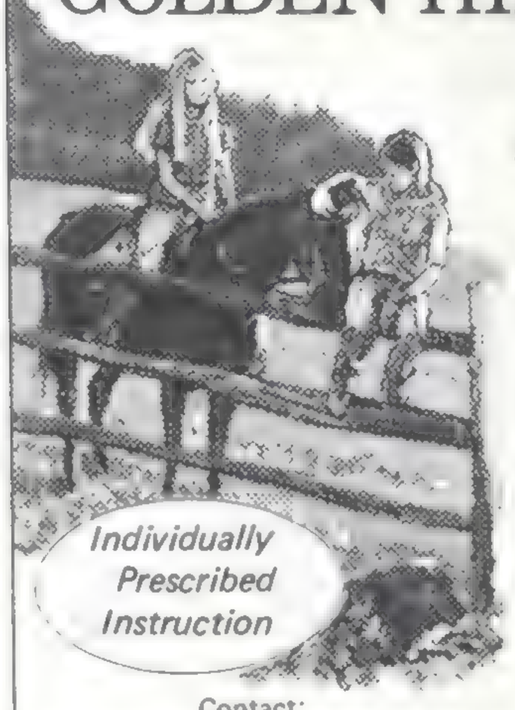
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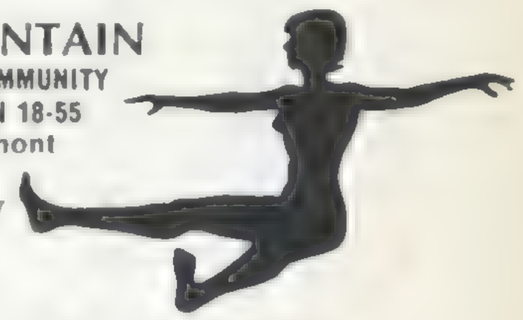
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MALRAUX'S CATS

(Continued from page 194)

village in which there were cats, they hesitated and they said to each other, 'It's not worth the trouble. Let's go somewhere else.' "

"Just the same, there were battles."

"Extremely violent battles. But the chronicles of the period do not once mention the fabled cat Raminagrobis, who exterminated the armies of rats. It is known that cats had been brought by boat from Venice to Alexandria."

"Were they good sailors?"

"Much better than that. Cats have played an important role in maritime history. During the reign of Louis XIV, Colbert, secretary of state for naval affairs, ordered that insurance claims did not have to be paid if there were not at least two cats aboard a ship. On Chinese boats, I've run into half-wild cats several times. I asked one captain how things went during the great northern voyages. His answer was: 'We always have some cats on board, because otherwise the insurance companies can cite that clause.' "

"If the cat had not decided one day to link his destiny to man's, would the evolution of mankind have been different?"

"Unquestionably, for it all came about in a very murky, mysterious way. . . . Persia was the first country to domesticate cats. Then Persia conquered Egypt, where there were lots of cats; but they weren't domesticated. Then came the black plague, and cats disembarked in Europe. The cat did not reach China until very late. Up until the eighteenth century, one finds no cats in Chinese poetry or art. From the eighteenth century on, paintings are full of them. Japan has been bursting with cats since the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The Japanese good luck charm is a cat with a raised paw."

"How do Moslems get along with cats?"

"Moslems do not care for animals, but they tolerate cats. A cat saved the Prophet. The Prophet was asleep, and a cat named Fatima was lying on the hem of his cloak. Enemies approached to take him prisoner; and, when they were only thirty feet away, the cat ran off. No doubt it was her movement, her running away that roused the Prophet."

"Why is it that cats are accused of being hypocrites?"

"I believe that is a way of saying they are not dogs. You know how the argument goes: cats pretend to be nice and—ping!—they scratch you. Like women, they are capricious. Anything that does not obey man's desires he calls capricious."

Lustrée buries her nose in Malraux's neck. He is enchanted, and stops talking to look deep into the cat's eyes. They gaze at each other raptly. Then, disengaging himself: "Excuse me, cat." He pushes her aside, deferentially, and pours himself some iced tea.

"Do have some whiskey," he says to me. "It's as old as you are."

"People say that women and cats have things in common."

"Very much so. With the rise of Christianity, woman becomes a mysterious entity. The great mystery, obviously, is the Virgin. And the Virgin is such an idealization of woman that there has to be a counterpart. Which is why a chap always feels that his wife is both 'the perfect woman' and the worst of broads."

"Why have cats given their name to the female sex?"

"They've never given their name to the female sex. The word 'pussy' is used for the vulva. Endearing terms applied to women are almost always the names of animals. My bunny, my pigeon, my kitten. . . . Rabbits, birds, and cats haven't got much to do with women, but each is sacred. The rabbit is sacred in Persia. The bird and the cat in Egypt. Unfortunately, the rabbit bites and the bird flies off. With the cat, it's different: the cat is an eminently caressable animal. When I stroke a cat from head to tail, it's a little as if I am stroking a woman."

"And when a woman grows old?"

"We never talk about it, but we do attach extraordinary importance to the age categories of women. In memoirs, the most inveterate misogynists can't say too much in praise of their grandmothers. Misogyny is addressed to age levels. The guilty woman is the contemporary. Rarely the mother. Never the grandmother."

"Respect for woman comes with age, then?"

"The medieval response to that is the right one. Because woman's true intelligence is the intelligence of experience, the more experience a woman accumulates, the greater importance she acquires. In the Middle Ages, what did it mean to be an old man? An old man—bah, he no longer fights, he no longer goes out to work in the fields; he's become worthless. Away with him! Whereas the woman becomes the witch.

"One more analogy with cats . . . The cat is something of a sorcerer, and eventually becomes a malefic animal. Fair enough! Not all animals qualify to be the Devil, after all. On this score, I've noticed something quite surprising. In Christian countries, words like 'dog' and 'bitch' are always insults. Conversely, even in countries where black cats used to be burned during the Middle Ages, the words for cat—male or female—are never used as insults."

Malraux becomes concerned that Fourrure has not returned from her hunting. "She could be more polite," he says. "It's not very civil to brush us off like this."

He drags me into the famous blue salon of Louise de Vilmorin, and he looks for the cat under the piano and behind chairs. We admire the screen Chagall painted. I take advantage of this artistic respite to take a small statuette from my pocket and hand it to Malraux. It is a tiny Egyptian cat of pale-blue porcelain, about an inch high, that I discovered in the Cairo bazaar. Like all Abyssinian cats, this symbol of beauty for Egyptians has very pointed ears and long paws. "Extremely nice," Malraux says, without looking at it.

He bounds back into the study.

He snatches up his entire collection of cats and thrusts them into my hands.

"Where does this passion of yours for cats come from?"

"I have no idea—but then, one never does know. They fascinate me, and I often dream about them. They form part of the dream inventory. I no more believe in the explication of dreams than I do in the lines of the hand. That said, there is something extraordinary not about the interpretation of dreams but about the dream itself. You realize that dream language has not changed since the Babylonian nights. The two monstrous animals are still the octopus and the spider. For the spider, this is normal. It's the oldest living animal in the world. But there were never any octopuses in Babylon, which wasn't by the sea. As for the cat, even before a considerable number of civilizations were familiar with the animal, the cat already figured in men's dreams.

"Dream images have followed men throughout all civilizations with a constancy and a power that are found elsewhere only in maternal love. People who have lived very different lives will doze off and dream what men have been dreaming since the beginnings of the human race. The imaginary has its own logic, and it is apparent in the images we form. Obviously, man does not imagine just some random thing. And he does not dream some random thing."

"Is the cat's perdurance in dreams owed to its beauty?"

"Let's say that it is owed to that special character which accounts for the fact that in a number of civilizations a number of artists have had connections with cats such as they've had with no other animal."

"Does the presence of your cats help you in your work?"

"Inexplicably, yes. They help me enormously when they sit on the table, like sphinxes, and watch me with those attentive eyes that are peculiar to cats. Baudelaire used to say that his cat whispered lines of poetry to him. Let's not be taken in. Some fellow who loved Great Danes could also start writing first-rate poetry thanks to the presence of his dog."

"When you're working, who is boss—you or the cat?"

"I am. When they come and lie on my papers with that mocking air, and even if they find that what I am writing is of no account, I chuck them—gently. I'm not about to let them keep me from writing. And when they see how things stand, they betake themselves somewhere else; they go reign somewhere else."

"Do your cats feed you ideas?"

"No, they've given me only a few bizarre characters. I am not Shakespeare, but let's suppose you were to put that question to Shakespeare. He would reply, 'They've given me my madmen.' "

"Does such a thing as a secret so-

(Continued on page 238)

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MALRAUX'S CATS

(Continued from page 237)

ciety of writers' cats exist?"

"Of course. But not on earth. In Siberia, the head man in the village where Trotsky and Stalin were meeting said to me, 'They're meeting abroad.' Well, writers' cats meet abroad. No club, no banquet, not even an Academy. It's not their style. A cat in a green coat with a tricorn and sword—ridiculous! You imagine Baudelaire's cat saying to his master, 'You don't belong to the Académie, but I do!' And then leaving him behind at home while he goes to palaver with his fellow-Immortals. What a putdown for the poet!

"The connections cats have with literature are altogether extraordinary. Rémy de Gourmont made his cat into a famous literary critic. Gourmont was in the habit of arranging his books according to his own tastes rather than in alphabetical order. The good ones within his reach, the middlings in the middle, and the worst on the floor within reach of his cat's paws. When his books were offered at public sale, the auctioneer could be heard announcing: 'Ajalbert—so and so many books, scratched . . . Apollinaire: prime condition,' and so on throughout the sale."

"Do you listen to your cats' conversations?"

"Yes, but I don't always understand them, and they don't always tell me everything. It must be said, cats often lose their tempers over imaginary things. Heine said, 'The French are the only people who are capable of losing their temper with a friend because they dreamed he squashed their top hat.' My cats are forever giving me the impression that they are put out because of something that has happened to them in a dream. Each cat sleeps on her own armchair. Fine, everything is in order. No grounds for disagreements. All of a sudden, Lustrée will leap up, growl, hurl herself on Fourrure, and give her a trouncing. The other one will howl and escape, her tail between her legs. Wait, I'm going to show you something—how prone cats are to having second thoughts."

Lustrée, a black ball, is snoring on a chair. Malraux calls her: "Lustrée, incomparable cat, come here. Meow." The cat opens languishing eyes. She rises lazily, stretches gracefully, and with one paw dabs at her ear, quite like a woman smoothing her hair. But she doesn't come. She jumps down from the chair, walks toward the far end of the room, and sits down beneath the window. She looks at Malraux. Then, without haste, she moves toward him. En route, she pauses before every piece of furniture and rubs her handsome fur against it. It is a supremely slow promenade. When she has concluded her exhibition and we resume our conversation, the cat jumps up on Malraux's knees and settles herself with voluptuous delight.

"May I ask the cat a question?"

"Do, do, she adores that."

"Lustrée, why do you love André Malraux?"

"Because cats love madmen. Notice that I consider Lustrée a bit as if she were a piece of furniture. With Fourrure, it's different. You know the famous inscription on the collar of Jean Cocteau's cat: 'Jean Cocteau belongs to me.' Malraux belongs to Fourrure. She has all rights. She comes to wake him around half past midnight, and curls up on his head. She appropriates the entire pillow, and sets about licking her nails, paws, and back. In a word, she makes a hellish to-do over her toilette. And she finds that life is just as it should be. This can go on for months, and then she will have a change of heart. For months she won't appear. Perhaps she loves someone else. And then one fine day it begins all over again. And once again Malraux is a happy man."

"Another question for the cat: If André Malraux believed in metempsychosis, do you think he would want to become one of you?"

"Surely the cat's answer must be, 'What else would you expect him to do?' Personally, Malraux does not believe in metempsychosis. But it's fantastically interesting, I think, in countries where belief in it is so strong that it animates everything that is an object of metempsychosis. Why are Japanese flower arrangements so splendid? Because in Japan people are metempsychosed into flowers. Obviously, if you are making a bouquet and you think that perhaps the rose is yourself, the bouquet will no longer be the

RUSSIAN SPLENDOR

(Continued from page 193)

Count Vava Adlerberg

"I was in a school called *Ecole des Pages:* it's like West Point, military—but with Court duties. At the age of ten I saw all ceremonies because I would be attending one of the Empresses. It was the glitter of precious stones that made it. There were ladies who had their whole bodices in diamonds . . . literally covered in diamonds. And the last gesture, before a ceremony, would be to perfume the rooms. Special attendants with silver bowls, with a hot iron in the middle, sprinkled—'Eau de Court' it was called.

"Then the Grand Marshall of the Court knocked on the parquet three times with a long ebony stick, which had an Imperial eagle in diamonds on it. In the silence, the doors opened and the Czar and Czarina appeared. Everybody bowed or curtsied very, very low, and the ceremony began. But my impression of all the ceremonies was that everyone was very bored. They smiled a lot. It was brilliant. I never saw such stones, such diamonds. But I think they were tired of it all—they didn't enjoy it.

"You know, people always say to me, 'They lived very simply, the last Czar. . . .' But what is simplicity? The Palaces remained, the staff always had the gold plumed hats, and the table service—even when only the children were there, I saw it, four daughters and a little boy, the governesses, the Empress—the service was always silver, gold, and, on the dessert plates, a little cheesecake or a little jam—and a glass of milk. I stood behind one of the Grand Duchesses—I was holding her train—and she passed me a biscuit.

"We children, at home, always lunched with our parents and governesses. And my father, who was Governor General of St. Petersburg, would come in, arriving from Court. One day he said, 'A terrible scandal in the family!' So we boys—I was twelve—listened. And my mother made a sign meaning 'not in front of the domestics'—so they were sent out. And my father told us that our uncle, whom we liked very much and who was in love with an Italian dancer performing in St. Petersburg, had covered the Avenue—it was under snow—leading to her hotel with bouquets of violets. He had had them sent from the South of France. They must have cost $40,000.

" 'Those,' said my father, 'are the kinds of things that bring on revolutions!' Which was true. My mother cried. And my father asked, 'You boys—what do you think?' And my brother asked if the dancer was pretty. So we were both sent upstairs, without dessert, for two weeks." ▽

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same."

"Among your artworks, is there one—perhaps several—with which your cats carry on a special dialogue?"

"Among the artworks, no. What interests them, essentially, is the tray with the pen, eraser, and magnifying glass."

Malraux proudly displays a chewed pencil. "This is the work of my cats. Now and then, I find a cat nudging all the small writing tools off the desk and onto the floor. She plays with them for five minutes, and then, tail high, takes off with a squeak of joy. And with the air of saying disdainfully, 'That's no fun anymore. Let's forget it.'

"Both animals were very chummy with a plush cat I was given when I was in the enameled world of the hospital, where real cats are not allowed. The nurses at the Salpêtrière were dazzled by that cat—an angora, of course. They never missed a chance to come into the room to make it say meow by pressing its stomach. And although at the time I was very nearly done for, I used to laugh until I cried. One day, just before I lost consciousness, I remember seeing Fourrure and glimpsing in the shadows the smile of the invisible cat in Alice's Wonderland."

"What is the cat's reaction to death?"

"She decamps. Like me, she's not too fond of talking about it. Well, hello Fourrure! At last, here you are!"

The tiger cat, her eyes nacreous as an Asian moon, is back from her hunting, a field mouse clamped between her jaws. She lays it at Malraux's feet.

"Thank you, cat."

A complicitous smile from Fourrure. She goes to stretch out on an armchair, scorning the mangled beastie lying on the rug.

"In connection with what I was saying to you a moment ago about cats' love of madmen, it is true that they are the only animals permitted inside insane asylums. Madness frightens all animals except cats."

"Where do you get all your stories about cats?"

"From my cats, naturally. Although the best one of all comes from—I'm not sure—Louise de Vilmorin or Cocteau or me. An elderly Englishman, his wife, and a black cat are seated by the fire. The cat looks at the man and says to him, 'Your wife has deceived you.' The Englishman takes down his rifle and shoots his wife. The cat strolls away and says, 'I was lying.' "

Fourrure joins Lustrée on André Malraux's knees. He strokes both heads. Many caresses. "You're beautiful, beautiful," he whispers.

"Can one be a great man in the eyes of one's cat?"

All of a sudden disenchanted, almost downcast: "One is never a great man in anyone's eyes."

A pause. Then, beaming once more and on a confident note: "But one isn't obliged to say so. You can lie." ▽

—TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 180: Silver earrings, E. & J. Quintana for Prado Designs. Necklace by Robert Lee Morris for Sculpture To Wear.

Page 181: Pendant: Joyce Kaplan for Kruger, Van Eerde. Cuff by Juli Guasch for Prado Designs.

Page 182: Sandals by Henry Behar for Goody Two Shoes, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 184: *Left:* Glentex scarf. Watch by Corum. Omega Fashions belt. . . . *Above:* Shoes by Roberto Cambronero for Bernardo.

Page 185: Gold earrings, Prado Designs. Geoffrey Beene sandals. Depco Associates bag.

Page 186: *Left:* Ivory box on silver chain: Prado Designs, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 187: *Above:* Pendant by Joyce Kaplan for Kruger, Van Eerde. . . . *Right:* Necklace by Salvador Roig for Prado Designs.

Page 206: *Bottom:* Bangles by Eva Graham. Sandals, Ivory of London. *Right:* Silk neck cording by Bruscadante for Prado Designs. Pendant by Allen Jacobsen, at Henri Bendel; Peer Gynt, Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Page 209: *Center:* Nell Edwards cuffs, at Bergdorf Goodman. . . . *Right:* Cuff by Allen Jacobsen, at Fortunoff's, Westbury, N.Y.

Page 210: String bag at Gillies 1840.

Page 211: *Left:* Cuffs: Andrew Hatfield for Kruger, Van Eerde. Glentex scarf at waist. . . . *Right:* Napier earrings. Cuffs by Keiser Sterling at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. Allen Jacobsen disc, at Henri Bendel; Peer Gynt, Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Page 215: Men's white kimono robe, with russet and black racing stripes. By Carmen Robes, of cotton velours. About $85. Bonwit Teller; Bullock's Wilshire.

Page 224: Suède pants by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. Bangles by Shashi.

Page 225: Charles Jourdan sandals.

Page 226: All boots by Tretorn.

Page 227: *Left:* Givenchy boots. . . . *Right:* Boots by Golo.

Pages 228-229: **2.** Bracelet, Frank Giordano for Red Cobra. **5.** Krasne Two pendant. **8.** Shoes, Henry Behar for Goody Two Shoes. **10.** Pendant by Nell Edwards. **12.** Necklace by Marguerite Stix for Kruger, Van Eerde. Julianelli shoes. **14.** Shoes, Henry Behar for Goody Two Shoes. **15.** Necklace: Esther Gallant for Kruger, Van Eerde. Rings by Prado Designs.

Pages 230-231: **17.** Concord watch. **18.** Pendant by Susan Sung for Suroko Designs. **20.** Echo Scarfs. **23 and 24.** Grecophilia scarf. **25.** Echo Scarf. Putumayo bag. **27.** Prado Designs earrings. Shawl by Fashion Items. **28.** Sandals, Roberto Cambronero for Bernardo. Bag by Barbara Bolan. **29.** Scarf by Grecophilia. **30.** Joanne Cooper necklace, at Henri Bendel. Belt by Banana. **31.** M&J Savitt bangles. Belt by Elegant. Unisa shoes.



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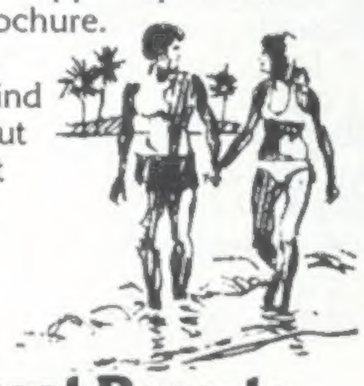
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GROWING GOLD

(Continued from page 232)

That the bulb was a good buy was true, but we didn't know it then. Apricot Attraction turned out to be a great self-propagator. The planting was robbed of some of its offspring several times. Later, a protecting shrub died mysteriously, then another (yes, plants do die for no apparent reason); and the shade was gone. We moved our old apricot friends to a new location; but the bulbs, no longer comfortable, languished and finally disappeared.

Later, I bought a few more somewhat less expensive "introductions" for special places, but concluded that, as an amateur, I'd lucked out on Apricot Attraction. Buying spanking new introductions is a practice that should be left to hybridizers or hobbyists who grow nothing but daffodils and care little or nothing about any other flower. There is no way anyone can know how long one of these new varieties will last or how true it will remain to its beautiful self. The new daffodil may be such a bad self-propagator that it can take several years for a second bulb to develop.

Actually, there are many proved varieties that one does *not* know, and which are reasonably priced, to make growing daffodils in treasured nooks a fine game. Among the many large trumpets, few gardeners are familiar with the newer pinks. Pink Beauty is one; Louise de Coligny, another and intensely fragrant. These and others with delicate colors demand dappled shade or they will turn white soon after opening. Spellbinder is greenish-lemon. As the flower evolves, the inside of the trumpet turns a misty white, a good enough reason for visiting it daily.

Two miniature trumpets, Little Beauty and Little Gem, bicolor and yellow, respectively, should be planted in bare ground and mulched to keep rain from splashing the precious little things with mud. These flowers spread well if they like their homes, but they are not easy to please. They should be tried in different places again and again, for they are worth the trouble. A jonquil type called Trevithian is pale lemon-yellow all over and has two to four flowers dancing on each stem. Try cutting one and putting it in a bud vase.

Cyclamen-flowered daffodils are entrancing small trumpets, with sharply recurving petals, that rarely grow more than eight inches tall, spread quickly, and are excellent for forcing. Outstanding in this class are February Gold, February Silver, Jack Snipe, and Tête-à-Tête, the last with two flowers on each stem. A planting of Snipe here has turned into the nicest pest in the garden—it is now in the process of trying to take over a dwarf evergreen, which it won't do, but it is trying.

Cluster-flowering or Triandrus types have from three to four small trumpet-shaped blossoms to a stem. Thalia, a white, happens to be my favorite in the group. Three bulbs planted years ago have grown into a fine colony that is a joy to pass on the way to one of the gardens.

When first starting to garden in the 1930's, I seemed to be interested only in those daffodils having trumpets, and did not even know of daffodils called flatcups (which can either be short or large). My dealer suggested a half dozen of John Evelyn, the daddy, he said, of a lovely strain of flatcups. I later learned that this flower had made its debut in 1923, was named after a famous garden writer of the seventeenth century, and had won all the awards in the books. Its petals (called the perianth by botanists) are very large, perfectly composed, and surround a large, heavily frilled flatcup of pale apricot.

From then on most of my attention was directed at the John Evelyn Hybrids which were being developed by Dutch growers. The Evelyns are a rugged lot. Stems seem exceptionally strong and the flowers have good substance (petals don't tear easily in the wind). One Dutch grower has named them "Weatherproofs," claiming that they withstand strong spring storms; and this may be true, but it seems unfair to plant daffodils (or anything for all of that) on top a windswept hill.

There are probably now more varieties of shortcup daffodils than trumpets, and most of the tried and true ones from Holland are worth consideration. My extravagance, Apricot Attraction, is a member. Milk and Cream, a newish variety, has a milk-white perianth and an enormous flat crown the color of double cream made on a farm. Others I like—Kiss Proof, Scarlett O'Hara, and Sun Chariot, to name a very few—have petals other than white and cups with prominent edges of bolder hues. But for that kind of business you are directed to the catalogues, which make fine summer reading.

If you get the idea that each description attempts to oversell every other one, put this down to formula-writing used in most garden catalogues. Here is what happens: when a plant is first offered, it's new—new to the nursery, that is—so it is hailed as an event; and, in the hailing, fanfares abound and the writing can be either flowery or exhortative. Or both. "A truly magnificent bloom, a credit to your garden" . . . "An exhibition variety *par excellence*" . . . "Attracts immediate attention" . . . "One of the great daffodils of the present day." The point is that, if a variety is not dropped, the catalogue description is not changed—just the prices. The last three quotations come from a 1976 catalogue describing a bulb introduced in 1923. They are as true today as they were fifty-three years ago, for they describe John Evelyn. So it really makes little difference if nurserymen never change their original writings. About daffodils, anyway.

Best Bulbs for "Natural" Planting

The Dutch growers consider the following best for naturalizing by variety.

EARLY BLOOMING: February Gold, yellow; February Silver, white; Tête-à-Tête, yellow.

MEDIUM BLOOMING: Lord Nelson, yellow; Spellbinder, greenish-yellow; Burma, red and yellow; Duke of Windsor, white and orange; Galway, yellow; Iceland, white and yellow; Jersey Beauty, red and yellow; Milk and Cream, white and yellow; Moll's Hobby, yellow; Royal Orange, white and orange; Sun Chariot, yellow and red.

LATE BLOOMING: Cheerfulness, white; Primrose Cheerfulness, yellow; Recurvus, white, red edge; Suzy, yellow and red; Trevithian, yellow; Liberty Bells, yellow; Thalia, white. ▽

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